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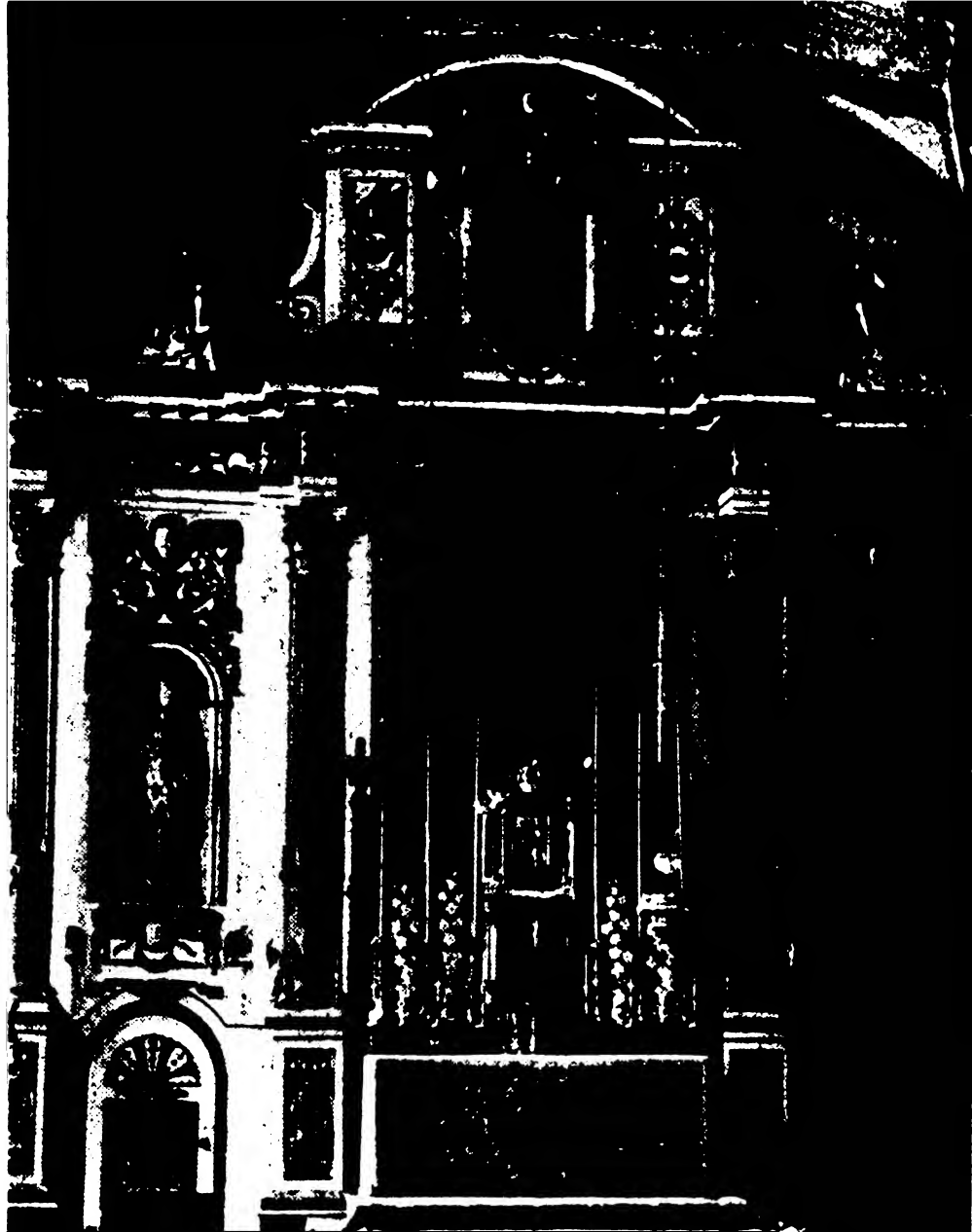
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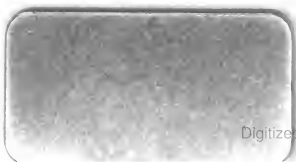
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*The Pilgrim of
Our Lady of Martyrs*



*The Pilgrim of
Our Lady of Martyrs*



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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

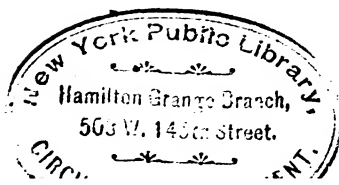
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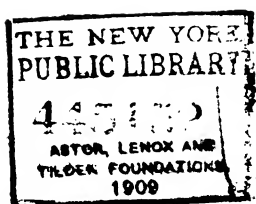
The Interests of the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs,
Auriesville, to the Cause of the Martyrs who
died there, to the American and other
Missions, past and present.

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR. VOLUME XXI.

1905

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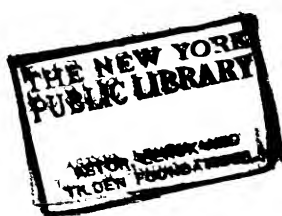
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CHAPEL OF THE URSULINE CONVENT, QUEBEC.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XXI YEAR.

JANUARY, 1905.

No. 1.

ANNALS OF AURIESVILLE.

THE AMERICAN MARTYRS.

The Informative Process for the beatification of Isaac Jogues, Anthony Daniel, John de Brébeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, Charles Garnier, Noel Chabanel, priests of the Society of Jesus, and of the laymen, their assistants or donnés, René Goupil and John de la Lande, was instituted early in September by His Grace L. N. Bégin. Although many others of the early missionaries of New France and their donnés, and even some of their neophytes, might have been included in this process, only those have been selected whose death for the Faith can be most satisfactorily proved.

Rev. J. E. Désy, S.J., of Villa Manrese, Ste. Foye Road, Quebec, is Vice-postulator of the Cause in America. Instead of instituting courts in the various dioceses in which these servants of God were put to death for the Faith, it has been decided to have but one Court, in Quebec, as that was the headquarters from which they all proceeded to their missions and for most of the witnesses it is also very convenient. The Judge is Mgr. C. O. Gagnon, chaplain of St. Charles Asylum, Quebec. The Assessors are the Rev. J. Girard, of Laval University, and the Rev. J. Forbes, Superior of the White African Fathers, Quebec. Mgr. H. Tétu, Procurator and Almoner of the archdiocese, is Promotor Fiscalis. The Notaries are Rev. M. B. Ph. Garneau, Assistant Librarian of the Seminary of Quebec, and M. Charles Guilbault, of the Parliament of Quebec. The Couriers are the Rev. MM. J. E. Michau and A. F. Lapointe, of the Seminary of Quebec. For the benefit of the

witnesses who reside in France, the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris will be authorized to institute the Informative Process there also, and this will be done next April.

About fifteen witnesses, six of whom have already been examined, are to be heard in Quebec. The Rev. John F. Lowery, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Troy, N. Y., representing the Albany Diocese, and Fathers Campbell and Wynne, of New York, have already given their testimony. Father Laboureaux, of Penetanguishene, who has built a memorial church in honor of these martyrs near the district of their old Huron Missions; M. M. E. Dion, Librarian of the Parliament of Quebec; M. l'Abbé Gosselin, author of the *Life of Mgr. de Laval*, have also given their testimony. Among others who are still to be examined are members of the various religious bodies, Franciscans and Sulpicians, who co-operated with the Jesuits in the evangelization of New France; Father Jones, Archivist of St. Mary's College, Montreal, and Father Melancon, now in charge of the Indian reservation at Caughawaugha.

It is hoped that the results of this Process will be ready for transmission to Rome next summer.

On Saturday, January 14, the farm adjoining, or rather, surrounding, the shrine property, was purchased from John Putnam, Esq., of Auriesville. It comprises about 155 acres, extending from the river to the Miller farm on the south, and from the Glen Road to the Houck line on the east. By this purchase the shrine controls the entire line of approach from the railroad, and can broaden the space hitherto allotted for pilgrimages to include the fields to the east, from one of which is obtained the most complete view of the valley. The "Hill of Prayer," the site on which Father Jogues and René Goupil used to make their devotions, is also included in this purchase. It is the Hill south of our present field rising about 40 feet above the level of the site of the shrine, and it is described in Father Buteux's narrative of the Captivity of Father Jogues, written in 1652, as "a little hill about a gunshot from the village," where the priest and his faithful companion had been praying just previous to the death of René by the tomahawk. In one of the early descriptions of the Shrine, this name, "Hill of Prayer," was erroneously given to the road up to the hill on which the Shrine itself is situated. No doubt the writer meant to call this ascent the "Hill of Torture,"

though even this title belongs in all probability to the old Indian path along which the new road up to the Shrine has been surveyed and is to be made before summer.

Now that this property has become the possession of the Shrine, the plans which we have been maturing for some years can be finally carried out. The village store and other houses and structures along the railway track can be removed, and a direct approach made from the trains to the new entrance to the Shrine grounds. This entrance will be made according to a design which we hope to illustrate in the next *PILGRIM*, a devoted friend of the Shrine in Utica having volunteered to collect the necessary funds for it. On the brow of the most prominent hillside the name of the Shrine will be made in large white letters. The new road will mount the hill east of the flagpole, over the old Indian well, at a grade of only ten feet to the hundred. The permanent chapel will stand east of the priests' residence, and on the site of the altar of the present chapel a new memorial cross is to be erected in stone, to replace the one which stands at the gate west of the chapel. From this point the Stations of the Cross will be erected in a line across the present Calvary up to the new Calvary to be raised on the "Hill of Prayer." All this, it is true, cannot be done in one season; but a fair beginning can and must be made this spring, and other improvements for the ravine are also in contemplation.

A lecture on Father Jogues is to be given at Carnegie Hall Sunday evening, January 29, by the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J. His Grace John M. Farley will preside, and the Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien will introduce the lecturer. This lecture is given under the auspices of the Marquette League, as the invitations to this lecture state.

Father Jogues was the forerunner and pathfinder for the illustrious Marquette; the discoverer of Lake George; fort builder as well as missionary among the Hurons in Canada; peace ambassador to the Iroquois in New York State; Apostle of the Mohawks; friend of the Dutch at Fort Orange, now Albany, who ransomed and liberated him from the Indians, after fourteen months of captivity at Ossernenon, now Auriesville; the first priest on Manhattan Island, and one of its first historians. Even before his death, he was honored by the title "Martyr of Christ" by Pope Urban VIII, and the process of

his beatification is actually in progress in Quebec, the old missionary headquarters for New York and Canada.

His name is in veneration; his acts and writings are treasured in the annals of our State; historians repeat the narrative of his life among the Indians with unfeigned admiration; but Father Campbell will tell for the first time in public the romantic and fascinating story of his tortures by the Indians, captivity, heroism, civic and missionary exploration and enterprise.

The lecturer has just returned from Quebec and the scenes of Father Jogues' labors, after having given his testimony in the process of beatification, and his lecture will be a fine tribute to the memory of the missionary and martyr. His Honor the Mayor, the Comptroller, and Corporation Counsel of the City of New York will be the honored guests on this occasion, and on the platform there will be fully four hundred representatives of all the various interests of the city, members of the various municipal, philanthropic, professional, historical and social organizations of Manhattan, ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church, whose predecessors were Father Jogues' best friends, the Commissioners of Education and Faculties of the various Universities.

The proceeds of the lecture will be devoted to the erection of a memorial chapel at Auriesville, New York, the site of Father Jogues' martyrdom.

THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

The Board of Directors of the Marquette League: E. Eyre, President; Thomas B. Minahan, Vice-President; J. P. Grace, Secretary; Theodore E. Tack, Treasurer; Rev. H. G. Ganss, D.D.; Michael J. Scanlon, Eugene Kelly, W. Bourke Cockran, James F. Boyle, Edmund J. Butler, John J. Fitzgerald, Edward A. O'Brien, G. Stanton Floyd-Jones, Rev. D. J. McMahon, D.D.; Thomas M. Mulry, Chairman Executive Committee; John Crane, Eugene A. Philbin, Thomas W. Hynes, Herman Ridder, John J. Barry, Caryl Coleman, James E. Dougherty, Myles Tierney, Hugh Kelly, Thomas F. Woodlock.

Our readers should know more about the Marquette League, under whose auspices this lecture is to be given, and branches of it should be organized in every city of the United States.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS OF THE MARQUETTE LEAGUE.

ARTICLE I.

The main object of this League shall be to preserve the Catholic Indians in the United States in their faith, and to bring its consolations to the thousands still living in paganism.

(a) By co-operating with the authorities of the Church, especially those entrusted with the work, in every endeavor to uplift the Indian spiritually, educationally and industrially, and bring him to Christianity and citizenship.

(b) By advancing and giving the widest extension to the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children; which is done, not only by becoming promoters in the Society, but also by making the support of our Catholic Indian schools (for which purpose the Society has been established) the chief object of the Leagues' existence and mission.

(c) By bringing to the attention of the Catholic public, through the medium of the press, lectures and leaflets, and above all, by zealous personal agitation, the needs of our Catholic missions and missionaries; by aiding the latter in the establishment of new chapels, the appointment of regular catechists, and by making use of all efforts to increase the efficiency, deepen the influence and widen the scope of their labors, in order to bring the Indians to a knowledge of our Holy Faith.

(d) By sending, if possible or practicable, at least once a year, preferably in the month of October, clothing, shoes, underwear, and useful wearing apparel for men, women and children, to those tribes whose extreme poverty and helplessness preclude all means of self-support, and where climatic influences subject them to suffering and privation.

(e) By keeping in close touch with all national or State legislation affecting the rights and welfare of the Indian, and promoting every movement to safeguard his interests and ameliorate his condition.

(f) By offering Holy Communion and prayers as a national act of reparation to our Lord for the cruelty and injustice which have made the Indian a pauper and exile, and also imploring His benediction on the labors of our schools and missionaries and on the efforts of the League to assist them.

With the blessing of His Holiness Pope Pius X, and the approbation of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, the Most Reverend Archbishops of New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, St. Paul, Santa Fé and New Orleans, and other members of the hierarchy, the Marquette League, formed under the auspices of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul as an auxiliary to the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children, offers the Catholic laity in the United States the opportunity of systematically aiding the Church in providing for the spiritual welfare of the surviving remnant of the Indian race. The League is named after the great Jesuit missionary to the Indians, and has taken for its motto *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*.

It is unnecessary to enumerate the wrongs done the Indian: faith seldom kept with him, robbed of his patrimony, no crime tending to his destruction omitted; and now, contact with what we are pleased to call our "superior civilization" is hastening his annihilation.

The Indian Problem, which the Church and the Church only can solve, is a responsibility she has never neglected. But have the Catholic laity done their part? Have you, who read this, assumed your share of the burden?

The laity cannot put this responsibility aside on the plea that it is a matter to which the clergy should attend. The missionaries do their part, but it is the duty of the laity to support the missionaries. An apathy which doles out the merest pittance, allows one hundred thousand Catholic Indians to eke out an existence in poverty and destitution, and another hundred thousand to languish in superstition and paganism, is enough to incur the wrath of God and entail the reproach of posterity.

With all Government aid for Catholic Indian mission schools withdrawn since June 30, 1900, only through the generosity of one devoted woman, Reverend Mother M. Katherine Drexel, have these schools been kept open and the danger which threatened their existence averted.

This precarious and (considering the number of Catholics in the United States) unjust dependence of our Indian schools upon the life of one person, led to the formation, some four years ago, of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children, which last year contributed nearly \$26,000.

The Marquette League appeals to the well-to-do Catholics for a more generous support than that provided by an annual membership fee of twenty-five cents, and especially for sufficient financial support for the following:

1. To reclaim about two thousand children, who otherwise will grow up without education and religious instruction. Seventy dollars per annum will support, clothe and educate one child.

2. The erection of eighteen mission chapels, where now log huts, tepees or the open air supply that want. One thousand dollars will erect and furnish a serviceable chapel.

3. The services of at least ten more missionaries to bring the knowledge of our Holy Faith to the Indians who still live in paganism. Five hundred dollars per annum will support a missionary.

4. The aid of twenty trained Indian catechists, to instruct children and conduct lay services at places so inaccessible as to be reached but once or twice a year by the missionaries. This work has proved productive of most gratifying results. Ten dollars per month will support a catechist.

Christianity and education are the Indian's only hope.

The American Federation of Catholic Societies, the German Catholic Central Verein, the League of the Sacred Heart, and now the International Congress of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, have raised the cry: "The Indian must be saved—God wills it." The mission of the Marquette League is to crystallize this strong and growing sentiment into energetic and effective action, and procure the salvation of the souls of a race to which we owe the debt of Catholic charity and national reparation.

At no time in our history has the Indian been more willing to receive Catholic teaching than now. The Church alone can satisfy his spiritual cravings and teach him the lessons of industry and self-support. To come to his aid is an imperative duty. Ten years hence will be too late. Within that period the Indian's destiny for good or evil will be decided. Delay means loss of opportunity and disaster to souls.

The Marquette League is endeavoring to secure fifty thousand members. Will you be one? Will you not use your influence to secure others?

The dues are: Full annual membership, \$2; junior annual membership, \$1; life membership, \$50.

Subscriptions should be sent to Theodore E. Tack, Esq., Treasurer, United Charities Building, Fourth Avenue and 22d Street, New York.

One thousand Holy Masses will be offered every year for the intentions of the members of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children and of the Marquette League.

On the anniversary of Father Marquette's death, January 19th, a Requiem Mass will be offered for the repose of deceased members of the League.

FATHER ANTOINE DANIEL, MISSIONARY TO CANADA.

“**S**END us brave men,” wrote the Superior of the Huron Missions one day, to his Provincial, “men who will not be frightened at the hundred and one deaths we have to encounter when seeking the Indians in their haunts, deep in the vast forests.”

This pious wish was certainly granted in the missionary who, arriving on the 24th of June, 1633, landed at Quebec.¹ He was a man of medium height but most energetic in appearance, possessed of a quick eye and a frank and decided address. Born at Dieppe, on the 27th of May, 1601, he came of a family of means. The Daniels were “very honorable and decidedly wealthy people,” Father Ragueneau assures us. He also came of a brave race. In 1629, one of them left Dieppe with four ships and a barge to bring supplies to the inhabitants of Quebec. On reaching the banks of Newfoundland, he was told by some sailors that a Scotchman by the name of James Stuart had built a fort at Port aux Baleines, on the island of Cape Breton, and that he compelled all fishermen who threw their nets in these waters to pay him toll. On hearing this he did not hesitate for a moment; the storm had scattered his fleet, but what of that. With only one ship, he sailed for Cape Breton, attacked the fort, demolished it and rebuilt a much larger one at the entrance to the Grand-Cybou, on which he hoisted the royal flag, leaving forty men well supplied with

(1) *Relation* of 1633, p. 30.

provisions. He then put back to sea and returned to France to render an account of this campaign and receive new orders from the Great Cardinal.¹

This daring sailor was the brother of our future martyr. The latter had received the name of Antoine at baptism. He grew up within sight of the sea, which he loved to watch from steep cliffs; its vastness attracting his particularly. But while gazing at the horizon for hours at a time his dreams were not of the hazardous cruising of the natives of his town, men who had to face fearful storms when out herring or cod-fishing; nor were the numerous discoveries made on different parts of the globe, by certain captains of privateers of Dieppe, what attracted him; neither these, nor their naval exploits against the Portuguese, the Spaniards and the English occupied his thoughts, which were of the tribes who lived on the banks of the great river, on whose shores the people of Dieppe had just laid the foundations of Quebec. He longed for the time to come when he could preach the Gospel to them, for "it seemed as if he were born for the salvation of these people, with no greater desire than to die for them."²

However, Daniel did not enter the priesthood on leaving college. Did his family make any objections at first? Did any obstacle intervene to prevent his taking up a religious life? There is no definite information on the subject given anywhere.

A positive fact though, is, that Antoine, after studying philosophy for two years, also studied law for a year. But the Institutes and the Pandects could not satisfy this zealous heart. Antoine closed the law books forever and put on, at twenty years of age (Oct. 1, 1621) the lowly garb of the Society of Jesus.

The young man began his novitiate under Father Lancelot Marin in the house of probation in Rouen. Jean de Brébeuf had just left it and Isaac Jogues was to enter it three years later. The future martyrs succeeded each other almost without any interruption. After pronouncing his first vows Antoine Daniel went from there to the college of Rouen where he taught, from 1623 until 1627, the grammar classes from the sixth to the third inclusively. We find him the following year in Paris, studying theology in the College of Clermont.

(1) Champlain, 1632, p. 272-275.

(2) *Relation* of 1649, p. 5.

This course lasted three years (1627-1630) and when it was finished, Father Daniel at last saw his hopes fulfilled, when by ordination he was made a priest for all eternity! Henceforth he was ready for any apostleship to which God's will would call him. However he remained two more years in Europe, in the College of Eu, where he was at first professor of literature and then rector. He lived at that time with Father de Brébeuf who was proctor. But the time came when, all obstacles being finally removed, his wishes were granted and he was allowed to join the missions in Canada.

He sailed from Dieppe, his native town. He came to America accompanied by Father Ambroise Davost, with the fleet which was to bring back Champlain's lieutenant, Duplessis Bochard. By a happy coincidence, he crossed on the ship then in command of his brother, but he left the vessel at Tadousac and remained there a whole year. It was only on the 24th of June, 1633, that he was able to go up the river and join Father de Brébeuf at Quebec.

He knew that this courageous worker longed to get back to the Hurons, and he hoped to join him in time to make the perilous trip in his company. This wish was very nearly realized two months later. Champlain being anxious to win this nation to France, his piety naturally suggested sending apostles to them. His colonizing genius, his clear and quick perception of their needs, were at one on this point with his religious views; he was convinced that religion would be the greatest bond between them. Until then, attempts had been made to prepare the way for Christianity amongst these savages before actual work which required more knowledge of their language, their habits, their beliefs and state of mind, than it had been possible to acquire so far. While the Franciscan Friars were with the Indians, they had won some of them to Jesus Christ, but they had baptized very few. Father de Brébeuf and Father Noüe had also made a few converts, but Christianity had not yet taken root with these people, whom it seemed impossible to subdue. It was hoped though, that after constant intercourse with the missionaries, they would become more submissive.

Champlain had then decided to establish a mission on the banks of Lake Huron. He made known his wishes to the seven hundred savages, who had come down to Quebec from

the surrounding country, to await his return from France, in 1633. They all appeared enthusiastic at first, but constancy was not their strong point, and just when it was least expected, they changed their minds about the mission and declared that the governor's idea was not practicable. Champlain, who knew them so well, did not hesitate to show his surprise and annoyance. He spoke to them like a man who is not to be played with, a very different way of dealing with them from that of preceding years, and there and then he settled everything for the missionaries to proceed on their trip, as arranged at first. The Hurons gave in, but not for very long. When about to embark, they refused to receive the Jesuits in their canoes. They gave as a pretext the arrest of an Algonquin who had treacherously murdered a Frenchman. To insist, Champlain knew, would surely mean the death of the missionaries. But Father Daniel who, with Father Davost, was to accompany Father de Brébeuf, offered to run the risk, for risk it was, as Father le Jeune says:¹ "I never saw the Indians as determined as they were then." And the death of the missionaries would have had to be avenged, and war no doubt declared between the Hurons and the Colonies; so to avoid this, Champlain thought it wiser not to insist. There was barely time to go to the nearby huts and remove the travellers' light baggage, which had been already given to the Indians, and the Huron canoes moved away carrying with them the proceeds of their transactions, but leaving on the banks behind them, the True Word of God.

Therefore, Father Daniel remained in Quebec with his companions, but happily for him there was plenty of work for his zealous heart. The English, during their short stay in New France, had burned to the ground the chapel formerly used by the Franciscan Friars. While waiting to build another, the Jesuits had had an altar erected within the fort, and from here and Our Lady of All Angels, they ministered to the faithful. Father Daniel often preached at the fort, until what time Champlain, in accordance with a vow to the Blessed Virgin, had a church built near the Citadel,² which was called Our Lady of Recovery. Father Daniel was appointed to take

(1) *Relation* of 1633, p. 42.

(2) The church in Quebec, as well as that of Three Rivers after, was called the Immaculate Conception.

charge of it, with a few other religious, and this work absorbed all his thoughts until the time arrived when the Promised Land at last opened before him.

It was towards the middle of the summer of 1634 that he was allowed to enter it. Father Daniel left Quebec on the first of July with Father Brébeuf to go up as far as Three Rivers to meet the Hurons; Father Davost was to follow three days later. When the Indians arrived, the missionaries saw at a glance that they would have trouble to enter the canoes, although the Indians had promised to take the Jesuits the year before. Unhappily, they were in such small numbers and so badly equipped that they had no intention of keeping their promises. However, they pretended at first to be quite willing, but when the time came to leave, they excused themselves on the plea that there were so few of them—in truth but eleven canoes—that they were tired, and finally that the Algonquins, whose country they had to cross, objected to the Black Robes.

By dint of gifts, the missionaries finally overcame all obstacles. They only took with them what was necessary to say Mass and a few other things they needed absolutely. They agreed moreover to paddle during the whole trip. They were warned that in all probability they would not have to do this very long, for at the first difficult passage they were likely to be thrown in the water after being struck on the head, and their death ascribed to some treacherous current. But these good men were determined to penetrate, cost what it might, to the heart of the country where they wished to carry the faith. So Father Daniel and Father de Brébeuf left on the 7th of July, 1634, and Father Davost followed them a week later.

"They must travel nine hundred miles," wrote Father le Jeune, the following 7th of August¹ and by well-nigh impassable roads, as the Hurons themselves tell us. The Indians hide, at two days' distance from each other, quantities of wheat to eat on their return trip. There is no other hostelry than these hiding-places. If they fail to find them or someone has stolen the wheat, they must go hungry. And the finding of these hiding-places does not mean a hearty meal, for in the morning they dilute this wheat with a little water and each man drinks a small cupful of it, after which they paddle all day long and

(1) *Relation* of 1634, p. 90.

at night they drink the same quantity once more. And this is the way our Fathers must fare until they arrive at their destination."

This was but one of the hardships of this wearisome journey. Father de Brébeuf had described a few more in his letter of the 27th of May, 1635: "Of the two greatest difficulties of this trip, the first is that of the rapids and the portages. The rivers of this country are full of waterfalls, and when nearing them we must land and carry on our backs through woods and over high and dangerous cliffs, not only all our baggage, but the canoes also. This is not done without great fatigue, for there are some portages three, six and even nine miles long. Add to this that we sometimes have to go back and forth several times, according to the size and number of packages carried. In some places, though the river is almost rapids, still it is possible to get through and then the Indians enter the water and drag their canoes after them, managing to guide them in the midst of great danger, as at times the water is as high as their chins, but it often happens that they must let go when struggling against the strong current, which tears the canoe from their grasp. One of our men¹ remained alone once in his canoe, the Indians having let go in the middle of a stream, but his skill and his strength saved his life, and the canoe also with all it contained.

"I have kept count of the number of portages and I find that we carried thirty-five times and dragged the canoes after us fifty times. I tried sometimes to help the Indians in the latter work, but the bed of the river was filled with such sharp stones that I could not walk on them very long, being barefooted.

"The other great hardship was to get any food; we had to fast very often, when we could not find the hiding-places and when we found them, we were still hungry after partaking of the feast. Add to this that we slept on the bare earth or on a rock; that we had to put up with the nauseating odor emanating from these Indians; wade through water and mud and walk through forests that were pitch dark, the mosquitoes and gnats worrying the life out of us. I will not speak of the long and tedious silence to which we were condemned."

Father de Brébeuf adds also that Father Daniel and he had paddled the whole way out. At night it was by the light of a

(1) Three Frenchmen had joined the missionaries.

fire, built on the river bank that, exhausted with fatigue, they read their breviary. Moreover, at each rapid, they carried their baggage on the backs, "just as the Hurons did." At each portage they made four trips. Once the owner of the canoe in which was Father de Brébeuf proposed leaving him on a desert island, but happily his proposal was not accepted by the others.

"Whosoever means to come here," wrote the missionary, "must expect all this and more, for death stalks before us at every turn of the way. As for me, who do not swim, I came very near death once; for when the Bissirienans left us, we almost went over the Falls, from which the Indians promptly and cleverly rescued us by catching hold of our canoe which was being swept away. Very likely the others can tell you as much or even more, considering the numerous adventures we met with."

Father Davost for one, had been very badly treated. The Indians began by stealing most of his luggage, then they compelled him to throw into the river nearly all the books and papers he carried with him, most of his clothes and a small steel mill. Moreover, they left him with the Algonquins where he fared a great deal worse, for when he reached the Huron Settlement at last, he was so exhausted that it was quite some time before he recovered.

As for Father Daniel, his adventures were still more exciting. Having started out in a small and worn-out canoe, manned by three sick Hurons, he was very nearly left stranded on one of the numerous islands of the St. Lawrence. An Indian chief, whom he met, took him into his canoe, but they all suffered so much from hunger, that in the hope of finding a certain tribe who would give them provisions, they left the trail on which, from place to place, food was to be found. Unfortunately they wandered through the woods in vain, for the tribe they were looking for was not to be seen anywhere. As there was no game of any kind, death stared them in the face; that pitiless death so well known to the Indian, a death so often revealed in the lean corpses lying here and there in the forests, the kind of death which was to claim so many missionaries in the years to come.¹ "Who knows if Father Daniel is still alive?"

(1) Father René Ménard, not to name many others, died in this manner in a forest fifteen hundred miles from Quebec. He lost his way and died of starvation (1661).

was Father le Jeune asking at this time, such was the imminent danger he knew him to be in. Happily these poor famished men managed once more to reach the river, which they had so rashly deserted, and Father Daniel at last arrived at the Huron Settlement.

His sufferings were only to undergo a change as to their nature, for they were not to cease here. The time had come, to use the expression of a missionary "for him to become hardened to everything, to be as much of an Indian as the Indians themselves."

He had first to get used to the food of the Hurons. In times of affluence it consisted of two or three kinds of meal, of fruits and roots, and occasionally of crackers traded for fur pelts at Three Rivers and Quebec. To this was added in season fish and game, and venison now and then; later on came the hind quarters of bear, of elk or even smoked deer.

This food would have been quite sufficient if it had not been prepared in a most repulsive manner. The "Relations" have left us on the subject certain details which make us understand somewhat the sufferings of the missionaries on that score.

When the Indians wanted to smoke any meat, they took the quarter of venison or elk for instance, and throwing it on the ground beat it with stones and finally stamped on it with their feet. The hair of animals, the feathers of birds lying loose on the ground, the earth and cinders became incorporated in the flesh and were hung up with it to be smoked, then when meal time came "all this travelled in company into one's stomach." If any one attempted to cook this meat matters were still worse. And as a missionary, who, having tasted and lived on the fare, can testify without the slightest exaggeration, "the food was scarcely cleaner than that usually fed to animals and often not as clean . . . At one time we had three men sick with scrofula in our hut. I have seen them many a time, using the pail which contained our drinking water, to wash their hands in; drinking out of it like animals, even rejecting it when they had taken too much (for such is the Indian custom). They also dipped into it dishes made of bark, when these were reeking with grease and hair of elk clinging to them, and they ladled out the water (?) with saucepans as black as coal; and notwithstanding all this we

drank of this liquid as if it were ambrosia. And this is not all, for they also threw in the bones they had been gnawing and, adding more water or snow, this was allowed to boil when lo! you had hippocras (medicated wine). One day a pair of old shoes just taken off, fell in accidentally. They were well soaked before they were calmly taken out and every one drank of the water as if nothing had happened. I am not fastidious any more, but somehow I did not feel thirsty while this kind of malmsey was the only thing to drink.¹

Needless to add that the huts of the Hurons, as far as cleanliness went, were in keeping with the food. No one ever used a broom, so that hair, feathers, scrapings and all kinds of rubbish lay about in heaps for months at a time. As a rule these peculiar dwellings were all very much alike. They measured about thirty feet square. There were several, however, much larger than this and some even very long, having 262 feet frontage. Their shape recalled our green arbors. The framework consisted, as has already been said, of tall and strong young trees planted in two rows to form the side of the hut and joined at the top. Across the trees poles were placed transversely and these in turn were covered with large strips of bark laid close over each other, like the shingles on a roof, and held together by strong ligaments.

In summer this dwelling changed in appearance, the bark being replaced by plaited rush mats so artistically woven that

(1) NOTE.—This same missionary relates his perplexity when he was first given his portion of food in the hut. "I looked at my companion and then tried to imitate him. He took the meat with his hands and tore it apart as one would a piece of bread. When it was particularly tough, he held it between his teeth and his left hand; then with the right he played on it as on a violin, using his knife as a bow. If your knife goes astray, there being no cutters at hand, you are compelled to take your portion with both hands and tear it apart as best you can, biting into it as bravely if not as pleasantly as you would into an apple. You may imagine the shining condition of face and hands after such a proceeding. The trouble with me was that I did not know what to dry my hands on; it would require a mule to carry one's linen or else wash it yourself every day, for in less than no time everything is turned into a dish-cloth in these huts. As for the Indians, they wipe their hands on their hair or on that of their dogs. I saw a woman who taught me one thing: she wiped her hands on her shoes and I did likewise. I also used the hide of elks, pine branches and pulverized decayed wood; these are the Indians' towels. They are not used quite as carefully as linen would be, but on the whole, they answer the purpose. (*Relation* of 1634, p. 35.)

"when in place the water trickled down over them without coming through.¹ At the very top of the hut and all along its length, an opening about a foot wide was left to allow both the light to enter and the smoke to escape. At both ends was a kind of enclosed porch where they put, in barrels made of birch bark, the wheat and other eatables which could stand the cold. Within, on each side, were bunkers about three and a half feet from the floor, which looked like the seats of a colossal omnibus. They were used as beds in summer and the wood was stored underneath them in winter. The fires were lit on the ground itself, in a line in the center of the cabin. There were several, according to the size of the hut, which was generally occupied by two families, one on the right and one on the left, each family consisting of from five to ten members. On stakes fastened to the roof were hung bead necklaces, nets, furs and weapons; stone or iron hatchets, spears, wooden shields covered with strips of skins intertwined, or else the leathery hides of the buffalo, on which were cabalistic figures representing the family occupying that part of the hut. A thick coating of soot lay over everything. In fact, the Indian hut was nothing more than a room more or less long, occupied by ten, fifteen, twenty and even thirty families sometimes; it was a kind of phalanstery. When entering it on a winter's night, with the snow falling heavily outside, a strange scene would greet our eyes. A row of fires burned brightly from one end of the hut to the other, and huddled around these fires were groups of bronzed figures; gray warriors, veterans of Iroquois expeditions; young braves who had not yet given proof of their courage; women, both young and old, become stupid and dull with hard labor; all these people eating, smoking and singing, while running about the different groups, in ceaseless motion, were the children and dogs of the house.

"From the month of January until March, a period of idleness for the men and rest for the women, the huts were alive with Indians. It was then that the feasts, the gambling and the dancing took place. For the Hurons were inveterate gamblers as well as ravenous eaters. Once their primitive

(1) *Relation* of 1614, p. 9. See also Father Lafitan's "Customs of the Indians," Vol. II, p. 10 and following.

dice¹ were in hand, they played away everything they possessed; ornaments, clothes, canoes, pipes, weapons and often their wives even. The villages challenged each other, and the hut where the gambling went on was filled with spectators of all ages, who sat on the bunks or hung in groups on the poles of the framework. Bets were freely made and taken on such occasions and some actually lost their shoes; "you could have seen this winter," said de Brébeuf, "a troop of Indians returning from here to their villages, after losing even their shoes, at a time when there were three feet of snow on the ground; but they were none the less merry for that, acting as though they were the winners instead of the losers."² When the play was of a medicinal character, which was often the case, the sick one was laid near the gamblers, wrapped in a bearskin. He was also present when wild dances were going on for his cure. Then the whole population of a village whirled around him, with a deafening noise such as would have killed a civilized man in good health."

It was in one of these huts that Father Daniel and his two companions lived at first. It can easily be understood how eager they were to occupy a residence of their own. Thanks to the glass beads, the knives, awls and hatchets they had brought with them and which passed as currency in this country, they managed to have built for their own use a hut about thirty-six feet long and nearly half as wide. Like the other huts it was covered with the bark of the ash, elm and pine trees. The outside and most difficult part of the work was done by the Indians, but the Fathers arranged the interior of the hut according to their own ideas. They divided it into three parts; the first, on entering, was used as "an ante-chamber; it was a shelter against the wind and also a storehouse for the wheat." The second was a workshop, a kitchen and refectory combined and also served as a study and a bedroom. The beds were placed near the pine partitions and consisted of a few leaves and a rush mat laid over them. As to sheets and coverlets they never had any, their clothes and a few skins taking their place. The third part, subdivided by a wall of boards, contained the chapel and another storeroom where a

(1) These dice were often plum stones, painted black or white, and tossed about in a coarse wooden bowl.

(2) *Relation* of 1636, p. 113.

few utensils were kept, "out of the reach of the thieving hands of the heathens."

Such as it was, this palace in nowise resembled the Louvre, and the rain, the snow and the cold came in on all sides, but nevertheless it was the admiration of the whole village, and consequently the Hurons spent most of their time in it, from morning till night. They made themselves quite at home, sitting wherever suited them best, and only going away when they were quite ready, after looking into everything, even into the remotest corner. Did any one try to prevent this prying, fighting immediately took place, to say nothing of the insulting language used. It was then necessary to "smooth things over, for a blow with a hatchet was quickly given, or else fire was set to the dry leaves in the twinkling of an eye." It became more and more evident as the days went by, that discretion was not by any means a virtue to be ascribed to these people.¹

Without actually appealing to them, the missionaries at last found a way of making them vacate the hut at stated times. The clock, of all things, puzzled the Hurons; they could never understand how it could strike unaided, and every time it did they looked curiously around to see if all the missionaries were there, wondering if one of them were not behind the mechanism. They finally came to the conclusion that it was a living thing and possessed a language of its own. And so at midday, when they asked what it said and the answer was: "Come, let us eat now," this language they understood very well indeed, for there was always a number of them hanging around at dinner time. So that when four o'clock struck and they were told it means: "Go away now, so we can shut the door," it soon came to be understood, that at four o'clock every one must leave, which they all did with the best possible grace.

(1) NOTE.—"One of them, going away for a little while, begged my overcoat from me, 'because it was so cold,' he said, as if I were not exposed to the severe weather as well as he! I lent it to him, however, and after wearing it for a month, he brought it back in such a filthy condition that I was disgusted with it." The Father goes on to tell how, laying out the coat as a mute reproach to the Indian, he found the latter indignant at such a proceeding and brought upon himself the following answer: "You say you want to become one of us, then if you do, why find fault with your cloak, for such is the condition of all our clothes." And the good missionary thought this reply "so very apt" that he folded his cloak once more and never said a word.

From that hour until bedtime, the missionaries attended to their spiritual duties. They planned how to convert these tribes, they studied the language, Father Daniel and Father Davost especially, as de Brébeuf could speak it already. Father Antoine became proficient in such a short time that he translated the *Pater Noster* into Huron verse before long. So that when prayer time came, "being the author of this poetry," says Father de Brébeuf amiably, "he sings a verse of it alone. Then we sing it after him, and those of the Hurons who know it already, especially the little children, join in with us and the others seem to listen with pleasure."

Once master of the language, Father Daniel began a circuit of the principal huts, those considered important, according to the ideas of the country. "It was necessary to go oftener than even every day if we wanted to fulfil our duty to them as we should." And this was a most unpleasant task to perform, for these huts "gave one a very good idea of what hell must be;" there was nothing but fire and smoke to be seen, and here and there half naked and dirty bodies lying amongst the dogs, from which a roast was chosen once in a while, but which, in the meantime, were treated like the children of the house, "sharing the bed, the dish and even the food of their masters." "After being but a few minutes in these huts, we were covered with soot from head to foot.¹ But we could always speak of the Saviour, and what mattered else?" It was in one of these smoke-filled huts, during Father de Brébeuf's trip to the country of Pétun, that Father Daniel baptized one of these men,² who was dying and whom he had the happiness to convert to Christianity.

It was especially the women and children to whom Father Daniel appealed in his trips through the villages. He taught them the signs of the cross, the *Pater*, the *Ave* and a few short prayers. Whenever he appeared at the door of a hut, the little children always threw themselves into his arms, so loving was his manner with them. Therefore, when in 1636, after the great Festival of the Dead³, Father de Brébeuf

(1) *Relation* of 1639, Ch. III.

(2) This man's name was Joutaya; Father Daniel gave him the name of Joseph in baptism.

(3) NOTE.—The details of this great festival, one of the most important of all those held by the Indians, are of a realism too mournfully repulsive to be given here. Those of our readers who wish to read about

undertook to send to Quebec a few Huron children to be instructed in the faith, that later they might help convert the Indians, he never hesitated for a moment and confided them to the care of Father Daniel, feeling sure they could not be in better hands.

The apostle then started out on his journey. But alas! instead of the twelve children which had been promised him, he was only taking three. He embarked in one of the canoes going down the St. Lawrence for the annual trading. The flotilla left St. Marie on the 22d of July and although it was not very large—ten canoes only—still it carried a very rich cargo, and consequently was a great temptation to the plundering crafts along the river, so the Hurons joined the Nipissiriniens on reaching their Settlement. They were travelling together, when on the third of August they met Father Garnier and Father Chastelain who were going up to the Hurons. They were luckier than their predecessors, for at least they wore shoes and were not made to paddle.¹

The missionaries exchanged letters and the journey was resumed, but Father Daniel was soon to be delayed. The Indians of an island about 450 miles north of Three Rivers were opposed to the passage of the Hurons. To force a way through meant war, so Father Daniel had recourse to diplomacy. At first he could do nothing with them, but he was not a man to be easily discouraged. He persisted, made them presents, warned them that France would not permit any inter-

them will find the festival spoken of at length in the *Relation* of 1636, p. 131. "I do not think that it is possible to get a more vivid picture and a better demonstration of what man really is," said Father de Brébeuf, after witnessing one of them. The festivals took place once in ten or twelve years. All the bodies of those who had died during that time were exhumed and buried once more in a common grave. It was only then, so the Indians believed, that immortality began for them. Their souls flew away in the shape of a dove according to some; others believed they went on foot to their eternal rest. But the old men and the little children, being too weak for such a journey, remained about the village, their souls wandering around the huts and moaning in the fields of wheat.

(1) NOTE.—When entering a canoe you had to be careful not to bring in any earth or sand, so the missionaries were only admitted on condition of going barefooted. "No matter if the weather were cold or hot, this had to be done," says one of them. So that Father Garnier and Father Chastelain had been very fortunate in being allowed to wear their shoes.

ference on their part and finally, by sheer pluck, was allowed to proceed on his journey.

On the way, God had one consolation in store for him. One night that the canoes had stopped in the country of the Algonquins, Father Daniel entered a hut in which he had noticed an unusual commotion. Stripped of his clothes a poor wretch lay on the ground; Indians were tying his feet and hands to stakes driven in the earth, while another held a torch, the red glow illuminating this ghastly scene, and shook it over the unfortunate victim, thereby causing a rain of sparks to fall which shrivelled up his skin; but through it all this Mohawk, who was doomed to die next day, never uttered a plaint. Moved to pity, the compassionate Jesuit drew near to the unfortunate man; he comforted him and spoke to him of God, instructed and baptized him before returning to the canoes at the break of day.

Five days later—August 19, 1636—the main part of the tribe of Hurons hove to in sight of Three Rivers. "Barefooted, with paddle in hand, clothed in an old cassock, with breviary hanging from his neck, his shirt all but worn out and with an emaciated though joyous look on his face,"¹ Father Daniel appeared in one of the canoes.²

This certainly was winning success in his life's work at the cost of many fatigues. "And after all this," writes Father le Jeune, "he very nearly found himself a master without pupils, a shepherd without a flock," for of his three scholars but one remained firm in his resolve to follow in his footsteps. The other two, after a few days, went up towards the great interior sea,³ the plaintive lapping of whose waters spoke from afar to the hearts of these young savages, filling them with overwhelming homesickness.

The missionary then went down to Quebec accompanied by Satouta; this was the name of the young Indian who remained faithful to him. He was soon followed by five more young Hurons, and the college for natives was then considered as being founded. But death having suddenly carried away two of these young men, the survivors were consumed with grief

(1) *Relation* of 1636, p. 71.

(2) Father Davost, who had left Ste Marie five days later (July 27), was still in the rear guard.

(3) This name was given to Lake Huron.

and longing to see their friends. By dint of patience, tact and kindness, Father Daniel succeeded in keeping them with him, but he used so much nerve force to bring this about that he all but died in the attempt. But God, who had a more glorious end in view for him, restored him to health, and this holy worker resumed his labors interrupted by this illness, and devoted himself to the good cause with a self-denial which grew stronger in the face of defeat, as it seemed to revive when coming in contact with suffering and pain.

Father Daniel experienced a great many misfortunes about this time. In 1637, there were only two seminarists left at Our Lady of All Angels. Attracted by what they had heard in their villages, three newcomers presented themselves. But they were not seeking the light, as was soon apparent; what they wanted of all things was the enjoyment of certain comforts in complete idleness. As soon as they realized that their motives had been understood, they took a canoe, which they filled with things stolen from the parish house, and one fine morning in September they disappeared with their booty and nothing more was ever heard of them.

Meanwhile, the news coming from the country of the Hurons was getting from bad to worse. A general massacre of the Fathers and Frenchmen in those villages was expected every day. The winter had been spent in constant anxiety, allayed once in a while by hopes which they tried to believe would come true. When spring came, the Chevalier de Montmagny, who had succeeded Champlain, decided to find out the true state of affairs and in consequence wished to send a few persons of his entourage to the Hurons. But was it not endangering their lives, if hostilities should be declared? There was no doubt whatever on the subject, and so the two seminarists, who had remained in Quebec, tendered their services to the Governor who accepted their offer, and the Superior of the mission appointed Father Daniel to go up the river with them.

They started early in Spring. This was not a good time of the year, because the melting of the snow swelled the rivers and made them at times well-nigh impassable. It required the proverbial skill of the Algonquins to risk such a trip and those who accompanied the apostle could not spare him the fatigues incidental to it. A few days out from Three Rivers,

the most faithful of the two native seminarists—the one baptized under the name of Armand, Richelieu's first name—was carried down the rapids with his canoe. He was miraculously saved from the torrent, but the chalice and the sacred ornaments belonging to Father Daniel were lost in the river. A little further on, the missionary nearly died in the brushwood. Having left very early one morning, without partaking of food or drink, so as to effect a certain portage, the priest, burdened with his personal baggage, was praying as he walked along in the intense heat. He thought the men would stop at noon to prepare some food and rest a while. Instead of this, the Indians with their usual indifference to such matters, continued on their way without troubling about any one of the party lagging behind. The Father's weakness increasing with the heat of the day, he finally fell down in a faint. When he recovered consciousness, he found three or four gooseberries near his hand—as of old the prophet found bread and water placed thus by God—and for a little while fancying himself stronger, he tried to resume his march but for the second time he fell to the ground. He then thought he must die, “happy to leave this world,” he said, “if it were God's will.” After an hour or two his men came back, and in a weak voice he asked them for something to eat, but they had no food to give him. His guides then took his baggage from his shoulders and with a little help at first and some fresh water from a brook, Father Daniel managed to drag himself to the island, where the seminarists had been waiting for him for two days in the deepest anxiety.

His exhaustion was so great that he had to remain in that village for several weeks. He left once more on the 11th of June, and a month later (July 19, 1663) he entered the country of the Hurons, never to leave it again for eleven years and this time by the route which leads to Heaven through martyrdom.

Father Daniel spent the years of 1638 and 1639 at the parish house of the Conception, in the village of Ossossoné. His Superior was Father Jerome Lalemant and his companions Father François le Mercier, Father Pierre Chastelain, Father Charles Garnier and Father Du Perron. In 1640, he was sent with Father Simon Lemoyne to the Arendaronons, one of the four tribes which composed the Huron nation; there was no Settlement there and he was to found a mission. The

Fathers first went to St. John the Baptist, the most largely populated of the villages, where they were received with unusual enthusiasm. "They were ready to believe and embrace the true faith; they made us welcome to their huts and came forward in a friendly way to offer their services."¹

And this was nothing compared to the feelings they evinced towards the missionaries when an epidemic broke out in one of these filthy villages, a common enough occurrence. "One or two dried raisins, a small cupful of water slightly sweetened, a little help given the sick either by advice or by begging from door to door from those in better circumstances, this was a charity unheard of in these parts."² Their love for and trust in the good Fathers grew in all hearts and, thanks to the influence they had over these people, Father Daniel and Father Lemoyne were the means of sending many a soul to Heaven. There was every reason to hope for even a better harvest in the future, when suddenly a terrible storm broke out in this seemingly fruitful field.

Rumors flew about that this epidemic had been visited on the Indians through the Fathers. As usual there were credulous and weak minds anxious to believe anything, as well as interested ones ready to prove these lies: some had seen the Black Robes going through the village at night, shaking a book from which fell sparks of fire that scattered through the village. Others, from the edge of the lake, had witnessed the throwing of spells over the country, from the height of a solitary rock. From day to day these rumors increased with each repetition, the men grew bitter, their wrath showing itself in words which soon threatened to turn into violence. A blow with a hatchet could so easily be dealt, and who could say it were not justified in the face of such undeniable crimes? In this emergency, Father Daniel did what Father de Brébeuf had done before him, at Ossossoné, in 1637. He called for a meeting of the Council of the Ancients, to be allowed to disprove such stupid calumnies. God blessed his brave spirit and caused his words to reach the heart of his listeners. They declared that Antonenen—this was Father Daniel's name in Huron—was right, and that the accusations made against the Black Robes were false. It was a sort of verdict of acquittal. The missionaries took advantage of this

(1) *Relation* of 1640, p. 90.

(2) *Relation* of 1640, p. 50.

feeling among the Indians to enlarge the circle of their enterprise, and in the next year they undertook to preach the Gospel in the villages of St. Elizabeth and St. Joachim.

It was about this time—September 27, 1640—that Father Daniel took his last vows at St. Mary's. The following year (1641) he divided his time between the villages of St. John the Baptist and St. Joseph. This last mission was rather distant from the first, and as war had been declared between the Iroquois and the Hurons, there was always the risk of being carried away at any time by the enemy who infested the woods. But this danger never deterred this true-hearted worker. He went through forests, along rivers, on the edge of lakes without fear, trusting in God and "gathering from village to village, the grains of wheat which the Angels separated from the tares, so that in Heaven they would help form the crown which cost the Son of God so much suffering and fatigue here on earth,"¹ and for which also so many missionaries shed their blood.

During the summer of 1641, Father Chaumonot received such a blow with a stone from one of the Hurons of St. Michael that he was felled to the ground. With hatchet uplifted, the Indian would have killed him on the spot, had not Father Daniel, who was as strong as he was skilful, wrenched the weapon from him.²

At another time, the two apostles narrowly escaped being hit by arrows while in a hut. But if the weariness of seed-time was great, the harvest promised much, if one could judge by the first fruits.

There was an incredible display of faith and an inexhaustible generosity of purpose in these souls after they had been regenerated by baptism. One woman, who had just lost her eyesight and was suffering excruciating pain, sang the Lord's praises in the midst of her sufferings, saying that the thought of Heaven was a relief to her, believing as she did that her agony would soon come to an end, while the joys promised her hereafter would be for all eternity. A captain in St. John the Baptist, having spoken slanderously, according to his lights hastened to Father Daniel: "I have angered the good God," said he;

(1) *Relation* of 1641, p. 68.

(2) Autobiography of Father Chaumonot. Records of Father Carayon. Record M., p. 45.

"my sin was committed in public, then let my penance be public. Speak and I will obey." The Father forbade his appearance at any of the feasts for a period of eight days. "This was a fast worse than that of bread and water, for he was obliged to explain ten times a day that he was doing penance,"¹ this being the season of the year for festivities of all kinds taking place in the different huts, from morning until night. Father Daniel, hearing this, offered to shorten the time of penance: "My brother," answered the captain, "you are too distrustful of me. No, no, do not weaken, I must accomplish my penance to the end. For he who offends God should be thankful to make reparation for his sins."

And in truth God rewarded the missionaries in their endeavors, by developing a most extraordinary faith amongst these Indians. But then has He not often rewarded his workers in like manner when they founded new missions, whether these were in the midst of the gorgeous pomp of Rome or Athens, under the druidic oaks of Gaul, or in the shadow of Japanese pagodas?

Towards the end of the summer of 1641, a few warriors from St. Michael were returning from the seat of war. Suddenly, when in the middle of the lake, about 30 miles from land, a violent hurricane came on. Their bark canoe being too frail to withstand such a storm, they soon realized their peril and despairing of reaching shore, they intoned the mournful chant peculiar to their tribe, in the face of inevitable death. "Friends," said one of them, "the devils you are calling on cannot hear you. As for me I will pray to my God. If it is His will, He will have mercy on us, even though we have offended Him." Saying which, he began to pray; and immediately, to the astonishment of his companions "their canoe ceased rocking, the waves subsided and they glided through a channel of water as smooth as glass, notwithstanding the storm raged on both sides of them with a fury sufficient to capsize a hundred canoes."²

Many other wonderful things of this kind happened. Thanks to these and the untiring devotion of Father Daniel,

(1) *Relation* of 1644, p. 100.

(2) This Christian's name was Armand. He was the seminarist, who had been miraculously saved after being carried down the rapids when returning to his country with Father Daniel.

Christianity was spreading more and more, and this notwithstanding that the country was in a greater state of unrest than usual. The years 1646 and 1647 were practically years of distress. They were spent in ceaseless alarm, for the Iroquois continued to wage war on the Hurons. The Arendaronons occupied the eastern side of the frontier and thereby were more exposed to the attacks of the enemy. At times they were all but overwhelmed. The treacherous assaults to which they were subject and the numberless defeats they met with, weakened their strength to such an extent that they were compelled to withdraw to the villages of the interior, where they found better protection and whither Father Daniel followed them.

For fourteen years now, according to the report of his Superior, had this apostle worked in the Huron mission with untiring zeal and devotion. He had shown a noble courage in all his undertakings, an endless patience and kindness which excused all shortcomings, suffered unspeakable wrongs and still loved deeply. His humility was most sincere, his obedience complete and he was ever ready to do and suffer.¹ The end could come at any time, for his soul was ever ready to appear before God. He had seen death under many a guise in the last nine years while ministering to the Indians who occupied the villages on the frontier, and had been constantly exposed to the attacks of the enemy.

Divine Providence, ever thoughtful of her chosen ones, had one more consolation in store for him. About the middle of June this indefatigable worker went to Ste. Marie des Hurons for the annual retreat. During eight days he fortified his soul with prayer, meditated deeply on the everlasting life which was so soon to be his, and lived in silent communion with his Divine Master. As usual he made a general confession, which proved to be his last. When the retreat was over, so great was his desire to shed his blood for the salvation of souls, that he would not remain one day longer among his friends. It was in vain that they told him he should rest for a few days; nothing could dissuade him. And after all, was he not hastening to that Eternal Rest, which knows no fatigue and no pain?

Father Daniel left Ste. Marie on the 2d of July; on the 3d,

(1) *Relation* of 1649, p. 4, Ch. I: "From the capture of the villages of the mission of St. Joseph." We borrow from this account the details that follow concerning the last days of Father Daniel.

he arrived at his mission of St. Joseph, at Teanastayé. This village, situated on the southeast frontier of the Huron country, at the foot of a ridge of wooded hills, contained about four hundred families and two thousand inhabitants at least. It was fortified after the manner of Indians, with palisades made of trees bound together, which were the bulwarks of the country. This tribe had been particularly ferocious, torturing a great many of their prisoners. But Father Daniel, in four years' time, had brought about a great many conversions, and the newly made Christians showed great zeal and piety. So that, immediately on his arrival, Father Daniel went straight to the church, where the faithful followed him in great numbers. He preached to them of the necessity of being prepared to die at any time. Was this a presentiment of what was so soon to happen? At any rate his words made such a deep impression on his hearers that many of them went to confession.

Next morning, at daybreak, the little bell of the mission by the lake pealed forth joyously as usual. In this way did the missionary call his people to prayer every day at the rising of the sun, but this time, unknowingly, he was ringing their funeral knell. During the sacrifice of the Mass a fearful clamor was heard: there was no mistaking the cries of the Iroquois, who, taking advantage of the darkness, had reached the village of St. Joseph and were attacking it unawares. In a second the church was emptied; some running out to face their assailants, others taking refuge in flight. As for Father Daniel, he finished saying Mass and after putting away the sacred vessels threw himself in the midst of the fight, encouraging his men to resist this onslaught with all their might. But the struggle could not last long, as most of the warriors were away at the time. Aware of this, the invading party renewed their efforts in trying to tear down the outside ramparts, which very soon collapsed. From that moment, there was a general retreat. Father Daniel was besought to fly too, but he refused to do so, and remembering some invalids whom he had not yet baptized he hastened to their huts to do so.

When this was accomplished, he came back to the house of God and found it filled with Christians and neophytes; he exhorted them to contrition and gave absolution to a few,

then dipping his handkerchief in water, as he could not do more, he baptized by sprinkling those who begged for the sacrament before death should overtake them.

By this time the Iroquois had plundered the huts and were rushing towards the church: "Run now," said this heroic pastor, to those who still remained with him; "try to reach the woods and find shelter there." And to give them a little more time in which to do this, he walked quietly towards the door as the enemy approached.

On seeing this priest advancing alone, unarmed, the Iroquois were thunderstruck. For a minute or so, these cruel men and their victim faced each other silently, then the Indians regaining their presence of mind, but still daunted by some unexplained respect for his person, attacked the servant of God with arrows and finally with a shotgun until he fell at their feet.

After he died, the frenzied savages who surrounded him perpetrated on his body the atrocious indignities they usually inflicted on their victims. Then setting fire to the church, they threw into the flames the bleeding remains on which they had wreaked their violence.

The Iroquois shortly after this departed, leaving behind them seven hundred victims and a village which was never to rise from its ashes. As for Father Daniel, he had died in the discharge of his duty, but, as if this were not enough, God had decreed that the mutilated limbs of this martyr should be burned at the altar where an hour before he had offered the most sublime of all sacrifices, that of Jesus Christ Himself.

These ashes, scattered by the wind, testified to the completeness of his holocaust.

Could this shepherd of God imitate his Master in a better manner, and in his heroic self-sacrifice, do more for his flock?

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

ALILY had a glorious birth.
Upon the waters' cleansing flood,
And straightway widened full and white
Without brief burial in the bud.
Far from the sullyng touch of earth,
It shone like one lone star apart;
And all its beauty, all its light
Glowed for the seed within its heart.

From heaven world-ward came the morn
And found along the red-trimmed sky
One cloud that caught a far-sent ray
And flashed all silver upon high.
First herald of the light new-born,
Earth's farthest flying dust beyond,
It wore its glory for the day
That thro' its whiteness broke and dawned.

THE LEGEND AND THE LESSON.

THE Mission Church was finished. Franciscan Fathers and Indian Christians had worked faithfully for its completion. The stones for the pavements had been brought down narrow mountain ledges and over uncertain trails.

The thick, adobe walls were well dried in the sun. They looked like firm, brown free-stone, strong to last through the centuries. Bells from the sunny land of Spain hung in the towers. Very sweetly, at the dawning and the sunset, they rang out their holy call to prayer.

Within the church there were beautiful paintings; some by noted artists, some copied by gifted students at Rome, and some the original work of Abadessa Daliga, who labored continually to beautify the house of God. Señora Banista, too, who lived in a large adobe house among the hills, had given freely of her wealth. Yes, the church was very beautiful, and as Obispo Orlando sat in the garden under the graceful pepper-

trees, surrounded by flowers and fruits and palms, he thanked God for the promise of this new land. Yet he sighed as he remembered the weary distances over the mountains, the scattered ranches and the many souls that had seen no glimmer of the Sacred Cross.

Often the Indians returned to their wild ways, and forgot the way of life. Many times the wicked white men came to plunder and to rob. Yet, surely, a better day was at hand, and these six Indian youths who lived with him in the holy courts, who united the Christian stories of the East with the wild legends of the West—surely, these young priests would carry on his mission-work and bring it to complete success!

In the cool of the evening they came to him, repeated confessions and creeds, told of the work and incidents of the day, sat at his feet among the flowers and listened to his words concerning the Great Spirit, who gives the beautiful as a symbol of the good.

Obispo Orlando looked at the group with loving pride. They were his spiritual children—the fair first-fruits of his consecrated labors in this new world. At the baptismal font he had given them Spanish names, and with a graceful heart had received them into the Church-home.

Had he voiced his thoughts, he might have said—"Animo is strong and brave. He will be a tower of defence. His wild spirit may not be tamed. He must have hard work to do among these hills. God give that he may build a church one day, in a place where man never yet hath trod!

"The sunshine of Heaven is in Gozo's smile. It is joy to him to live. He will not learn much from books, but he has learned the wisdom of life.

"And Juicio! He is reserved and self-poised. He will be a rock, unmoved in stormy seas.

"Silencio also! I do not know his thoughts, for they are deep. I can build on him, for he is trusty and true.

"Next is Olvido. He will not always forget as now; for the wheels of time wear deep. The soft adobe makes the strongest walls at last.

"And here is Infelicio—at once the best and the saddest of my flock."

Orlando sighed. The students looked up, and Gozo asked "Why art thou sad, my Father? Does not the book say, 'God is good?'"

"Yea, God is good, my Gozo, and His glad Easter-time draws nigh. To-morrow, I will send you all away to search for Easter offerings. Go forth in hope and come again in peace!"

From his cell that night, Infelicio watched the silver half-moon shining above the cloister-garden. Gozo would have rejoiced in the light. But Infelicio was sad. His name, itself, hurt him, because it seemed to say that even Orlando, the good Priest-father, believed him fated to be unhappy.

Infelicio, at seventeen, was a model of Indian beauty and nobility. When he smiled his face was lighted as with the dawn. The rare smile passed quickly, and his mournful eyes revealed his sorrowing heart.

By nature he was affectionate to the few who came close to him. But those whom he loved most dearly had been taken from him. His father perished in the wars. After that, he lived for a year in the little home, half *wick-i-up* and half cave, upon the hill side. The rainy season came with violence. The frail building was washed away by the floods. He was sleeping in the cave when he was aroused suddenly by the wild cries of his mother and sister, as they were carried down the stream amidst the overwhelming breakers. He ran across the hills to intercept them where the waters turned. He rushed into the billows. He caught his sister's hair. A rumbling as of many thunders was in his ears. He lost consciousness.

When he awoke, he was in a pleasant room in the church convent, and Abadessa Daliga was bending above him. Kindness met him on every side, but he awoke to sorrow, for his mother and sister had passed into the spirit world.

When the boy was restored to health, and had listlessly taken up his dreamy life again, Obispo Orlando chose him as one of his student-priests, and named him Infelicio. He would never hear again the sweet Indian name his mother gave him. It was better so. He could not bear it from other lips. But Infelicio! The name itself oppressed him with its weight of gloom. He wished he might arise upon the moonbeams, to the "happy hunting-grounds," and join his dear ones there above all earthly sorrow.

In the early morning, the young men started on the ways, cheered by the Father's blessing, and hoping to return with gifts in time for the glad Easter dawning.

Animo went on a forest-hunt, sold to the traders, and brought an image of the Blessed Virgin, holding in her arms the Holy Child.

Gozo brought fair flowers and palms, that filled the church with their fragrance and beauty.

Juicio brought from afar up the canon, wild Indians to sit within the Temple and to learn of the love of God.

Silencio brought a sweet-stringed instrument, to speak for him in the service of the church, and to make fitting music for the words of adoration and of prayer.

It was the night before the Easter morn. Olvido and Infelicio came not.

Father Orlando welcomed his students and conversed with them in the cloister garden. "Olvido has forgotten to come," he said, "perhaps he will remember when the Easter bells are ringing—but Infelicio! poor Infelicio! I know not what has befallen him."

It was Gozo who answered lightly, as was his wont, "The sad Lent breaks into the Easter brightness, and you, O Father, will name our Infelicio, Felicio at last."

Even while he was speaking the full moon shone forth in all its glory, weaving under the trees a fair tracery of light and shade. In that instant, Olvido bounded over the wall, and kneeled for the Father's blessing.

"Where is thy offerings?" asked Animo, "Surely thou didst not forget?"

"No, I did not forget," answered the happy Olvido, "I had reason to remember, for I have been far over stream and mountain. Look! Are these not fair enough for Mary's crown?"

He held out his hands, filled with gems—transparent Mexican opals with the dreamy haze and the heart of fire.

"It is indeed a worthy offering," said the Bishop, as he laid his hand of blessing on Olvido's head. "These are pure as penitential tears, and they are glowing with all the colors of the rainbow. Yes they stand for mortal grief, glorified into Heavenly blessedness."

"Infelicio become Felicio, my Father?" asked Gozo.

Orlando smiled, but his eyes were filled with tears.

The last bells rang for prayers. The young Indians retired to their cells. Infelicio had not come.

Obispo Orlando did not close his eyes in sleep that night. He watched and waited and prayed for his beloved Infelicio.

In the dark, before the dawn, there came a knocking at the portals. There was much confusion. Soon the gentle tones of Señora Banista explained all. Some of her ranchmen had found Infelicio, where he had fallen over a precipice. He was greatly injured and had suffered much. She cared for him in her own home through the night. He begged her to bring him to the Padre, for he had an Easter offering to make, and much to tell, and he knew the time was short. He wished to receive the Padre's blessing, and to pass from the Holy place into the Holiest.

The ranchmen made a bed of boughs and carried him into the Cathedral, even before the High Altar, where the waxen tapers dispelled the gloom, and the sweet faces of the angels, the Mother and the Child, seemed to smile lovingly upon him, lying there in weariness and pain.

The others departed silently, leaving the Padre Orlando alone with the dying youth.

Infelicio said brokenly and feebly, "The Great Spirit showed me a marvelous gift for the Temple, my Father. It was more than I could bring. It is on the hills and in the hills. The mountain-stream shines with it. I, alone, know its place. The Great Spirit gave it to me, that in my Easter offering I might become—Felicio, the Blessed.

"I saw my mother on the heights. She led the way. She showed me stars below that shine like stars above. Give me your blessing, Padre mio, and come near to hear the secret of the hills before I go. My mother calls me even now."

Orlando thought the boy was delirious, but Infelicio held out his hand. At first Orlando could not see, for his eyes were darkened with his tears, and church tapers burn but dimly just before the dawn. Orlando clasped the outstretched hand and thus perceived that the youth was pressing into his own hand a piece of shining metal, that seemed a mass of woven threads. Orlando examined it by the altar-light. It was pure silver.

He turned to Infelicio, who spoke quietly now, as one who gathers strength for a last word on earth before he joins the company of the angels. He told the father the way upon the mountains to the fields of silver. Then he added: "This

is my Easter gift, O Father. And now I will confess my sins. Canst thou not bless me before I go? God has given me a great light, and I go to Him."

The wan face of Infelicio had brightened with joy, and it seemed transfigured with happiness.

Obispo Orlando blessed him with all a Father's tenderest love. In that instant the dawn appeared. The church was filled with radiance. The flower-buds opened into perfect bloom. Their fragrance filled the air. The birds sang matin songs of praise. The bells rang out the joyous peals of Easter morning. The boys brought in the lighted censers. The choir came, jubilant with song. The Indian students entered with their offerings.

Suddenly the voices ceased, for before the altar the youths saw their friend, Infelicio, the Father bent over him in prayer. At first they thought Infelicio was asleep. A rare smile was on his peaceful face.

Obispo Orlando raised his hand. They understood. The prayers for the dead were chanted; and a sad strain of earthly loss mingled with the high joy of the Easter triumph.

"Pray for the repose of his soul," said Orlando, "and pray in faith, for with sure signs he has been received and blessed by the Heavenly Father."

When the sun was setting on that Easter day, the form of Infelicio was laid at rest in the cloister garden. The grave was covered with flowers. Afterwards a stone was raised above it, and on the stone one word was graven—"Felicio."

To the five student-priests the Father confided all, and bound them by strictest vows to tell no one beside; for the silver was a gift from God, devoted to the use of His Temple—and doubly consecrated by the young life sacrificed in the offering. It would be sacrilege indeed to use this silver gift for aught but holy things.

The time came when the cathedral altar was covered with silver. There were silver ornaments and silver statues. There were silver chalices, urns and candlesticks, a silver monstrance, pyx and tabernacle. The other churches were likewise beautified.

More precious in the eyes of the student-priests than all besides, most precious of all to Obispo Orlando, was a bit of silver that gleamed like a star among the opals in the crown

of the Blessed Virgin. This was the piece of silver that Felicio had carried in all his wanderings on the hillsides, over the streams, when he fell down the dark, steep precipice, when the kindly ranchmen found him on their return with the flocks; all through that weary night of pain, and even till he had made his Easter offering in the dark, just before the dawn, it shaped itself into a star and its rays blessed the hearts of the true believers.

Upon the altar a word was made with silver letters and surrounded by silver stars. It was a word of blessing and of tender memories—"Felicio."

The years went on and at the close of a long, laborious life, Obispo Orlando heard the summons to depart. According to his last request he was left before the high altar with only the five chosen ones who kneeled around him. There, before the image of the Virgin, before the winning face of the Christ, he charged the five to keep inviolate for God the silver of the hills—while they lived, to use it only for the sanctuary—when they died, to let the secret die with them. The silver left then in the mountains, must be left forever untouched, till God, Himself, should again reveal its hiding-place to a mortal. Curses would follow in time and in Eternity, if the priests broke their vow. Large blessings would be theirs while they kept the secret safe. After silent prayer Orlando said—"A sign is given. Farewell, and God be with you! See!"

They looked above the altar, and behold! above the silver crucifix!—above the silver, jewelled crown—the happy face of Felicio, and his arms extended in welcome to Orlando! There was a look of greeting and of farewell, and the two disappeared in a silver radiance out into the silver sky beyond.

The five turned to see the place where Orlando had rested. His body was there in the calm of death. His spirit was beyond the silver stars.

The years went on. Great good was done. Churches were organized. Indians were taught. Cathedrals were beautified. And always was kept inviolate the secret of the hills.

There are seven graves now in the cloister garden. The flowers of many years have blossomed above them. The sunshine rests upon them lovingly.

As the Indians come and go—as the dark Mexicans pass along the streets—as the pale-faced travellers of the East

explore the new country of the West—they all hear the story of the silver of San Gabriel.

They have searched for it. Some of it has been found—God's gift, revealed again to man! Will those who search for it, and those who find it, be so filled with gratitude to the Giver; and learn its use so well, that it may bring them more and more of happiness—that to them also, Infelicio may become Felicio? This gift is not in the silver of the hills to bestow, but in the silver of the heart.

And only the happy ones who have learned the way of blessedness have learned the lesson of the legend.

THE SILVER OF SAN GABRIEL.

In the sunny days of the Long Ago,
Amidst the hills of the setting sun,
When the red men roamed o'er the mounts of snow
Wherever the crystal streamlets run.

They found a place where a metal white
Sent silver rays from the dark below;
That gleamed in the sunshine, fair and bright
As the frosted lines in the drifted snow.

As white and as fair was the silver rare
And it did not fade in the heat of day,
Nor melt to tears in the balmy air
That was always stirred with the breath of May.

In the valley below, a priest had told
Of the wonderful love of the Father, God—
Who gave the woods, the flocks and the gold,
And colored the beautiful flowers of the sod.

"The silver is His." And down from the mount
The willing ones brought of the gleaming gift.
Oh, blessed the altar! and blessed the fount!
And blessed the gifts from the silver rift!

When the work of the aged priest was done,
And he spoke to the tribes with his latest breath;
He said: "Be it told of the silver to none,
Or a curse will befall of blighting and death.

"The silver is God's. Tell it not to men.
'Tis the holy gift for the Spirit's shrine.
If ye keep it for Him, His blessing then
Will be yours forever. Behold the sign!"

They looked and they saw the lightning gleam
Of the silver cross and a silver crown.
His soul had passed in the silver dream.
They crossed themselves and they kneeled them down.

The years went on. They kept the Faith,
And he told to none of the silver ore;
For ever they feared the coming wraith;
For ever they hoped for the blessing in store.

The hills have guarded their treasure well.
The bushes and ferns have watched above.
The rills have seen it, but would not tell
Where the ages had hidden the gift of love.

The races that went like the setting sun
Have journeyed afar to the Holy Place,
Where after the ills of life are done
They see Gitchie Manitou, face to face.

A race from afar, from the Eastern land,
Found the traces at last, of the silver bright,
And many the ways their wisdom has planned
To bring the rich storehouse of silver to light!

It may be the priest has a message now
For the fair-faced men of the rising sun.
The silver is His on the mountain's brow;
Ye must give an account when all is done.

If ye trouble the needy, or work them a wrong,
The God of the poor will surely requite;
If ye add to the joy of their life and its song,
The silver undimmed shall shine in His sight.

He watches above, work ye well or ill.
The silver is His, in the mountain sod.
If ye send it forth to do His will,
It will bring to your hearts the blessing of God.

LUELLA DOWD SMITH.

THE VOTIVE LAMP OF THE URSULINES OF QUEBEC.

IN the ancient and historic Ursuline Convent at Quebec, is to be seen in the cloistered chapel of the saints, burning before the altar of "Notre Dame de Grand Pouvoir" a votive lamp of great beauty given by Miss Marie Madeleine Anthon, to replace the old lamp whose little twinkling flame dimly lighted this ancient sanctuary for over two hundred years, and has been commemorated by a poem which, in the "Glimpses of the Monastery," bears the title of—"La Lampe qui ne s'éteint pas."

The first lamp was given by Miss Anthon's great-great cousin, Mère Marie Madeleine de Repentigny, whose vocation to the religious life affords an instance of the manner in which God sometimes pursues a soul, rebellious at first, forcing her, as it were, to take the place at the marriage feast to which He had long invited her, by the voice of His secret inspirations.

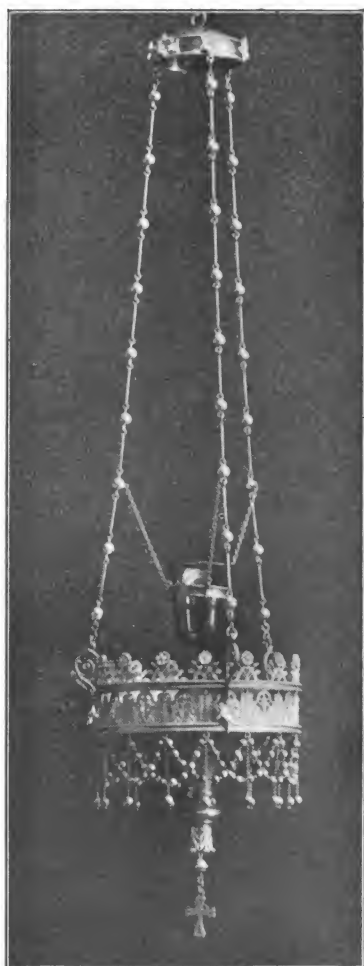
The following account of her vocation from "Glimpses of the Monastery" is interesting. "The de Repentigny family were among the first of the nobility that came out to settle in the colony. Mother Mary of the Incarnation makes mention of them with the highest praise, as early as 1645. The daughters were always to be found among our boarders. Marie Madeleine had her turn from the age of about ten years, till her education was considered to be in accordance with her rank and position in society.

On leaving the convent, she, like many others, had not formed any fixed plan of life, and soon found herself surrounded with those temptations that often beset the pathway of a young girl on her entry into the world. Gay parties of pleasure, frivolous amusements, idle conversation, filled up the the precious hours from day to day, leaving but little time for reflection, serious reading or prayer. The prestige of rank, wit and beauty on the one side, that of merit, politeness and noble demeanor on the other, soon resulted in the preliminaries of an alliance which appeared advantageously in the eyes of the world, and which met with the approval of Marie Madeleine's parents.

On such occasions, when all seems so bright for the future,



ALTAR IN THE URSULINE CONVENT, QUEBEC.



THE LAMP.

who thinks of seriously consulting to know the will of God? Suddenly the young officer is called away on duty. Alas for the fallacious promises of earthly happiness! The first report brings tidings of his death! To the violent grief and mourning of the first months succeeds an attempt to dissipate this irksome gloom of mind by plunging anew into the whirl of worldly pleasure. But the kind hand of Providence was still extended to reclaim this prodigal child and lead her to an abode of peace and security. At one of the churches of the city, an eloquent and zealous Jesuit was giving the exercises of a retreat for young ladies. Marie Madeleine went with the rest, but soon found that the sacred orator was preaching, so it seemed to her, for her alone.

“What will it avail a man to gain the whole world, and yet to lose his own soul?” These solemn words of our Blessed Lord sank deep into her soul. She then perceived that there had been a void in her heart, which the vanities of the world had never been able to fill. Plunged in serious thought, the salvation of her soul stands before her as an all-important affair. Beginning to perceive the designs of Providence, she resolves to correspond to them. After due consultation, she solicits admission into the novitiate of the Ursulines. The nuns, remembering her many good qualities, without hesitation accepted her. After her first thanksgiving for being admitted to the novitiate and clothed as a religious under the name of Sister Ste. Agatha, she was assailed by the temptation to regret the pleasures of the world, and her place in the home circle. But the fervent novice knew the force of prayer. Casting herself at the feet of “Our Lady of Great Power,” whose antique statue still stands there upon its pedestal in the little chapel of the saints, she was soon answered by the return of light and peace to her soul.

Thus confirmed in her vocation, and enabled to persevere, Sister Ste. Agathe, when settling her temporal affairs before pronouncing her solemn vows, wished to leave her heavenly Protectress a mark of her gratitude. She decided to bequeath an endowment for a lamp to burn perpetually before the Madonna of Our Lady of Great Power. This light is still seen in the little chapel of the saints, where it was first lit two hundred years ago by Sister Marie Madeleine de

Repentigny de Ste. Agathe. Her own life, cheerful, courageous, mortified during the twenty years she had yet to spend within the monastery, was another light, rejoicing her companions more than the votive lamp which she daily trimmed with sentiments ever fresh of piety and gratitude.

The lamp Miss Anthon has presented to the Ursulines as a souvenir of her pious kinswoman, is a beautiful work of art. Made of silver washed with gold, it hangs by long golden chains set with beads of lapis bleu de Tyrol, that support a large fillet on which are fifteen embossed roses enamelled in different colors, emblematic of the Rosary Mysteries, five white, five red and five yellow; below these, on another fillet, are embossed in white enamel the fleurs de lis of New France.

Three chaplets with beads of lapis bleu de Tyrol are suspended below the fillet under which hangs a golden cross. The following inscription, in Latin, is engraved on the lamp:

Veteri Lucernæ
 Lucenti semper et ardenti
 Quam virgo prudens
 Magdalena de Repentigny
 Sponsali die
 Duobus abhinc sæculis
 In Deiparæ honorem læta accendit
 Maria Magdalena Anthon
 Ejusdem cognata
 In signum fidei iterum accensæ
 Auream hanc lampadem
 Mira arte cælatam
 Rosisque filisque gemmatam
 A. D. MCMIII.
 Substituit.

THE VOTIVE LAMP.

O twinkling lamp! thy feeble ray
 Sheds no refulgent glare;
 And yet thou knowest no decay,
 Since once, thrice sixty years away,
 Thou first wast trimmed with care.

Dire was the conflict when her chains
That maiden sought to break :
Now in her soul triumphant reigns
God's holy love, and now it wanes,
'Tis earthly flames that wake.

O Mother Powerful, lend thine aid !
Pity my dire distress !
I've fled me to this cloister shade ;
Let now all worldly phantoms fade,
If Heaven my project bless.

Will not the pitying Virgin hear
A suppliant in her need ?
Will she not make my pathway clear—
Sending me grace to persevere,
From all this darkness freed ?

Lo ! swift descending from on high,
Peace to her bosom flows :
As swift the gloom and sorrow fly,
Her soul in sweet security
Forgets its recent throes.

For light so pure in darkest hour,
A lamp burns near the shrine
Where Mary, Mother of Great Power,
Still hears our prayer, and graces shower
Where beams so tender shine.

Now many circling years have fled,
While yet that tiny flame
By gratitude is fondly fed,
As when at first its light was shed
Around that high-born dame.

Still does she point the way secure
To her, our Queen above,
Whose tender bosom, ever pure,
Pities the woes we may endure,
And succors us with love.

Come then at twilight's pensive hour;
Come in the early dawn!
Come when the skies around you lower,
Come to Our Lady of Great Power,
Sure help of the forlorn!

Though titles new round Mary's name
May cluster every year,
Yet, as I view that votive flame,
Lit by the hand of noble dame,
I love the more that ancient claim,—
"Mother of Power," reign here!

THE MISSIONS.

TO CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN.

In the following words, the Rector of the Epiphany Apostolic College for the training of missionaries to the negroes appeals to the multitude of Catholic youth in the United States:

"At the period which is noted for the so-called Reformation, when the Church was assailed from every side by those whom she nurtured, God ever faithful to His promise to be with His Church "even to the end of time," raises up holy and apostolic men in the bosom of His Spouse: A Xavier goes to the East, and other heroic souls cross to the shores of Brazil and even to the very land in which we now reside, bringing no other message but the Gospel and seeking no other object but the salvation of souls.

"This same work of conquest for Christ is going on daily. Great and holy souls bid adieu to all they hold near and dear, and despite all obstacles placed in their way go with a message of peace to whomsoever will receive them.

"Think of the apostolic work accomplished by these great champions of Christianity. How noble and inspiring is their lives. We are told that St. Francis Xavier baptized more than twelve hundred thousand heathens, besides traversing a

distance equal to three times the circumference of the globe and visited more than two hundred kingdoms.

“Should not the zeal of this great Saint for souls inspire us with a like zeal, since at our very doors is a race of unevangelized negroes waiting for those whom the Providence of God will send to lead them into the True Fold, which is the Church of Christ?

“We invite you young men to consider the missionary vocation to the colored race. How happy should we not be to follow in the footsteps of the Apostles and that vast host of missionaries who have raised up nations to the adoration of the True God!

“When we consider the glorious history of Holy Church, and reflect on the missionary labors of those illustrious missionaries who have gone before us in a life of self-sacrifice for Christ, should it not arouse in us a longing desire to follow them and partake of their joys and sorrows? We have only to look about us and behold a rich harvest of souls, the poor progeny of Ham looking with anxious eyes for Apostolic men to break unto them the bread of life.

“The Colored Missions offer to the youthful aspirant to the Apostolic Priesthood a noble field to exercise his love of God and his neighbor, and win for himself an imperishable crown.”

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS AMONGST OUR NEGROES.

Among the hills of Powhatan County, Virginia, on the old historic James, some forty miles southwest of Richmond, stands St. Emma Trade School.

It occupies the site of the Belmead Homestead and Plantation, formerly owned by General Philip St. George Cocke, just opposite Rock Castle, with the Goochland Hills in sight. This institution was founded by Mrs. L. D. Morrell, of Philadelphia. Its object is the Christian education and manual training of colored boys. The School was formally opened in January, 1895, and was given in charge of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, Brother Anatole being the Director. There are at present in the School some sixty-five students. In connection with the School is the Belmead Wagon Works, where some forty boys are taught to make and repair wagons, carriages and other vehicles.

Blacksmithing, carpentry, shoemaking, tailoring and upholstering are taught in their respective departments. There is also a flour and grist mill on the premises worked by water power, where the wheat and corn from the plantation and neighboring farms are ground.

The time of class-hours is devoted to giving the pupils a plain, practical education in the ordinary branches of knowledge taught in our parochial schools, such as will enable them to become intelligent mechanics and artisans, and prove helpful to them in the fulfilment of the ordinary duties of life. Habits of order, industry and economy are sedulously inculcated and pointed out, as essential factors in the building up of a truly Christian character.

In regard to practices of piety, many exercises are not enjoined upon the boys. They are taught to say their morning and evening prayers at their bedside, grace before and after meals, and occasionally during the day to raise their minds to God by some short ejaculatory prayer. The "morning offering" has been prefaced to morning prayers, and the Communion of the First Friday is regularly made by the students who have received their first Communion. At certain seasons during the year all assist at daily Mass. Only such devotions are regularly insisted upon as the boys can easily practise in the ordinary avocations of life, and they are exhorted to be very faithful to those they have adopted.

A DIOCESE IN JAPAN.

Father Walter, an American Missionary, Chaplain to the Little Brothers of Mary at Osaka, thus writes in the *American Annals for the Propagation of the Faith*. Last year, Mgr. Chatron, Bishop of Osaka, came to beg the aid of American Catholics for his Japanese flock:

"Osaka has always been known as a city of pleasure. The rich and populous section named *Dotombori* is exclusively given to theatres. Here plays and representations succeed each other without pause day after day, going on continually from morning to evening and from evening to morning. It is not to be wondered at that the Gospel had made so little progress among a people given up to a great extent to sensuality. The diocese of Osaka is made up of four thousand three

hundred Catholics, while the total population within its limits is thirteen millions of souls; there are in the city of Osaka three parishes with only a thousand of the faithful.

"There are other obstacles to the progress of the true faith. Japan is just now passing through a period of transition; the old order has disappeared and the new is fashioned entirely according to Western ideas. Public attention is centered upon political and social reorganization; no one has time to bother about his soul. It should be mentioned also that for the past fifteen years a reactionary spirit against everything foreign has been visible in different parts of the country.

"However, Osaka shows signs of an awakening in the future. The sympathetic welcome which the Little Brothers of Mary have been given by the people and officials of the city proves that they appreciate the benefits of science and education.

"The personnel of the Catholic mission of Osaka is as follows: One bishop, twenty-five European missionaries, two native priests, four Brothers of Mary (of the College of St. Stanislaus of Paris), four seminarians, forty catechists, sixteen Sisters of the Holy Infant Jesus, three novices and three postulants. The diocese comprises thirty-four parishes, eight churches or chapels and twenty-four oratories in Japanese houses; four schools, of which one is for boys and three are for girls; the number of pupils in these is four hundred and nineteen. The Brothers have one high school with one hundred students, five orphanages with two hundred and twenty-eight inmates, one hundred and forty-nine children in the workshops, and thirty-two nurses in the hospital.

"Here are the results of last year's labors:

Baptisms of adults	193
Conversions from heresy	2
Baptism of children born of Pagan parents...	258
Baptism of children born of Christian parents..	100
Confirmations	164
Easter Confessions	1,574
Easter Communions	1,397
Holy Viaticum	34
Extreme Unction	55
Marriages	40
Deaths and Emigrations	779

"Twelve months of hard labor have brought these results which, it must be confessed, are not brilliant. However the missionaries are content to work on without losing courage, and their zeal is commensurate with the great task which the Church has confided to them. They do their duty and do not reckon the cost."

"THE LAMP" ON A PROTESTANT MISSIONARY BISHOP.

The Lamp, edited by Father Paul, the still, we regret to say, non-Catholic Franciscan, thus refers to the death of the Protestant Bishop Riley:

"The death is announced of Dr. Riley, whose name was at one time the subject of much controversy in the American Church. Many of our readers will remember how, in the sixties, some priests in the City of Mexico started what they called a reformation within the Church. It was not long before they were silenced, and, in their difficulty, they approached Bishop Potter of New York. In 1869, Dr. Riley volunteered to go to Mexico, where the mission he superintended numbered, by 1879, some seven ex-Roman priests and two thousand lay adherents, calling themselves the "Church of Jesus." The American Episcopate took the unfortunate step in that year of consecrating him as Bishop of the "Church of Jesus," which the American Church recognized as a foreign Church, to be under her special care until it should be able to lead an independent existence. As a Bishop, Dr. Riley was unsatisfactory, and, in 1884, he resigned his bishopric. Since then, attempts have been made from time to time to induce the American Episcopate to consecrate Bishops for Mexico. In 1902, certain of the American Bishops gave their consent to the consecration of three Bishops for Mexico, but they withdrew from that position. At the General Convention in the autumn of that year, it was agreed that no further action should be taken by the Bishops until the next meeting of the General Convention in 1904, and there the matter rests. We trust that the delay will have resulted in putting off any further action till the Greek Kalends.—*Church Times*. •

To the prayer of the *Church Times* we breathe a fervent Amen. Dr. Riley and the Mexican imbroglio illustrates how much easier it is to start a schism than it is to end it.

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for the reception of pilgrims and a large porch for their accommodation.

The architecture of the building will perpetuate the style as developed by the Spanish missionaries in California, which is known as the Mission style and which is accepted as being one of the original American styles of architecture. The enrichment of the edifice will be in the nature of marble mosaics, which will be copied from old Indian ornamentation as found in their bead and basket work. Thus it will be seen that the style is indigenous to the soil, which is one of the first principles of true art.

The building will be of concrete throughout wherever masonry is required, colored white, and the roof will be of red Spanish tiles. The edifice will be erected on an eminence overlooking the Mohawk River, and will be seen by many travelers who pass up and down the valley in the swiftly moving trains between New York and the West.

Though we cannot begin building this year, we trust that our friends will not delay contributing to the fund which we are collecting for this purpose, as we hope to build part of the structure at least in 1906. Address, Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., 29 West 16th Street, New York.

At last we are happy to announce to our readers that we now possess all the land we have been trying to purchase for the shrine for the past ten years. In addition to the purchase of the Putman farm announced in the January *PILGRIM*, we now have the Houck farm, about ninety acres east of the Putman farm, and the triangular field of the Mabie farm, situated between the shrine grounds and the Ravine, so that we have now a road from one to the other over our own property, without using the county road. This triangle is the most important acquisition we have made since we bought the Ravine. The Kelly property has also been purchased, not that it was needed for our plans, but because its owner, after deciding to part with it, preferred that we should have it.

By singular good fortune we have been enabled to cut nearly 150,000 feet of timber on these new purchases, without thinning the woods noticeably, and this timber will be most useful for the improvements we hope to make at Auriesville at no distant date. One of our chief annual expenses hitherto has been for timber, no matter how small was the amount purchased.

Part of the newly acquired property will be reserved for the Shrine. At least one-half of it will be farmed so as to obtain revenue to meet the expenses of these purchases. The fences are being rearranged; a few of the unsightly group of barns at the foot of the hill are to be demolished, so as to make way for a proper approach to the entrance, which we shall try to build this year. The plan for this gateway is strictly in accordance with the design for the new chapel, the old mission style adapted to our needs and region, a triple arch, extending 79 feet, the main one, the entrance proper, being 15 feet wide and 24 feet high, surmounted by a belfry and cross. A good friend of the Shrine has proposed to collect the money for this structure in a city to whose inhabitants the Shrine is well known, so that we have every hope that we may be able to erect it speedily.

Since the twenty-seventh of January, Father Campbell has delivered his lecture on Isaac Jogues on eight occasions, twice in New York, in Newburg, New Rochelle, Trenton, Montclair, Jersey City, Washington, and before the middle of June he is to give this lecture in fifteen different places. The lectures already given have been very well attended, and the story of Father Jogues' life and martyrdom is thus made known to thousands who before knew only his name and the fact of his death for religion.

FATHER CHARLES GARNIER, S.J., MISSIONARY IN CANADA, 1636-1649

I.

CHARLES GARNIER was born in Paris, May 25, 1606,⁽¹⁾ of wealthy parents, as rich in virtues as they were in this world's goods. He grew in this Christian atmosphere as a lily grows and thrives in a quiet and secluded spot. The watchful love of a mother and the wise care of a father who, in matters religious, gave his children such good example, guarded Charles against the evils which might have sullied his soul or corrupted his heart.

(1) The *Relations* give by mistake 1605 as the year of his birth; (year 1650, p. 10).

When he was old enough to begin his studies, his father was greatly concerned to decide to whom he should intrust this young man so eager to learn. But his hesitancy was not of long duration: Louis XIII having authorized the Jesuits to reopen the College of Clermont, Charles was one of those who hastened to enroll their names and who were allowed to join the classes.

His natural tendencies soon developed here. A few incidents of his life at this time will serve to illustrate what a loving and noble heart he possessed, a heart full of pity and kindness for others.

His father, like most fathers from time immemorial, allowed him at stated periods, a certain sum of money, what is called "*la semaine*" in student phraseology. On outing days the pupils of the College of Clermont were never at a loss to spend the small amount allotted to them. Like a flock of sparrows, they scattered on all sides, some playing ball near the hills of St. Genevieve and others going toward the Seine by devious lanes and narrow alleyways leading to the bridge. The incessantly moving crowds, the brilliant equipages and sedan chairs were always a pleasing sight to these boys. The mountebanks, the fortune-tellers, the fakirs and the dealers in falcons also attracted them, and after listening to their jokes and songs they usually went to see the Samaritan, an hydraulic machine built on the second pier of the bridge, whose manikins struck the hours. Then going in groups to certain inns situated between the Court House and Notre Dame they always ended the day by a "*feast*," as they called it. Garnier never followed his schoolfellows' example. "*Being a member of the Society of Notre Dame, which forbids young men to frequent such places,*" writes Father Ragueneau, "*he was always faithful to its rules, but he sometimes waited for his comrades at the door of the public house, oblivious of the jeers of some of them.*"

As for his savings, he devoted these to something better than the enjoyment of a game of ball, for he gave them to charity. On holidays he was often seen going down St. James Street, in the direction of the Little Bridge, where rose the dark and forbidding buildings of the Petit-Châtelet. Charles would enter the narrow covered alleyway cut through the old jail and drop his alms in "*the prisoners' poor-box.*" He often emptied his whole purse into it, according to witnesses, pity for others having already taken such a hold on his heart.

If the heart of the young student was noble, his mind was none the less brilliant, his success in his studies speaking eloquently for him. Must we ascribe to the hopes which this very success had raised in his father's mind the difficulties with which he was beset when he first spoke of becoming a priest? Perhaps. There is no denying, however, that he met with great opposition on the part of his father, who was nevertheless a most devout Christian, full of love for his God, to whose service he gave four of his sons: Father Charles, of whom we are now speaking; Father Henry of St. Joseph, who became a Carmelite; Father Joseph of Paris, who died a Franciscan Friar in the Order of St. Francis, and another son who took Holy Orders in the Secular Clergy. But the sacrifice expected of a father under such circumstances is so great, that the "transeat" of Gethsemani naturally rises to the lips of the best of parents. Happily, Mr. Garnier's faith was of the kind that knows no half measures and after praying for the bitter cup to pass by, he ended like his Divine Master by draining it to the dregs.

On September 5, 1624, Charles Garnier entered the novitiate which had been opened by the Jesuits in Paris twelve years earlier, at the corner of Mezières and Pot-de-Fer street. (1)

"Father," said Mr. Garnier to Father Jean Broussauld, Superior of Novices, when bringing his son to him, "if I did not love the Society of Jesus above all others, I could never part with a son who since his birth has never once disobeyed me,

(1) This house was first started in the old mansion of the de Mezières which had been given to the Jesuits by Dame Madeleine Luilier, widow of de Sainte-Beuve, a member of Parliament. After further purchases it spread considerably and covered nearly all the ground between the streets called Pot-de-Fer, Mezières, Cassette and Honoré-Chevalier. The church, which was built from the plans of Brother Martel-Auge, was erected by Francois Sublet des Noyers, Secretary of War. Although quite small, "it is," says Félibien, "one of the handsomest churches in Paris" (History of the City of Paris, 5 vol., folio, Desprez, Paris, 1725, t. II., p. 1102). Over the high altar, decorated by Mansard, was a painting by Poussin: This canvas is now in the Louvre. The Church of the Novitiate contained a great many other famous pictures: Christ Preaching, by Stella; A Madonna, by Vouet, and an exquisite figure of Christ carved by Sarrasin. (Ancient and Modern Paris, by J. de Marlès, 3 vols., quarto, Paris, Parent-Desbarres, t. I., p. 454.)

nor given me the slightest cause for grief." There are praises which seem to promise too much for the future. Was it to be so in this case? The new religious proved the contrary.

"From the beginning," wrote his Superior, "his modest, unassuming manner was such that he was pointed out to the other novices as a model of sanctity."

This conduct never belied itself in the two years of his novitiate, so that when the time of probation ended, he had no difficulty in being allowed to pronounce his first vows (1626). Charles then went from here to the College of Clermont he had left but two years before. But he went back happy and proud to bear the livery of Jesus Christ. He remained there three years, which were devoted to the study of logic, physics and metaphysics (1626-1629). Then he was sent to Eu, (1) where he taught the 5th, 4th and 3d grades successively.

It was here that he had the happiness of meeting Father de Brébeuf, then proctor of this college. Driven from Canada, after the taking of Quebec by the English, the founder of the Huron Mission was compelled to return to France. But he had carried away with him deep in his heart, a great love for the poor Indians. During the walks he took with Father de Brébeuf under the spreading oaks of the forest—when the boys were home for the holidays—this young man must have often begged this most zealous apostle to tell him of his beloved missions. The voyage up the St. Lawrence with its dramatic happenings, the winterings in the woods in the deep snow, the hunting expeditions with the Hurons, the customs and habits of these people, their meetings, their festivals and their wars, what an inexhaustible mine of interesting facts for a young man of twenty-five! We are no doubt right in surmising that the first germs of Father Garnier's apostolic tendencies sprang up at this time. However this may be, it was not long before they came to light. Charles had returned to Paris to study theology at the College of Clermont, when he begged of his Superior to be allowed to go to Canada. This request was received favorably, for the mission was a difficult one which required stout-hearted workers whose courage was beyond dispute, and was not this young theologian particularly well-fitted to take place in their ranks? There was but one condition

(1) This college was founded in 1581, by the Duke of Guise (le Balafré, the slashed one). It was opened early in January of the following year.

attached to the granting of his prayer, he must first win his father's consent. This seemed an obstacle not to be overcome, for Mr. Garnier could not be brought to consent to this second parting much more painful than that of ten years earlier. But the future missionary never gave up hope and his zeal seemed only to increase the greater the difficulties he had to encounter. To comfort him in this struggle, God gave him a vision, as it were, of the glorious death in store for him, and these presentiments were so powerful and so dear to him that Charles' thoughts were constantly of the Indians whom he hoped to convert, his one desire being to devote his whole life to them, even unto death. And so he used all means in his power, tears, prayers, petitions and incessant self denial to overcome his father's loving opposition to his wishes. The struggle was a long one, but after lasting for a year, it finally ended and truth came out victorious from this battlefield, when the necessary consent was given.

Father Garnier was then in his fourth year of theology. Three months earlier he had been made a priest at the foot of the same altar where Father Isaac Jogues, his companion at the College of Clermont, had also received Holy Orders. As they had bowed down together before the bishop who administered the sacred unction, the two future martyrs also left France together on the same day, sailing from Dieppe, April 8, 1636. The fleet carrying them to the shores of Canada was under command of Duplessis-Bochart, and consisted of eight ships. The Chevalier de Montmagny, the new Governor of New France, was also on board. They had a pleasant voyage, and on the night of June 10, two months after leaving his country, the new apostle landed below Quebec.

II.

The Canadian mission, at this time, extended in a straight line about 1600 kilometers from the Island of Cape Breton to the shores of Lake Huron. It contained six posts and there were eighteen priests and six friars for parochial duty. The posts were: St. Louis of Miscon, Our Lady of All Angels, Cape Breton, Three Rivers and the Huron Settlement. This last post was situated on the eastern shore of the lake, which still bears its name, and included the whole territory occupied

by the twenty villages where lived the thirty or thirty-five thousand souls constituting the Huron Nation. Great things were expected from this last mission, for it was hoped that through it civilization and faith would reach the vast countries further to the west, and so there was every reason to spread the salutary teachings of the Gospel. The missionaries gave themselves up to this task body and soul, but if religion was beginning to take root among the Indians, its growth was slow and bought at the price of hard and tedious labor.

At first setting foot in Canada, the goal of this true apostle's ambition, Father Garnier experienced great joy. He never realized what supreme happiness God had in store for him, nor how soon this was to be vouchsafed him.

It was the custom for the new missionaries to be detained in the southern missions for a time, so as to become acclimatized and also get used by degrees to the hardships they were bound to encounter. They took advantage of this stay to become acquainted with the Indians who came down the St. Lawrence to trade and also acquire their language. It was, then, with this aim in view that, on the first of July, Father Garnier and Father Chastellain, who had arrived in Quebec at the same time, went up to Three Rivers to await the coming of the Hurons. These did not come down in large numbers at first, only seven of them arriving about the middle of the month. When ready to leave, one of them asked the Superior if none of the Black Robes would return with them this year, and even insisted that one should. "If you will provide me with another canoe," he added, "because the one is too heavily loaded already, I will see that the Father reaches the Huron Settlement." The frail skiff was soon found, and then the men of the other canoe declared the two Fathers should not be separated, that they must have a Black Robe; that they would not leave until they had secured one. This request seemed so providential that Father le Jeune did not like to refuse. He distributed two or three blankets and a few great coats amongst the Indians, put in a small barrel of peas, a box of prunes and a little bread as supplies for the trip, and an hour later Father Garnier and Father Chastellain were being paddled away on the waters of the St. Lawrence, en route for the lake of the Hurons (July 21, 1636).

The trip was accomplished without any great fatigue, the

travellers having fallen into the hands of kind Indians, who treated them well. "God be praised," wrote Garnier on August 8, "we are here with the Nipissiriens since yesterday, and are so happy and in such perfect health that I am all but ashamed of it. Because, if the Lord had thought me more courageous, He would have given me a little of His Cross to bear, as he did the other Fathers who preceded us. . . . He treated the child as a child. I did not have to paddle; I only carried my own bag, except for the last three days when going over a few portages, I was asked to take charge of a small parcel, one of the Indians being ill. Now is this not the treatment accorded a child? We arrived at the Island on the eve of the Feast of St. Ignatius. We bought some corn, our supply of peas having given out. This corn was all we had to eat until we reached here, the Indians not having any hiding places, or rather not finding any of them. As for fish, we have had very little so far."

Notwithstanding all this, the two missionaries "went along gaily in their bark canoes, flying toward this long-desired goal with renewed courage," as they themselves said in one of their letters. At night they slept side by side under the same canoe in the shelter of a rock, and at dawn they re-embarked, singing hymns joyously and keeping time with the paddles as they struck the water.

Finally, on August 14, they arrived at Ste. Marie, a few hours apart from each other. Great was the rejoicing among the other Fathers of the mission. The dinner of welcome was ready in the twinkling of an eye; for one thing it did not require much labor in the way of preparation, consisting of a handful of small dried fish with a little flour and corn roasted after the manner of the Indians! But if the fare was scant, the joy of meeting his brethren knew no bounds, so that, according to a witness, he seemed a reflection on earth of the bliss of the elect in Heaven!

Two weeks later Father Garnier had the happiness of administering Baptism for the first time in this pagan country. He baptized a small child, whom he called Joseph. This was the first fruits of an apostleship whose harvest was to be so plentiful. But as if to make him realize what this might cost him some day, God allowed him to witness almost immediately after this a scene which none even of the older missionaries ever could look upon without horror.

An Iroquois prisoner had just been brought to Arontaen. In the hope of converting him before the end of the tortures he was to endure, Father de Brébeuf, overcoming once more his reluctance to being present, decided to remain with this poor fellow until the end. He took with him Charles Garnier and Le Mercier.

"We saw the unfortunate prisoner coming in the distance (1). He was singing and was accompanied by thirty or forty Indians. He was garbed in a beautiful robe of beaver; around his neck was a necklace of beads; another was wound about his head in the form of a crown. There was a great uproar when he arrived and he was made to sit at the entrance to the village and commanded to sing. I must say here that until the hour set for his torture to begin, he was treated like a human being. God knows he had been handled roughly enough before we saw him, for one of his hands had been crushed with a stone and one of the fingers not cut but torn out at the joint; the thumb and first finger of the other hand had been cut with an axe and bandaged with a few leaves and strips of bark; every joint in his arms had been burnt, and in one of them was a deep incision. We drew near him to attract his attention. He looked up, little knowing what happiness God had in store for him through our feeble efforts, and he stared at us as we stood in the midst of his enemies.

"He was being fed all this time, by everyone in turn, with *sagamité*—pumpkin and fruit. But they had to put the pieces in his mouth for he could not use his hands. These smarted and caused him such pain that he begged to be allowed to leave the hut to get a little air. This being granted him, he also asked to have the bandages taken off his hands, and water being brought he tried to cool them in it. They were already decomposed and alive with worms. He prayed for some one to draw out these worms, saying they were eating into his very marrow, burning him as if they were live coals. We tried to relieve his pain but in vain, for the worms disappeared as soon as we tried to draw them out."

Meanwhile Father de Brébeuf had begun to instruct this poor wretch. He continued to do so during the afternoon and through the early part of the night. Seeing him well disposed, he did not think it right to defer Baptism any longer, and he administered it, with death in sight as it were. "Towards

(1) *Relation* of 1637, p. 110 and following.

noon," continues Father Le Mercier, "the prisoner partook of his *astataion*, that is, his farewell banquet, this being the custom of those about to die. No one was invited, but every one being at liberty to come, the hut was overcrowded. He walked the whole length of it before sitting down to eat, saying in a firm and loud voice: 'My brothers, I am going to die and you may enjoy yourselves to your hearts' content; I fear neither torture nor death.' And he immediately began to sing and dance up and down the hut according to their savage practice. A few others sang and danced also, and then those who had dishes were given food to eat, while the others looked on. When the feast came to an end he was brought to Arontaen to die. We followed him to try and comfort him inasmuch as we could."

At the setting of the sun the cruel tragedy began. "It took place in the hut of an Indian called Atson, who is the great war chief. This hut is also called Otinontsiskiaj-Ondaon, that is, the house of the beheaded ones. In it are held all the war councils. We managed to get near the prisoner so as to be able to say a helpful word, if possible. About eight o'clock eleven fires were started the whole length of the hut, a distance of six feet between them. Immediately they all grouped themselves around them, the old men taking their places at one end on scaffolds erected here and there, while the young men sat on the ground, so close to each other that there was barely room for any one to pass around the fires. They were all howling with joy, each man preparing a torch or a firebrand with which to burn the prisoner. . . . I leave you to realize the poor fellow's look of terror on seeing these instruments of torture when he was led in. The shouting increased when he entered, and he was made to sit down while his hands were being tied. Then rising he went once around the hut dancing and singing. No one touched him this time, but his tortures were now about to begin. It is impossible to describe all he suffered from now on, until his head was mercifully severed from his body. He no sooner reached his place once more than the war chief, taking hold of his robe, said: 'Oteiondi—the name of one of the chiefs—will strip him of this robe I am now touching,' then he added: 'The Atachronons will cut his head off and give it to Ondessone with an arm and the liver for a feast.'

"Sentence being now pronounced, each man provided himself with a lighted torch or a firebrand, and the prisoner was made to walk or rather run around the fires. They tried who could burn him as he passed, and the more he howled with pain the more amused were the spectators, who mimicked his cries and drowned them with their own. Hell cannot be a worse sight than this. The whole hut seemed on fire, and through the flames and thick smoke these barbarians, massed close together with firebrands in hand and eyes sparkling with fury, looked like so many demons!"

One can imagine the impression this scene must have made on this young missionary, who five years earlier was leading the simple and peaceful life of the College of Clermont. These, then, were the cannibals he hoped to convert to the true faith! Was it not beyond human power to do anything with them, and what more natural than that in his heart he should have grown utterly discouraged in the face of this seemingly hopeless task? And still what he had yet to see of this tragedy was to surpass in horror all that had preceded it so far! While Father Garnier knelt and prayed for the poor neophyte, the torture continued. "Now and then some of the Indians stopped him at one end of the hut, and taking his hands crushed every bone in them, others meanwhile drilling pieces of wood in his ears, which they left there, and others again, tying his wrists together, drew the cords taut by pulling with all their might. After each round of the hut he was compelled to rest on hot ashes and live coals. All this is horrible to write about and we suffered untold anguish at the sight of such cruelties. As for me I could not raise my eyes at times, and I think we would have tried to get out of the hut if these brutalities had not ceased just then. At the seventh round the prisoner's strength failed him, and when, after lying for a few minutes on the hot embers, they tried to make him rise once more, they found that he was unable to do so; when one of his tormentors applied a torch to his loins, the wretched victim completely lost consciousness. He never would have risen again if the young men had been allowed to do as they pleased, for they were already fanning the fire under him so as to burn him alive. But the war chiefs forbade this, saying that it was necessary to have him live until daylight; he was then taken up and laid on a straw mat, most of the fires were put out, and the crowd scattered. . . .

How we hoped this fainting spell might last all night! For there was nothing we could do to stop these atrocities. After an hour or so, when the prisoner opened his eyes and breathed freely once more, he was immediately commanded to sing, which he did at first in a faint voice, but gradually he sang so loud that he could be heard by those outside the hut. Then the younger men came in, spoke to him and made him sit up, and beginning the tortures all over again went even further. To relate in detail what took place from now on is an impossibility. . . .”

While Father Garnier looked on in horror, the torture began once more. The Indians burned their victim at first about the legs only, and in a short time they reduced these to charred bones. Some applied the torch until he cried out in agony, and the moment his shrieks died away they began again, repeating this seven or eight times, often blowing on the firebrand and holding these close to his flesh. Others wound ropes about him to which they set fire, and these burned slowly to the bone. Others again made him put his feet on red hot hatchets and stamped on them. We could hear his flesh sizzling, and the smoke issuing from it rose to the roof of the hut. They hit him on the head with a stick and crushed the remaining fingers of his hands. Each one tried to surpass his companion in fiendish brutality, and through it all the wretched prisoner was made to eat and drink so as to keep up his strength until morning.”

“At daybreak the Indians lit fires outside the village, to which they carried him. Father de Brébeuf drew nearer and spoke to him, trying to comfort and encourage him in his wish to die a Christian. After instructing him in a few words as to the remission of sins, he gave him conditional absolution. Then two Indians took hold of this unfortunate creature and carried him to a scaffold six or seven feet high, where three or four of these fiends followed him. They tied him to a tree which was laid in such a way that they could reach him on all sides, and now they proceeded to burn his flesh more thoroughly still, not leaving one inch that was not charred. Now and then the others below handed them newly-lit torches which they thrust into his mouth and laid over his eyes, after which they hung red-hot hatchets about his neck, turning them over sometimes on his back or his chest, according to the position he assumed to

avoid their weight. And we stood there praying to God most earnestly to let merciful death end the sufferings of this poor wretch. Finally an Indian cut off one of his feet, another a hand, and immediately after a third cut of his head, which was thrown to a crowd below. As for the body, it remained at Arontaen, where it was the principal dish at a feast that day."

As Father Garnier and his companions were going towards the church to pray for the soul of this poor victim, they met in a path leading to it an Indian carrying on a stick one of the hands all but charred. It seemed as if the horror of this scene must pursue them in the midst of these meadows even, where everything was so peaceful and green. After reading of such deeds it is easy to understand why the missionaries when they left Quebec were followed by cheers coming from all kinds of people assembled on shore to see them leave, most of whom looked on in sorrow and pity, fearing that they too might be victims fated to die by fire.⁽¹⁾ However, the missionaries themselves knew what to expect. "We know," wrote Father Le Mercier, ⁽²⁾ when leaving Our Lady of Good Angels, "that these Indians' lips and hands are still dyed with the blood of our martyrs. But if these apostles had been willing to go amongst the heathen, only when assured that their lives were not in danger, they would have had no right to this title of apostle." This remark was profoundly true, and to prove themselves the true successors of the fishermen of Galilee, the missionaries of New France being consistent, faced with supreme courage the horrible death doubtless in store for them.

III.

Amongst this heroic phalanx Father Garnier was soon singled out for his self-denial and his zeal. During the Fall of 1636 a most contagious fever swept over the country of the Hurons. Nearly all the missionaries were attacked, Charles being one of them. However, he was not quite as ill as some of the others, and when his strength began to return he has-

(1) Letters from Father Jacques Frémin, Missionary to the Hurons and the Iroquois.

(2) Father Francois Le Mercier, who arrived in Canada on July 20, 1635, was twice named superior of the mission, from 1653 until 1656, and from 1665 to 1670. He died at Martinique, October 16, 1692.

tened to leave his couch, consisting of a rush mat, and devoted his energies to the care of the sick. When still only convalescent, he was seen going on trips of several miles to help those who were very ill. On December 4th he was at Ossossané, where the fever was spreading more and more every day. On the 14th he went to Anenatea to see a poor girl who was dying. When he arrived with Father Le Mercier he found the hut overcrowded with Indians who were holding the festival of the dying. The men struck pine sticks together with all their might, the women sang and danced; then at stated times they swung lighted torches, showering the dying woman with sparks, while she writhed under this rain of fire. Happily the festival soon came to an end and Father Garnier was enabled to baptize the woman during the night.

The next six months were devoted to various apostolic deeds. Charles already showed what he was to be in time to come. As one of his Superiors says: "An indefatigable worker, blest with all nature's most generous gifts and with the grace of God, he would become a perfect missionary." He spoke the Indian language so well that they themselves admired him. (1) Whenever he gathered these poor people about him in their smoke-filled huts in winter, on the edge of a clearing or the shore of their placid lake in summer, "he entered so well into the spirit of his teachings, he spoke with such eloquence, that he drew all hearts to him. This was because his soul was in this work; his face, his eyes, his very smile revealed the holiness of his thoughts." (2).

Father Garnier besides possessed a secret power with which to win souls seemingly unapproachable, and this was his profound charity, which was inexhaustible. He was often met, worn out with fatigue, leaning painfully on a gnarled stick and bearing a crippled Indian on his back. He often carried the sick in this manner, sometimes for an hour or two, in the hope of winning their love and in this way perhaps of converting them. When asked to baptize a dying man or a pri-

(1) In a letter written by him, May 20, 1663, to the Father General Mutio Vitelleschi, Father de Brébeuf declares that Father Charles Garnier "surpasses all his brothers in the progress he has made in that direction." Carayon, *unpublished documents*, xii, p. 161.

(2) *Relation* of 1650, p. 11.

soner of war about to be burned to death, a thirty or even a sixty mile walk in the hottest season of the year, sometimes through parts of the country infested by enemies, never prevented him from doing his duty.

At night even he crossed the most dangerous places, running with all his might to keep up with the Indian acting as a guide, losing his way sometimes in the deep snow, but always ready to proceed, unmindful of the intense cold or the terrific storms. During the time when so many of the Indians died from the plague, when the huts were being closed to the Black Robes and there was talk of killing them all, not only did Father Garnier "go with bent head where he knew there was a soul to be saved," but he also found a way of overcoming all obstacles. The uncleanness of the Indians caused their ulcers to fester and give out an unbearable odor at times. When the nearest relatives of the sick one could not stand the pestilential stench any longer the holy missionary would go every day and dress their wounds. He took care of some of these men for months at a time, and when it was pointed out to him that some of them were incurable: "All the more reason why I should take care of them," he would answer. "The very fact that they are hopeless cases makes me more anxious to look after them, for then I will lead these poor souls to the very gates of heaven." Is it surprising that such heroic fervor, such true charity should have won the fiercest savage and stormed the most hardened heart?

It was especially during the terrible uprising of 1637 that Father Garnier's complete renunciation of self was revealed. We have said elsewhere with what violence this storm broke over the Huron settlement, threatening to uproot the humble seed planted in this pagan field by the missionaries. The manly decision arrived at by Father de Brébeuf no doubt did a great deal to bring about peace and quietness. But the memory of Father Garnier's kindness helped materially. It was also his zeal which quelled their spirits in 1640 when, roused by insidious factions, the old hatred seemed about to break out again with renewed fury. The servant of God was better known then, for he had spent the two preceding years at Ossossané, a village consisting of about fifty huts containing four to five hundred families. This village had been fortified by Father Pigart with a square inclosure built after the manner of the Hurons to pro-

tect themselves against the attacks of the Iroquois. (1) From there as a center he had radiated over the country. Into how many huts had he not brought the Divine Word? How many sick persons had he not cared for, comforting them and ministering to their wants? Ouaracha—the translation of his name in Huron dialect—had become a synonym of charity with most of these people. Once more kindness had conquered and the storm died out.

About thirty or forty miles beyond the western boundary of the Huron territory there was a mountainous country occupied by the Pétun nation, which had not yet been evangelized. Father Jerome Lalemant, then Superior of the missions, resolved to teach the gospel to these people and raise the banner of Jesus Christ amongst them if possible. He gave the mission in charge of Father Garnier and Father Isaac Jogues and bade them go forth and enlighten this nation. The two missionaries were very happy at the prospect before them, and as at the outset they met with reverses and sufferings of all kinds, these augured well for this new enterprise. The trails were in such a deplorable condition and the dangers connected with the trip so great, that none of the Indians were willing to go with them as guides, so that they had to start out by themselves. Having lost their way when about half the distance, the travelers were overtaken by darkness in a thick grove of pines, where they decided to spend the night. But as it was necessary to make a fire or run the risk of having their feet frost-bitten while sleeping, they looked about for some wood, but the place was so damp they could hardly find any dry enough. After a time they succeeded in gathering a few dry branches and also some dead leaves on which they could lie for a few hours' rest. But the snow, which had been falling steadily all this time, threatened to put out the fire every minute, and by morning the ground was covered with such a thick white mantle that all trace of any path was completely obliterated. How were they ever to find the trail they wanted. After wandering for a while, shivering and hungry, the missionaries noticed a thin column of smoke issuing from behind a clump of bushes and rising slowly towards the sunless sky. They found a few poor huts, where they secured some guides but could not get even a handful of

(1) This village is also called in the *Relations*, the village of *La Rochelle*.

wheat. They then proceeded on their journey, and it was only at eight o'clock that night when, exhausted with fatigue and hunger—for they had eaten but one piece of bread softened in melting snow—they finally reached the first village of the nation to which they were to teach the Gospel.

The welcome they met with did not repay them for the sufferings they had endured to reach this place. On seeing them, the women ran away, dragging their children after them, the young men followed, shouting to them to go and carry elsewhere the famine and sickness hidden in the folds of their cloaks and the men refused to take them in saying they were wizards to be avoided. For how could any one doubt this when they could be seen kneeling and praying with such fervor? When doing this, were they not simply getting ready to throw out some of those dreadful spells they had heard of? (1) In some of the villages, things were even worse. Every other day it became necessary to move from one place to another. Sometimes their host waking up suddenly in the middle of the night would come to them trembling with fear and order both apostles out of his hut. Again on a dark night unknown men came to the door of the hut where the missionaries were sleeping and dared them to remain in the village another day. The two proscribed priests would then leave, and at the next place would find the war chiefs standing outside the stockades ready to warn them off unless they wished to have their heads split with an axe. And in this way they were constantly exposed to die from some stray blow. Sickness attacked them also, one of them contracting a violent fever. And what had they in the way of medicine? Nothing, and for food the coarse bread they ate every day,—if corn of wheat diluted with water, which was their only food, can be called by that name. It was after eating "once a day," says Father Lalemant, "a portion about as big as your fist of this dainty food," that burning with fever, Father Garnier and Father Jogues put on their snow-shoes and proceeded on their journey, happy to find, at the cost of so

(1) "Our host, who was the greatest chief of the country, on seeing us praying to God on our bended knees morning and evening, finally exclaimed: 'What can these devils be doing now but getting ready to throw spells over us to make us die? . . . I was told they were wizards, but I would not believe it, and now it is too late.'—Letter from Father Garnier and Father Jogues to Father Lalemant.

much fatigue and suffering, a few dying little children whom they could baptize!

The following year (1641), when Father Garnier returned to the Mission of the Apostles—accompanied by Father Pigart this time—he was not quite so badly received. But he could not persuade the chiefs of the tribe to accept the presents he had brought them, the Indian saying in his presence, “that no doubt these were the spells which the Black Robes were wont to throw, the spells which would destroy their country as it had wrecked all those through which they had passed. This distrust still lay deep in their hearts, and should it awaken some day, an unexpected murder might be looked for. Of this the missionaries were well aware. One night, when going from one village to another, carrying their light luggage, they were suddenly seized from behind when coming out of the woods. The death cry was heard, and they were thrown violently to the ground. They thought their last hour had come and were awaiting the blow which was to end their lives when to their surprise the cowards took to their heels and disappeared. Once more they were to be allowed to live, but were they not at the mercy of the next savage who happened to pass by?

Father Garnier met with similar dangers in the Mission of St. Joseph, of which he took charge in 1642, and the following years. When the Indians believed any one a wizard and had decided to kill him, their threatening formula was always the same. They would say to the guilty one: “We will uproot you from the earth, you poisonous plant!” This was equivalent to a death sentence, and many a time was this whispered in Father Garnier’s ear. At other times the apostle was attacked by supposedly mad men, whose insanity disappeared when the blow they meditated was frustrated. However, the missionaries had the happiness of seeing the good seed fall in excellent ground, grow rapidly and bear abundant fruit. The Christians and the catechumens of this mission were indeed so fervent that, according to the report of the missionaries, “in one or two months they knew more of the mysteries of our religion and of God’s love for them than we had any right to expect in less than two or three years of teaching. (1) At certain times

(1) *Relation* of 1642, p. 79.

of the day they came together in one of the huts, and without taking any notice of the jeers of the unbelievers about them, they prayed devoutly, heedless of any interruptions. And the onlookers were always in large numbers, for following the custom of the country, anyone could enter the hut, but the smiles, the scoffing and insults heaped on them never troubled these model Christians. Even the threat of death could not shake their faith, and when this sounded in their ears they answered like the brave whom the *Relations* mention so often: "Bah! I do not fear death now that God has opened my eyes and shown me that there are more important things than this life. My soul is separate from my body and may be freed at any moment. And my faith, ah! no one can ever take that from me, no, never!"

IV.

On the 30th of August, 1643, in the poor hut built of tree trunks and birch bark, which was used as a chapel in Ste Marie des Hurons, Father Garnier pronounced his final vows before a congregation composed solely of Indians, Father Lalemant officiating. What better setting than this for the complete consummation, the total surrender of one's self! What more auspicious spot in which to take, before the God of Bethlehem and of the Calvary, the vows of poverty, obedience and chastity? From now on the fearless apostle seemed to advance by leaps and bounds in the path which leads to perfection. He had always aspired to a saintly life, and his Superior says of him: "Nothing in this world now could affect him but what pertained to God and His works; neither his parents nor his friends, neither pain nor fatigue could turn him from his purpose of serving Jesus Christ alone, Jesus Christ who was his all, and apart from whom all was naught."

He desired ardently to endure something akin to what Our Divine Lord had suffered on the cross.

Not content with the coarse food of the Indians, "the poorest that the meanest beggar could expect in France," he often ate nothing but nuts and bitter roots. He always slept on the ground, and he frequently chastised his body with a discipline of iron studded with sharp nails; every time he returned from any mission he never omitted to sharpen a belt he wore on his

bare skin, which belt was bristling with points like the rowels of a spur, as if the incredible hardships he underwent were not in themselves mortifying enough! And this man, who was so hard on himself, "was all kindness to others." "He always took the worst of everything for himself," wrote the companion of his labors during the last four years of his life. "He gave me the best of everything he had, and also tried to veil his kindness by assuring me that he was all the time looking after his own comfort, as if the worst to be had could possibly be the best for him."

His obedience was absolute; he was always ready for any task and willing at the same time to give it up immediately if ordered to do so. We have a most convincing proof of this from Father Ragueneau. This religious, who was his Superior, shows us this servant of God giving up the care of his mission when he was required to till the ground, draw the sleds over the snow, nurse the sick, or during the Fall of the year, gather here and there in the woods for days at a time, a few wild grapes to be used in preparing the wine necessary to celebrate Mass for the rest of the year. "He was not devoted to any special work," adds Father Ragueneau, "nor to people nor places. Considering the will of God in all things, no matter in what part of the country he happened to be or what occupation he was engaged on, he worked faithfully like a man who has no other thought than the finding of God where he was told to seek Him. And so he was true to himself in all things, and to see him one would think he had no liking for any but the one thing in hand at the time." "There is no hope of winning souls to God if He does not lend us assistance," he was heard to say; "when He points the way and we respond by implicit obedience, He is bound to help us, and with co-operation we are sure to succeed in our undertakings. But when we choose our own work, were it the most pious task to do, God is not obliged to help us; He leaves us to ourselves and alone; what can we do but sin, perhaps, and that is even worse than doing nothing."

These last words reveal the depths of humility in Father Garnier's heart. Although he had none but noble thoughts, he considered himself the most unworthy of all the workers at the mission, and this humility crowned the heroic qualities

which made his Superior say of him: "There is not one single virtue lacking in him of all those necessary to make a saint."

It was easy to foresee, then, that the supreme sacrifice was near at hand. Father Garnier himself seemed to have the pre-science of this: "This short note," wrote he to his two brothers in his last letter to them, "is to encourage us all three to love our Master with all our hearts, for I think it very probable that one of us is nearing the end of his life here on earth. Let us then be doubly zealous, let us work harder, pray more fervently for each other, and also renew our promise that whosoever is called first will plead with God for the other two remaining here below, begging Him to increase their love for Him and strengthen their trust in His goodness, granting them final perseverance. I here make this solemn promise and pray to Our Lord Jesus Christ to keep our three hearts within His, now and for all eternity." (1)

The troublous times through which the Huron Missions were then struggling no doubt inclined him to the most dismal forebodings. War was declared all over the country, and during the preceding year the Iroquois had destroyed the village of St. Joseph and murdered Father Antoine Daniel in his church. (2) In the month of March, 1649, at which time Father Garnier wrote to his brothers, these ferocious hordes had burned the village of St. Louis and St. Ignatius and inflicted on Father de Brébeuf and Father Lalemant the tortures related elsewhere. At any moment they might break out again, and in the face of such insecurity how could he help but

(1) Letter to Father Henry of St. Joseph's, and Father Joseph in Paris.

(2) In an unpublished letter to Father Pierre Boutard, in Bruges, Father Garnier wrote: "It is left to me to let you know of the glorious event which has taken place in this country. It has pleased God to bestow a martyr's crown on two of our Fathers, Father Jean de Brébeuf and Father Gabriel Lalemant. They were not put to death by a tyrant persecuting the Church, as were the martyrs of old, but we give them that name because the enemies of our Hurons tortured them in mockery of our holy faith." After describing some of the atrocities perpetrated on those two valiant heroes, Father Garnier adds: "Return thanks to God, I pray you, for the favor granted this mission in giving this crown of glory to His two faithful servants." This letter, kept in the archives of the province of Lyons, is dated from Ste. Marie des Hurons, April 27, 1649. Eight months later, the courageous missionary who wrote it rejoined his two brothers, massacred by the Iroquois, and also won the palm of martyrdom.

think of his approaching end. From the day on which Father Garnier had gone forth to announce the good word to the inhabitants of the mountainous regions of the Pétun, the seed of the Gospel had grown rapidly in this land so infertile at first. In 1649 there were already two missions established. The one nearest to the Iroquois frontier, and consequently more exposed to dangers of all kinds, was in a village of five or six hundred fires called St. John. This was part of the field which Father Garnier in his apostolic capacity had tilled in the sweat of his brow, and which he was soon to water with his blood. Although there were rumors of wars, still the Summer went by without any massacres taking place, and it was hoped that the Fall would also go by in comparative security, when at the beginning of November two fugitives arrived at Ste. Marie. They were Christian Hurons who had evaded the vigilance of the Iroquois, and they warned the Fathers that a band of these Indians, about three hundred strong, was coming through the woods, but that they had not decided which village to attack. Would they attempt to take Ste. Marie by surprise or would they wend towards the mountains of the Pétun? It was impossible to predict what their movements would be.

The Superior immediately put the Mission in a state of defence and at the same time notified Father Garnier at St. John. This messenger was received with shouts of joy by the inhabitants of this village, so confident were they of being victorious over their enemies! And so they awaited bravely the arrival of the Iroquois, but these never came. Then in their burning impatience they decided to go forward and meet them; to fall on them unexpectedly. Would that not be the best way to wipe them out of existence?

This plan was the undoing of this unlucky village and of those whom the warriors bent on this expedition had left behind them. In these immense forests nothing was easier than to miss one another. The two small bodies of Indians in attempting to go towards each other took different routes, and the Iroquois continued on their way unmolested. To crown it all, two Indians whom they made prisoners admitted that the village was all but defenceless. From that moment St. John was doomed.

On December 7th, about three in the afternoon, the ferocious invaders arrived and they did not even wait for the fol-

lowing dawn, as was usual with them when surprising their enemies. Knowing that the village was practically deserted by its warriors, and that there was nothing to fear, they fell on the Hurons from all sides like an avalanche, and in a few minutes terror reigned supreme. Overcome by this sudden onslaught, the inhabitants did not even attempt to defend themselves. As for the Iroquois, fearing the return of the Hurons who were out looking for them, they murdered mercilessly during this furious assault both the women and children and even the old men. They spared none but those they could take with them in their hurried flight after completing their butchery.

And so in a short time the snow on the ground was covered with pools of blood in which the victims lay groaning, while from the huts, which had been set on fire, huge columns of fire and smoke ascended to the sky with doleful cracklings.

Shortly before this Father Garnier's Superior, hearing that he was sick, had written to induce him to leave St. John for a while and come and rest at the Ste. Marie Mission house. In his answer, dated December 4th, the holy priest said: "It is true that I am suffering from hunger, but not enough to bring about my death . . . and besides, I am not afraid to die. . . . What I would most fear in leaving my flock just now in these troublous and anxious times when it needs me most, would be that I might lose an opportunity of giving my life for the God I love."

And so he had remained at his post. The angel of martyrdom, in bringing him this crown, was soon to relieve him of all responsibility.

At the time of the invasion of the village by the Iroquois the brave missionary was in the hut of one of the neophytes. On hearing the uproar, which broke out so suddenly, he ran to the church, blessed those who were there and comforting them with a few earnest words, induced them all to fly for their lives. They tried to persuade him to go with them, but he refused to do so, and forgetful of his own safety he dashed into the burning huts to rescue the little children and the old men and baptize them if possible. It was when his hand was raised to pour the regenerating water on the head of some of these pagans that he was struck. The first ball pierced his chest, and a second tore through the groin almost at the same time. Fearful though these wounds were, they could not weaken his courage.

With uplifted hands he prayed with a serene countenance, probably offering himself as a victim to the God who was crucified. His short prayer ended, Father Garnier turned around and saw a wretched Indian writhing in the last throes of death. Then in his great heart the love of souls was re-awakened with such an intensity as to make it seem possible to repulse death itself. He rose and dragged himself towards the dying man. But after taking a few steps he fell heavily to the ground. Heedless of his increasing weakness he tried once more and fell back for the second time. In this wonderful and pathetic fight between love and death, love would no doubt have proved victorious if a blow from the axe of an Iroquois had not been struck at the head of this heroic martyr, giving him thereby the immortal crown which he had craved for thirteen years!

From his earliest childhood Charles had shown a great devotion to the Blessed Virgin. "It was she," he used to say, "who cared for me during my youth, and she who made me enter the 'society' of her Son." In thanksgiving for all her favors, he had taken a vow while pursuing his theological studies to defend unto death the doctrine which asserts that the Virgin Mary was free from the taint of original sin. Does it not seem as if the Mother of God remembered this vow, when she opened the gates of heaven to the martyred priest at the moment when the Church was chanting the first vespers of the most virginal of all her feasts, that of the Immaculate Conception? (Dec. 7, 1649).

FATHER NOEL CHABANEL, S.J., MISSIONARY IN CANADA, 1643-1649

FATHER NOËL CHABANEL came from the province of Toulouse. He was the sixth victim of the Society of Jesus to be put to death by the Indians of New France. The other five perished under the murderous attacks of the Iroquois, who were sworn enemies of the faith, but he fell under the blows of a renegade Huron.

Father Chabanel entered the Society of Jesus in 1630, when seventeen years of age. After his novitiate he taught school for about ten years. When assigned to the mission in Canada he sailed from La Rochelle May 8, 1643, and arrived in Quebec August 15th, after a most stormy voyage. He was accompanied by Father Garreau, Father de Lyonne and Father Demillettes. He went up to the Huron Settlement in 1644, with Father Garreau and Father de Brébeuf (*Relation* of 1645). Father Vimont, then Superior of the Mission, intended sending him to the Algonquins, who were clamoring for a missionary.

He was particularly gifted for mission work, but what untold misery did he not suffer, until the end of his life, in order to conquer his natural antipathy to the Indian and overcome the obstacles which seemed to crop up at every step! After five or six years of incessant labor amongst them he knew so little of their language as not to be able to make himself understood, could not master even the commonest expressions. What a setback this must have been for such great zeal as his! How humiliating for a professor of rhetoric who had shown undeniable talent, to find his memory rebellious and his intelligence at fault in this one thing!

And this was not all, for the way in which he was compelled to live was a constant source of distress to him. The Indians were most repugnant to him, and it was with intense disgust that he ever went near them; he could never get used to their food, nor the custom of their country. Everything about them was abhorrent to him. Truth to say, what kind of life did the Jesuits lead when in the Huron country? They slept on the bare earth, inhaled from morning till night an atmosphere of foul smoke in huts built of bark, where they were so little protected from the outer elements as often to wake up in the morning covered with snow. Every sense was outraged; the odor about the Indians was nauseating, vermin swarmed over their bodies as soon as they lay down to rest, water was the only thing to drink, and the most palatable food was a pap made with corn flour not seasoned in any way. Oftener they ate just the grain roasted dry over coals. Add to this constant labor taking up every minute of the day, endless interruptions by Indians coming and going as they pleased and forever plying them with questions. There was but one fire in the hut,

whose flame supplied the only light to be had, and whose warmth was sought by children of all sizes and all ages, fighting, playing and shouting, to say nothing of the dogs lying around it, those inseparable companions of the Indians.

Add also the annoyance of having ten or twelve persons going and coming incessantly, talking of the hunting, the fishing or the wars, and the women attending to the cooking and other domestic matters, totally oblivious of any strangers about, for the Indian's code of etiquette is not to put himself out for anybody in any way whatsoever.

Such was the life the missionaries led when driven to seek shelter in a hut, during their travels from one place to another; happy indeed when they were not in danger of their lives.

When God seems to withdraw his Divine favor and lies hidden in a heart which beats for naught but Him; when He leaves this heart a prey to grief, to sadness and supreme disgust of all things, to say nothing of constant danger of death, one must admit that these are not the trials given to an ordinary being. The Divine Master generally chooses for this ordeal those whom He calls to a higher state of perfection, in whom the love of Jesus has become the most powerful of incentives. Such was the state of mind of this servant of God for more than five years. And the Evil One tried in vain to represent to him that should he return to France he would find rest and peace once more, recover the happiness of days gone by and secure work more suited to his talents and his tastes; how, surrounded by the good men from whom he had parted, he could do much more good and be zealous to some purpose. But nothing could induce him to desert the cross to which God had bound him. To make sure that he would not allow himself to be shaken in this resolve, he took a most heroic vow, that of never leaving the mission until death ended his labors, and he could breathe his last on this Calvary. This is how he worded this promise, made on the day of the feast of the Blessed Sacrament, in the year 1647 (*Relation* of 1650):

Domine Jesu Christe, qui me Apostolorum Sanctorum hujus vineæ Huronicæ adiutorem, licet indignissimum, admirabili dispositione tuæ paternæ Providentiæ voluisti: Ego, Natalis Chabanel, impulsus desiderio serviendi Spiritui tuo sancto, in promovenda barbarorum Huroniæ, ad tuam fidem conversione; Voveo, coram sanctissimo Sacramento pretiosi

Corporis et Sanguinis tui, Tabernaculo Dei cum hominibus, perpetuam stabilitatem in hac Missione Huronica: omnia intelligendo juxta Societatis, et Superiorum ejus interpretationem, et dispositionem. Obsecro te igitur, suspice me in servum hujus Missionis perpetuum, et dignum effice tam excelso ministerio, Amen. Vigesima die Junii, 1647.

Translation.—"Jesus Christ my Savior, who in Your Paternal Providence have decreed that, notwithstanding my unworthiness, I should become the coadjutor of the holy apostles of this vineyard of the Hurons, being inspired by the Holy Ghost with the desire to labor for the conversion to the faith of the barbarians of this country, I, Noël Chabanel, in the presence of the Sacrament of your Divine Body and Most Precious Blood, true tabernacle of God amongst men, hereby make a vow of remaining forever in this mission of the Hurons, understanding all things according to the interpretation and the will of the Society of Jesus and its Superior. I pray then that You may be pleased to accept me as Your faithful servant in this mission and make me worthy of this sublime ministry."

God granted him the perseverance he asked so earnestly, and it was crowned by the greatest of all sacrifices, that of his life.

After laboring in many Huron villages Father Chabanel was sent in 1649, as companion to Father Garnier, to the village of St. John, of the Pètun nation. Before leaving he spent a few days at the house of Ste. Marie with the other religious. When parting from them he said to Father Chastelan, his confessor: "Father, this time I really and truly give myself to God; I wish to be His for all eternity." The manner in which he said this brought tears to the eyes of Father Chastelan, and he was so much affected by his tone of voice that, meeting one of the priests a few minutes later, he could not help saying to him: "Ah, but I am deeply impressed by what the good Father who is going away has just said to me, with the manner and the look of a victim going bravely to the sacrifice. I know not what God has in store for him, but I do know that he is a saint."

The thought of his approaching end was so firmly rooted in Father Chabanel's mind that he gave voice to it in the most natural way. He also said to another priest before leaving: "I know not what has come over me and what God expects of me,

but I am not as I used to be. I am timid and even faint-hearted by nature. Well, would you believe it, to-day when I was about to face grave dangers, besides having strong forebodings that death for me is not far away, I am actually without fear. This feeling does not come from me."

This calm fortitude in the presence of actual danger, this longing almost for suffering and even death, was no new thing for him, or rather he was resigned to the fate he had been foreseeing for more than a year, as proved by the letter he wrote to his younger brother, Pierre Chabanel, who was also a Jesuit, which letter is replete with heroic sentiments: "Your Reverence very nearly had a brother enrolled in the glorious army of martyrs, but alas! God requires a different courage from mine before He bestows such an honor on one. Reverend Father Gabriel, one of those who died for Our Lord Jesus Christ, had taken my place in the village of St. Louis a month previous to his death, and I, being stronger, had been sent to a more difficult mission further away, but one not so fruitful in the palms of martyrdom, which God did not think me worthy of. It will be when He, in His Divine Goodness, is pleased to call me, but I fear I must endeavor to be *martyrem in umbra, martyrium sine sanguine*, an obscure martyr without the evidence of blood shed in His service. The pillaging of the Iroquois may yet bring this about, but if so, it will be thanks to the merits of the holy men with whom I have lived so happily in the midst of all this turmoil and constant exposure to death. I have only time and room to add that I commend myself to your prayers and those of the Fathers of our Province, as a victim doomed perhaps to die by the fires of the Iroquois, *ut merear tot sanctorum patrocinis victoriam in tam forti certamine*, that I may obtain by the merits of so many devout souls the grace to be victorious in this last struggle."

Hearing news of a threatened attack by the Iroquois, the Superior of the Missions did not consider it wise to leave both Father Garnier and Father Chabanel exposed to the same dangers. Moreover, there was a dearth of food in the village, and they ran the risk of not finding enough wheat to sustain life in them. Father Chabanel was then ordered to leave the mission, at least for a short time.

God, who puts to naught men's schemes and calculations, had decided that the hour had come which was to end the life

of His two faithful servants, both equally deserving of heaven. And if, by obeying immediately, Father Chabanel escaped the hatchets of the Iroquois under which Father Garnier fell, he suffered after all a death less glorious perhaps in the eyes of men, but certainly equally glorious in the eyes of Him who judges by the dispositions and the desires of our hearts.

The two missionaries had barely parted before the Iroquois fell on the village of St. John, December 7, 1649, and all but destroyed it by fire and bloodshed, Father Garnier perishing with most of the inhabitants.

On leaving the mission on the 5th of December to go to St. Joseph's Island, Father Chabanel passed through the Mission of St. Mathias, in charge of Father Garreau and Father Greslon. He said to them: "I am going where I was told to go, but I will never rest until I have my Superior's consent to return to the mission which was first given to me, for one must serve God even unto death." He continued on his way, December 7th, accompanied by seven or eight Christian Hurons. Night came after they had gone eighteen long miles by almost impassable trails, and they were compelled to spend the night in the woods. Father Chabanel's companions soon dropped to sleep, but he remained awake for a long while, silently praying. Towards midnight he heard a distant uproar and loud cries. It was the murderous band which had destroyed St. John, and who mingled their shouts of triumph with the death song which the captives were compelled to sing, according to custom. He hastened to wake his companions, who, frightened out of their wits, flew in all directions in the forest. They related some time after that the Father had tried to follow them, but exhausted with fatigue, had been obliged to give up. On his bended knees he had spoken this farewell, worthy of an apostle: "It matters very little whether I die here or elsewhere. This life is nothing compared to the everlasting one of which even the Iroquois cannot rob me. Run as fast as you can to a safe place, and wherever you are, remember that you are Christians."

Father Chabanel was never seen again. Some time after this a renegade Huron told how he had met him near a river and how he had paddled him across. The missionary, he said, was without any baggage whatever, having thrown away his hat, the bag containing his papers, and the blanket which he used as a bed and as a cloak also.

Beyond this there were no tidings of Father Chabanel, and no one knows to this day how he perished. Of course there was much surmising; had he lost his way in the woods and died perhaps of cold, hunger or exhaustion? Was it not more likely that he had been killed by the Huron, who had admitted meeting him and who would not have hesitated at a crime to appropriate his belongings? These last conjectures seemed well founded, and before long became a certainty. But the standing of the missionaries among the Hurons was so precarious and so uncertain that they gave up all attempts to bring the murderer to justice.

This renegade Huron, named Honnareenhaket, was from a village near St. John, where a short time previous to this the inhabitants had plotted against the Fathers. This Indian had been prominent in a conspiracy from which the Fathers had narrowly escaped a most horrible death, and he boasted eventually of having killed Father Chabanel, and, as he said, thereby ridding his country of that French abomination, the Black Robe. This goes to show how the hatred of the faith he had renounced drove this fanatic to commit this awful crime. He also admitted having thrown the body into the river.

If the justice of men did not reach this murderer, that of God was not long in overtaking him. It also fell on his mother, Tenoneta, who had renounced the faith with him, and on all her numerous progeny. Having taken refuge with the Neuter nation, they all perished at the hands of the Iroquois, some being shot and others burned to death, and his sons and daughters were condemned to live in the most abject slavery.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER

BEATRICE IRVINE stood toying with the note, written in a bold hand upon parchment, surmounted by a crest, the self same which appeared likewise upon the seal, a lion rampant, gules, on an argent shield. The writing was very familiar to her and highly characteristic of the writer, as were also the contents of the note. Brief, concise and to the point, their tenor was by no means surprising. For the big, soldierly fellow who penned the lines had been altogether at

Beatrice Irvine's disposal during the past social season. The names of the two had been frequently bracketed together. It had been the fashion to ask them to the same dinners and bridge parties. In fact, the announcement of their engagement was daily expected.

"My dear Beatrice," began the letter, "I have dropped the idle ceremonial of Miss. Henceforth ceremony is at an end between us. I can't write a love letter. It's unnecessary, anyway, since every one knows how I feel towards you, and *you* know best of all. Only one thing troubles me. You are rich and I, a poor devil, with just income enough to rub along. If you care for me as I do for you, it doesn't matter. Still, I wish, my dearest girl, the parts could be reversed and that I could show you how little I value money in comparison with your own sweet self. If you love me ever so little and are not afraid to become a poor man's wife, send me a line. If you mean to throw me over, don't write at all. I'll wait forty-eight hours for an answer. If none comes, why, I'll go off to South Africa with the Strathconas, and perhaps some stray ball will find me. That last sounds a bit melodramatic though, and I take it all back. However things may turn out, believe me always, dearest Beatrice, your devoted

IVAN HERBERT."

The girl fingered the letter caressingly a moment, and then, turning up the lamp, sat down at her Davenport and wrote just a line:

"You foolish fellow, as if money mattered! If you go to South Africa I shall never forgive you."

The note, carefully sealed with perfumed wax and addressed in Beatrice's own neat caligraphy, was laid with the pile upon her uncle's desk, to be seen and posted. This done, the girl, sitting down before the fire, indulged in a very pleasant reverie until it was time to go to an afternoon tea, and the missive, so all important, fraught with her own and her lover's destiny, was left in the silence of the deserted apartment.

Presently the girl's uncle, Walter Irvine, who was also her guardian, strolled into the room. As he stood rubbing his hands in enjoyment of the warmth from the hearth, his eye was caught by a sheet of white parchment lying upon the ground at his feet. He stooped and picked it up, immediately recognizing the crest and the handwriting. An overpowering curi-

osity induced him to cast his eye down the page, while his handsome, cynical face was disfigured by a sneer. He let the letter drop once more to the floor as he said to himself: "So, Ivan Herbert has entered the lists. It was no passing fancy, after all, as I had hoped, but an honest desire to provide for his old age by marriage with an heiress."

Walter Irvine laughed unpleasantly, sitting down by the fire to ruminate in the identical spot where his niece had so lately dreamed her tender, girlish reverie. It had been very pleasant for this selfish man of the world to enjoy the society of his brother's daughter, a bright and attractive creature, while he revelled in the luxurious atmosphere created by her large income. Her marriage would seriously inconvenience him. His brow contracted into a frown, and he bit his lip in dire vexation as he thought and thought. Suddenly an idea occurred to him.

"I wonder if Beatrice has jumped at the bait. She is just the simple sort of girl to be deceived and to suppose that Herbert is dead in love with her."

He sprang to his feet and began to examine the mail upon his desk. Yes, sure enough, there was Beatrice's writing upon the prettiest little note imaginable addressed to the identical Ivan. He stood staring and glowering as if the unoffending epistle were actually a thing of life. Then a temptation came upon him, suddenly and irresistibly. He had never before seriously questioned his own sense of honor; he had been brought up as a gentleman and he had been nominally, at least, a Christian. But in his careless, easy life, there was no preparation to meet this unwonted demand of self-interest, no bulwark save conventional honor against a storm.

The shadows darkened within the room, the firelight played luridly upon the carpet and furniture, while within the soul of Walter Irvine the temptation waxed in strength, and he marshalled arguments hurriedly to support it. If Beatrice married, her income passed, directly or indirectly, under her husband's control. Awkward questions might be asked about the past by a resolute fellow like Herbert. In any event, the uncle would be turned adrift with very insufficient resources. As the pasteboard defences of honor and a hitherto unsullied name reared themselves, only to be cast down by the first breath of the storm, Walter Irvine strove to find motives for self-justification. The girl's happiness would be best secured by ridding

her of a fortune-seeker. She was not beautiful and had none of the gifts likely to attract the fastidious fellow Ivan. She was delightfully domestic, charmingly sweet-tempered, lively and vivacious, but she had few social qualifications and was not likely to have been sought for herself, apart from the large fortune which she had inherited.

The early darkness of the Canadian winter twilight presently swallowed up Walter Irvine and the room in which he sat. The obscurity gave him courage. He hastily thrust into his coat pocket the note addressed to Ivan Herbert, turned on the light, and rang for the servant to take the remainder of the mail to the post-office. A few minutes later Beatrice came in from the afternoon tea, her complexion glowing from the sharp, frosty air, her eyes glowing with happy anticipation. Her uncle seemed absorbed in his newspaper, so she did not disturb him, but glancing at the desk saw that the mail was gone.

"Dear old fellow," she thought, "he will get my note the first thing in the morning, and to-morrow evening at latest he will be here."

When the next evening came, the uncle's heart smote him, seeing Beatrice arrayed in a most becoming costume, a soft flush upon her cheek and a new brightness in her eyes. He reflected that, perhaps, after all, this very quality of femininity which she possessed in so marked a degree might appeal to an experienced man of the world like Herbert in default of more adventitious attractions. If such were the case, he had, indeed, done a serious injury to his niece and come between her and her happiness. He watched her uneasily, as flitting about the room, humming a little love song, she often stole a glance at the clock, and as the hours sped by her look became more wistful and the color faded from her face. At the stroke of eleven, she apparently gave up hope and retired, leaving her guardian to ponder upon the act which he had committed and for which he already felt stirrings of remorse. His only consolation was that Beatrice would never know. She would have no opportunity of an explanation with Ivan, and at worst, the loss of the letter would be attributed to an error in the mails. A day or two later the local papers announced that Mr. Ivan Herbert had at the last moment decided to sail with the "Strathcona Horse" for South Africa, hoping to obtain a commission later.

Beatrice Irvine made a brave effort to rally from the blow, though her health and spirits were visibly affected. It was not until nearly a year afterward that she discovered her uncle's share in her great disappointment. A servant who was brushing Mr. Walter Irvine's clothes accidentally came upon the note, which the evil doer, instead of dropping upon the coals, had preserved for his own condemnation. The maid handed it to her mistress, who, thunderstruck at first, presently saw by a flash of intuition, the entire situation. She remembered having found Ivan Herbert's letter upon the floor, and how her momentary feeling of vexation lest any eyes but her own might have read what her lover had written had been dispelled by the reflection that her guardian would never glance at a communication intended for another. His guilt was proven by the fact that he must have taken the note from among the mail, where she herself had placed it, and consigned it to the deep oblivion of his breast pocket. It was a startling discovery. She had never before questioned her guardian's integrity. In fact she had trusted him implicitly and had been accustomed to rely upon his judgment.

Naturally straightforward, Beatrice went at once to her uncle, with the recovered letter. Taken by surprise, Walter Irvine burst at once into a confession of his misdeed, pleading his own affection for her and his unwillingness to lose her society, as the motives of his action. All might have been well, however, between uncle and niece; the latter was in a forgiving mood since her worst apprehensions with regard to her lover had been dispelled by the discovery of her guardian's treachery. But suddenly the fatal news was flashed across the wire: "Captain Herbert had been in action on the terrible day of Paardeberg, so glorious for the Canadian forces, so decisive in the conduct of the war. He had fallen as a hero, leading on a gallant charge." The circumstances attending his death were related minutely by an officer in his own troop, but there was no word nor sign for the stricken heart that waited. The lover had accepted the girl's silence as final and had gone forth to his death.

Acting with a promptitude and decision inspired by the bitterness of her resentment, Beatrice Irvine left the house which had so long sheltered her. The furniture was sold and the dwelling rented. The guardian was turned adrift. In the eyes

of his ward, he had committed the unpardonable sin and the blood of her lover seemed upon his head.

Things went on in this fashion for some months. In the brilliant circle which had known Beatrice Irvine, the nine days' wonder had died out, though the girl's extraordinary doings were frequently a topic of conversation. She seemed bent upon disposing of her large fortune, giving it in munificent sums to various charities. She felt it to have been the cause of all her misfortunes, impelling her lover in the first place to defer his proposal of marriage to the very last, and to urge his suit by letter, while it had likewise been the motive of her uncle's dishonorable act. She charged her money, therefore, with the death of Ivan Herbert. In the heart of the girl, hitherto so soft and pliable, lingered a deep resentment. She could not forgive her guardian. In vain her better sentiments struggled for the mastery, and the very accents of her daily prayer to her Father in Heaven reproached her for her hardness. Hence her charities were mechanical and her piety suffered an eclipse. She felt it to be little use praying to be forgiven, when she could not forgive. She still went perfunctorily to church, but she gradually discarded her various religious exercises. Perchance, however, the prayers of the poor whom she succored obtained for her a grace, while her very sufferings pleaded for her with the Father, who is all pitiful. One evening she strayed into a church where a mission was in progress, and the sermon was upon this very subject, the forgiveness of injuries. She listened at first as in a dream, her dulled senses and quivering nerves scarcely conscious of the force of the preacher's words. But their import gradually sank into her mind, and awoke her, as from a lethargy. She had been entertaining those hard, bitter thoughts, that desire for revenge, that gratification at another's misfortunes of which the missionary spoke, and during these weeks and months she had forgotten the thorn-crowned Head, the pierced hands and feet, the blood and water flowing from the Sacred Heart, and the immortal prayer upon the Cross, which had echoed through all the ages, the divine pronouncement of forgiveness. She made her resolution during the Benediction which followed, and the next afternoon saw her upon her way to the shabby-genteel abode in the suburbs, where her guardian had taken up his residence. A very short time before she would have exulted in the squalor

of the neighborhood, in the unfashionable locality, in the dingy, unpretentious dwelling. She would have esteemed them as the just punishment of her uncle's transgression and even rejoiced that he had been thus deprived of all that, in his man-of-the-world philosophy, he valued most. But in the new frame of mind engendered by that hour of grace before the altar, these altered conditions smote upon her and she pitied her offending relative.

Her compassion grew, as she entered and found him seated in a shabby arm-chair, already a changed and broken man. The story of the Herbert affair had gradually leaked out and Walter Irvine had been cut by a number of his acquaintances and on account of his changed circumstances given the cold shoulder by many more. He had drifted away from the clubs and the dinner tables and the other social environments which had known him. His own income had been barely sufficient to keep body and soul together.

The light was very dim as Beatrice walked into the room, and at first her guardian did not recognize her, inquiring in weak and tremulous accents who was there.

"It is I, uncle," the girl answered. "I have come to forgive and be forgiven."

"Beatrice," the uncle cried, "Beatrice, it is strange that you should have come here of all days. I was about to write to you."

His manner was flurried and eager, his eyes unnaturally bright; there was a suppressed excitement in his whole bearing which the niece found very puzzling. But all other thoughts were presently swallowed up in her mind by that all-engrossing sentiment of pity and a desire for reconciliation.

"I have had news," her guardian went on, nervously, "very strange, very surprising news. If only it is true, I may be enabled to atone for the past and to undo what I have done."

"Not a word of all that, uncle!" cried Beatrice, "I want to forgive and forget, and I need your forgiveness, too. I have been very hard and revengeful. I should have remembered that we all make mistakes and have need of pardon many times during our lives. Let us be friends again as if nothing had ever come between us."

The tears sprang to Walter Irvine's eyes, eyes long unused to softness. The divine virtue of forgiveness in presence of

injuries received has a singular virtue to touch the hardest human heart. On the other hand, those tears, with her uncle's changed and worn appearance, affected Beatrice deeply. She knelt beside her guardian's chair.

"Uncle," she said, "I have been in the wrong. I should have remembered your kindness during so many years. I should not have allowed the impulsive act of a moment to come between us."

Walter Irvine covered his face with his hand to conceal those tears of which he was ashamed. His niece's self-reproach stung him more deeply than the harshest denunciations. In that dimly-lighted, comfortless room was thus enacted one of those scenes in the pathetic drama of human life upon which angels smile. The avowal of mutual faults, the contrite tears, and the knitting together of broken threads of friendship and companionship.

When the uncle had recovered his self-control, he hastened to announce those joyful tidings which lightened the past darkness and gave promise of light for the future, as the sun burst through storm clouds.

"Beatrice," he said, "I have had news from South Africa."

The girl turned pale and shuddered, as she rose to her feet and moved involuntarily away. Was her guardian about to announce the finding of the unknown grave upon the veldt, where in the shadow of a kopje Ivan Herbert lay buried. It had been her earnest desire, hitherto unavailing, to have the spot marked by a cross and a suitable inscription. But she felt that she could scarcely bear to hear the dread certainty of her lover's death put thus into words. "I have every reason to believe that the news is from a credible source," Walter Irvine continued, "but I called this morning to Johannesburg to make assurance doubly sure and have not yet received an answer."

A trembling seized upon the listener, a sudden faintness: "The news, uncle," she said, tremulously, "you have not told me what it is."

"According to the report which has reached me, through a fellow officer, a man in the Strathconas, Herbert is not dead at all."

"Not dead! My God, not dead!" cried Beatrice, and if her guardian had not caught her she would have fallen backward. The revulsion of feeling was too much for her and she lay

back in her uncle's chair, pale, trembling and almost unconscious. The suffering of all those weary weeks and months told upon her in that crucial hour. It was some time before she was able to listen calmly to the remainder of the story. Walter Irvine's friend wrote in a careless, half-peculiar way, relating what had befallen Captain Ivan Herbert, as one of the episodes of the campaign. He had been seriously wounded and left for dead upon the field, and had been carried off by a friendly Kaffir, who had nursed him through a long convalescence. The news had reached headquarters the very day upon which Walter Irvine's correspondent wrote, and Herbert had not yet reported for service."

Together uncle and niece waited through what seemed an interminable two hours for that cablegram from Johannesburg, which seemed to Beatrice as an actual sentence of life and death. When it came and she heard its contents, confirming all that she had heard before, she simply dropped upon her knees and remained kneeling, her face buried in her hands, her whole soul absorbed in deep thankfulness. Even in that first intense joy of the moment, she was conscious of added gratitude that she had pardoned her uncle before this final denouement. That act of forgiveness seemed to sanctify her present happiness.

Walter Irvine was not slow in despatching a bulky letter to South Africa, containing the confession of his own act, with the missive which he had abstracted and a few words of inexpressible joy and thankfulness, of love and trust from Beatrice. She informed her lover at the same time of the large sums which she had given away in charity during the period succeeding his supposed death, and which she said very nearly reduced her to the penniless condition which he had seemed to desire.

Ivan Herbert's reply proved the sincerity of his former professions. It was written, as he said, in the very shadow of that still unwritten tragedy of the war, on the borderland of that mysterious region, those arid plains whereon had perished innumerable brave men. It was inscribed in a caligraphy less bold because of the weakness of convalescence, but from the very depth of a heart chastened by suffering and separation and the fearful chances of war.

The circle in which Beatrice Irvine moved was stirred once

more to its depths by the romantic conclusion to an already dramatic story. The church was overcrowded upon the day which witnessed those long-delayed nuptials, and the eager crowd of sightseers were almost frantic in their efforts to get a distinct view of the bronzed and bearded hero, who that early morning was married to one of the happiest brides ever seen in the pretty Canadian metropolis. Nor was her joy lessened by the fact that she was virtually forsaking home and country, Captain Herbert having obtained so lucrative a position in the Transvaal as to leave no room to regret the fortune which Beatrice Irvine had lavished upon the poor. By the same steamer sailed the now repentant Walter Irvine, who, through the good offices of the man he had sought to injure, was likewise enabled to begin life anew in that distant country and to enjoy during his remaining days the companionship of Beatrice, to whom he was really devoted.

ANNA T. SADLIER.

OUR LADY OF PEACE AND PROSPEROUS VOYAGES

AN EXTRAORDINARY RELIGIOUS EVENT.

IT has been remarked of the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception, that its celebration produced extraordinary results in the renewal of faith, the stimulation of devotion, and the conversion of sinners. Nowhere, probably, have these results been more remarkable than in Manila, the queen city of the Orient and capital of the Philippines. Describing the really wonderful series of festivals, lasting throughout two weeks, which were celebrated in that city, and in which, it is said, half a million persons took part—the normal number of the inhabitants of Manila being 160,000—the *Manila American* said in an editorial:

“The enormous gathering of Filipinos, Sunday, to witness and participate in the entry of the ‘Virgin of Antipolo’ into the city sounds the death knell of the Aglipayan movement. At least half a million natives visited the shrine at Antipolo and participated in the Virgin’s journey to the city, and we venture to say that almost half that number had, previous to Archbishop Harty’s arrival, been swayed from the Roman

Catholic faith toward the Aglipayan schism. From the enthusiasm of Friday, Saturday and Sunday, and the continual stream of visitors to the cathedral yesterday, there would seem to have been a wholesale desertion from Aglipay and a returning to the faith of their fathers."

"The Aglipayan Schism Doomed" was the heading of the editorial; and almost similar were the words from a very different source announcing the same consequence, with the news that the Archbishop had returned from the visitation of twenty-four parishes, in which he had confirmed 38,693 persons in the space of twenty-two days.

The Virgin of Antipolo proved indeed to be "Our Lady of Peace and Prosperous Voyages." The vast procession from Antipolo was described as triumphal. It took two days, and was partly by sea. To the famous shrine of Antipolo went out a multitude from Manila and neighboring places; and the procession, bearing the statue of Our Lady of Peace, halted at the town of Pasig, after passing through Taytay and Kainta, where the pastors and people went out with processional crosses to meet it. Then Pasig held its festival for a day. Embarking here, the great concourse of people in a line of decorated steamers came to Manila, where 40,000 persons awaited and received them "with indescribable enthusiasm." The now greater procession, forming at the water's side, was composed of official bodies in their regalia, students of all kinds of colleges, children from the schools, members of institutes, Catholic associations, notably the Marian Congregations, directors and inmates of hospices, Third Orders, Religious Orders, strictly so-called, parishes, priests, with processional crosses and innumerable banners.

"The ceremony of bringing the Virgin to the city was very elaborate," said the *Manila American*. "At seven o'clock on Sunday morning a procession of thirty-two gaily decorated launches left the captain of the port's office in Pasig. The most imposing of these had in tow a beautifully decorated barge contributed to the pageant by the Manila Jockey Club. Immense throngs of people were present on both banks of the river from Manila to Pasig, and every house, banca and even the trees on both sides of the river, were gay with the Spanish and American colors. The launches mentioned were accompanied by an innumerable flotilla of bancas, praos and cascos.

"At ten o'clock, at Pasig, the image was transferred from the church at Pasig to the shrine which had been erected for it on the lorchá Carmen. Enthroned in this shrine, surrounded by fourteen young Spanish girls in blue and white with white lace veils, the procession to Manila was begun.

"All along the river the towns and villages were in gala attire. At each stopping place the barge bearing the Virgin was halted and services were performed by the local priests and their parishioners.

"At 2.20 P. M. the Virgin was disembarked at the house of Don Miguel Velasco in Uli-Uli and placed upon a car draped in blue and white silk. On the car was a magnificent pedestal of cunningly carved silver, supporting a representation of a cloud from which little winged cherubs emerged. These upheld the image, which was dressed in a marvellous creation of gold brocade. It wore a collar of diamonds and a crown of gold studded with pure white stones. About the head of the image was a halo of gold, richly ornamented with diamonds. The long hair of the image was interwoven with ropes of pearls, symbolical of the Virgin's former office of Patroness of Mariners.

"The car was drawn by the fourteen beautiful young girls in blue and white and proceeded to the Rotunda of Sampaloc, whence it slowly advanced along the line of march to the cathedral. Every church and every religious society sent banners and crucifixes to escort the image, and thousands, in their holiday attire and bearing lighted tapers in their hands, swelled the pageant.

"So dense was the throng of spectators along the main streets that the procession was unable to proceed until the police, with great difficulty, cleared the way.

"A number of American ladies, among them Mrs. Wright, wife of the Governor-General, fell in with the guard of honor around the Virgin at the landing place and escorted it for a short distance.

"At about eight o'clock the Virgin reached the Cathedral and was enthroned upon the altar amid the strains of the *Salve Regina*, sung by the choir, and the prayers of the pious.

"All night Sunday night and all day yesterday the great Cathedral was packed with humanity, kneeling and gazing with devout eyes at the miraculous image which is, in their estimation, the most sacred object in the Philippines.

"Religious ceremonies will be conducted by the Jesuit Fathers for ten days in the Cathedral, after which the Virgin will, with great ceremony, be returned to her mountain shrine."

While the statue remained in Manila, missions were given for children in six parishes; and in the Cathedral alone, at the close, 1,500 children received Holy Communion from the hand of Archbishop Harty. Confessions were heard in the churches for ten or twelve hours a day, and morning and night the sacred edifices were thronged. Missions were given in English also, including those to the seamen of the "Wisconsin" and "Oregon." From the 12th of November there was no Religious Order nor educational establishment in Manila that did not engage in a pious rivalry to excel in the splendid celebration of the Immaculate Conception. Everywhere there were decorations, literary entertainments and religious functions. The Marian Congregations opened an artistic contest, at the close of which 15 out of 63 compositions were rewarded in presence of the Archbishop. The inaugural address was delivered by Señor Araneta, Procurator-General of the Supreme Court. The discourse of the last speaker ended with the traditional Spanish salutation, "Ave Maria Purisima" (Hail Mary Most Pure); to which came from the entire assembly the thunderous answer, "Sin pecado Concebida" (Conceived without sin). When, at their close, the Archbishop referred to the splendid jubilee festivals, he wept with emotion. There were, probably, never more splendid religious functions celebrated in the Philippines, and the result is likely to be greater than can be imagined.

The following account of the Madonna of Antipolo is abridged from the *Manila American*:

"At a distance of about fourteen miles from Manila to the East is situated the delightful and picturesque town of Antipolo at an elevation of 285 metres.

"The town with its 600 houses or more is built on a small plateau which opens toward the North. The church, famous throughout the Islands, occupies the highest part in the East, and from it a view, not to be excelled in any part of the globe, is obtained. The plain and city of Manila, with its numerous suburbs, Cavite province, the vast fields of Bulacan and Pampanga and far away on the horizon the mountain range of Zambales, Mariveles, the entrances to the bay and the heights

of Sungay and Pico de Loro; and, coming from Taytay, about one mile distant, the panorama of Laguna de Bay, the great lake, spreads out before the traveller's eyes, its southern boundary showing those three unsurpassable mountains, Cristobal, Banajao and Banajao de Lucban.

"Antipolo, like most all of the towns of Morong and Laguna, owes its existence to the untiring zeal of the great and noble Franciscan Friars, whose entire existence is consecrated to the good of humanity, and who, as early as 1578, evangelized, civilized, and gathered into towns, villages and hamlets the savage natives of these provinces.

"But the great and well-merited fame enjoyed by Antipolo is not so much due to its benign climate, picturesque location and health-restoring springs as to an image of 'Our Lady of the Angels,' guarded in its church and venerated to the utmost confines of the archipelago, and even beyond it, under the name of 'Our Lady of Peace and Prosperous Voyages,' and to which Governor Don Sebastian Hurtado de Corcuero gave, in 1639 or 1640, the title of Protectress and Admiral of the Fleet.

"This holy image of the Blessed Virgin, like so many numerous other benefits, the Philippines owe to their old metropolis, the vice-kingdom of New Spain, Mexico, the fairest country on earth. When Don Juan Nino de Tavora, a Galician nobleman and knight of Calatrava, appointed captain-general of this archipelago, arrived on his way to Manila at enchanted Acapulco, the mountain-enclosed seaport of the Aztec empire, he said his prayers and heard his Mass in the parish church of that jewel of the Pacific. Struck with admiration by an image of the Holy Virgin, its serene aspect and above all its indescribably beautiful eyes, full of love and triumph, he spared no means to acquire it for his new capital, Manila.

"On March 25, 1626, the image of Our Lady was transferred with great pomp and ceremony aboard the galleon; the next day, March 26th, she set out on her long voyage, and the ship bearing the precious burden cast anchor on July 18th of the same year in Cavite. Great was the rejoicing when the happy news of her arrival became known, and all vied with each other to do honor to the 'Virgen Americana.' A solemn and splendid procession, headed by the highest functionaries, civil and ecclesiastic, all the nobility, gentry, troops and an enormous concourse of natives, accompanied the representative

of one of the divinest and purest cults of Catholicism to the Cathedral.

"Shortly afterward the Virgin took up her abode in Antipolo, where she remained without interruption until the end of 1639. In 1639 the Chinese and Chinese mestizos arose in revolt against the constituted authorities, committing outrages and ravages without name, applying the torch to the hamlets and towns, destroying plantations and putting all who fell into their hands to the sword without distinction of sex or age. The savage horde also assaulted Antipolo and after a heroic resistance on the part of brave natives, who fought like lions, took it. Soon the flames kindled by the rebels did their work and Antipolo had ceased to exist. The church was only a heap of ashes and burned timbers, enclosed by bare walls, but in this shapeless mass the image of the Blessed Virgin and a wooden cross were found absolutely intact and perfect by the Spaniards and Indians.

"The Madonna having been proclaimed Patroness and even Admiral of the Fleet, her statue was repeatedly carried over sea. Three or four times it visited its ancient shrine in Mexico. Alonzo Garcia commanded the galleon 'San Luis,' which bore the Blessed American Virgin in 1641 on her first visit home to the rich shores of Mexico, and with him she returned after a happy voyage to these Islands. Again in 1643, the same vessel set sail for the country of the Holtecs and Aztecs, with General Lorenzo de Ugalde Orella serving as knight to the Virgin of the Philippines, who now set out for the realm over which the Virgin of Tecuac, 'La Guadalupana' reigns supreme over all hearts and minds.

"The good ship 'Encarnacion' left Cavite in 1645, with the Virgin of Antipolo as its admiral, and after a prosperous voyage returned laden with troops, treasure and merchandise, to the Pearl of the Orient, Manila.

"The galleon 'San Francisco Javier' took the celestial Patroness for the fourth time in 1651 to her beloved Acapulco, and there among the palms and fragrant blossoms of her own land she remained until 1653. Having, as always, guided the vessel entrusted to her care safely back to Manila, on September 9, 1653, the Virgin of Peace and Prosperous Voyages, as she was named at about that time, set out to take up her former abode in the mountain recess of Antipolo. Indescribable was

the joy with which her children welcomed their mother and well beloved. She was received with acclamations wherever she passed, and after a journey of twelve days, having been detained by the fervent inhabitants of Taytay nine days, Our Lady made her triumphant entry into Antipolo.

"After her return she remained for eighty-five years undisturbed in the beautiful home which love and faith had built for her far away from the world's noise, traffic, hypocrisy and misery. Still her services as Patroness and Admiral of the Fleet were yet necessary. In June, 1746, borne by the faithful in procession, she was taken to Manila, and towards the middle of the same month installed as commander of the flagship 'Nuestra Señora del Pilar' with which she sailed for the ever-green shores of Mexico.

"A pious tradition says that the glories won by Don Andres Lopez de Azaldigui, with an inferior force and vessels, off Cavite, over twelve Dutch ships-of-battle on June 13, 1647, was due to the intercession of the Virgin of Antipolo. In this sea fight the Spaniards only lost one of their countrymen and fifteen Filipinos, but the Dutch suffered heavily in dead and wounded.

"Numerous are the legends about this image. The people firmly believe that Our Lady, preferring Antipolo to Manila and Cavite, several times abandoned these cities and was found installed in the flowery branches of the 'tipolo' tree (*Artocarpus incisa*), from which the town takes its name. To her are ascribed victories on the sea, the saving of lives and ships, and miracles countless."

THE MISSIONS.

INDIAN MISSIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Commissioners' Report gives the entire number of Indians in the United States as 270,238. Of these it is estimated that at least 100,000 are Catholics; 110,000, it is said, are still pagan; about 20,000 have no particular religion, and the rest are Protestants. According to the report of the Catholic Bureau, there are 178 churches and chapels for Indian Catholics attended by 92 priests of Religious Orders and by 62 secular priests. The Catechists, Indian and white, number 107. There are 97 schools, higher and lower, with 4,942 pupils, there being, moreover, 1,108 Indian children in Catholic schools for whites. The Indian schools are taught by 109 priests, 384 Sisters, 73 Brothers, 10 scholastics (young Religious preparing for the priesthood), and 55 secular teachers. There are, moreover, 3,118 Catholic Indian children in the government schools. The greater part of the expense of all the Catholic Indian schools is borne by one woman, Mother Katharine Drexel.

Accompanying the growth of mission work among the Indians and negroes, there has been expanding another remarkable missionary movement whose object is to make known the Catholic Church to our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen. This is chiefly directed by the diocesan clergy, who have formed several missionary bands throughout a great portion of the country. A very large quantity of Catholic literature has been distributed; numerous and respectful audiences have been met everywhere; many conversions have resulted, and many Catholics have been recalled to the practice of their faith.

THE BISHOP OF TUCSON ON INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Bishop Granjon, of Tucson, thus wrote to Father Ketcham of the Catholic Indian Bureau:

"In my last report, I contended that it would be impossible, as far as Catholic pupils are concerned, to obtain satisfactory results from any system of religious instruction which the Government might tolerate in its Indian Schools; that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, although disposed to grant

full religious liberty to all the Government's wards, on account of the bigotry of a great number of the school officials, would not be able to enforce in all the schools—in fact, not even in the greater number of them—his liberal and comprehensive regulations on the subject of religious instruction; that, consequently, it would be necessary to maintain the Catholic mission schools, and, moreover, to make every possible effort to preserve the Faith of the Catholic children attending Government schools. At the present time, there is ample evidence to prove that this was the only safe policy to pursue.

“In a letter to the Bureau, dated May 14, 1901, Most Reverend Archbishop Ireland says: ‘No one can doubt the importance of the Indian Catholic Schools, but the question is—how best maintain their efficiency?’ There is every reason to believe that, in these few words, he voiced the sentiment of the hierarchy of the United States. It is certain that the Bishops (at least the great majority of them) having Indians in their dioceses heartily endorsed the report of the Bureau to which I refer. From letters on the subject received at this office, it may be well to quote this striking passage:

“‘I have read with much interest the splendid exposé of the Indian School question in your recent report. You cannot too much insist on the fact that the only sheet-anchor for the preservation of the Faith among the Indian race is through the children, and that through the Catholic Schools.’”

AMERICA AND THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSIONS.

In a recent number of the *Missionary*, writes the Boston *Pilot*, Father Walsh deplores the slight knowledge of this great work, and the even slighter interest in it among American Catholics. They admire the heroism of foreign missionaries, in a general way, perhaps; but do not realize that this heroism is of the living present. “The hope of our foreign missions,” he says, “lies in a more widely diffused knowledge of them.”

He then presents what have always been to us the appalling figures, of the small proportion of Christians,—even including Schismatics and Protestants,—to the mass of mankind. Of fifteen hundred millions of human beings on the earth, but four hundred millions own the Christian name.

According to Mulhall's figures, two hundred and thirty-six

millions of these Christians are Catholics. What are we doing for the more than twelve hundred millions who yet await the Gospel message? There are 15,000 priests, 5,000 brothers and 45,000 religious women, distributed over heathendom; most of whom come from France, and other European countries. A few missionaries come from Canada, and still fewer from the United States.

In Northern and Equatorial Africa, in China, Korea, India, Japan, Persia, and some of the Pacific Islands, native priests and religious are now a part of the working force of the Church, and the seminaries report a steadily increasing number of candidates for orders. The catechumens of a single year in the missions of Cardinal Lavigerie's White Fathers, were 196,561; adult baptisms, 8,277; children of Christians baptized, 3,822. The Society for Foreign Missions in Eastern Asia reports last year of adult baptisms, 38,321; children of Christians, 51,526; non-Catholic Christians converted, 490.

On the question of the perseverance of these, Father Walsh cites the significant fact that, during the late Boxer uprising, in one single province only one of 3,000 native Christians apostatized to save his life. He quotes Bishop Favier in testimony of the death by most cruel martyrdoms, of 20,000 native Christians in his Vicariate of Peking. The most cautious of English-speaking Christians will admit that such converts as these are worth working for. But granting many lapses, if we are true to our profession of faith in the worth of the souls for whom Christ died, we ought to help the missionaries who are willing to take all the risks.

The Rev. Joseph Freri, D.D., head of the Propagation of the Faith in Baltimore, added his assurance to Father Walsh's, that the planting of this society as far as possible in every diocese and parish throughout the country would help local and national Church work instead of diminishing its resources. In the Archdiocese of Boston, the establishment of the Propagation of the Faith has manifestly stimulated charity in other directions notably toward the annual collection for the negro and Indian missions of our own country.

Our total contribution to foreign missions in the United States is still pitifully small—about seven and a half mills per capita.

When the contributions are studied in detail, some strange

things are discovered as to the comparative generosity of rich and poor Catholics. Dr. Freri told that the largest contribution from any church in Washington came from St. Augustine's (colored) congregation; all honor to them! And Washington is a stronghold of rich and cultured Catholics.

If every Catholic in the United States gave but five cents a year,—and who could not spare that?—the foreign missions would have an income from America of \$600,000. As it is, the returns for 1903 were a little over \$92,000, fully one-fourth of which will be returned in offerings to poor dioceses in our own land.

Dr. Freri vigorously combated the idea that the Propagation of the Faith is in any sense a foreign society—a rather startling objection when one thinks of what Catholic means. As a matter of fact, the society was called into existence by a cry of distress from the United States; and for many years gave indispensable help to various dioceses that are now strong and self-supporting. Gratitude should move us to a return of good offices. Dr. Freri declares that, until the Church in America is doing its share with men and money for the foreign Missions, we need not look for the conversion of America; and Bishop Casartelli, of Salford, Eng., asserts his belief that a strong hindrance to the growth of the Church in England, and the cause of its leakage has been the past lack of interest among English-speaking Catholics in foreign missionary work of the Church. These are strong statements, but a very little reflection will show the logic of them. May they shame a goodly number of American Catholics into some small labor or sacrifice that will raise our national offering to something more decent than a broken cent apiece.

MEXICAN CATHOLICS.

During more than ten years that I have been living among them, writes Father Brucker, S.J., of Conejos, Colorado, I have many times admired their Spanish faith and their deeply Christian Catholic customs ("thirteenth century Catholicity," your smart West Chester lecturer would call it). They are truly admirable for the reverence they show old age as well as for their faithful observance of the fourth commandment. No young man would dare to smoke his cigarette in the presence of his

father. Lately a young lady accused herself of having mentioned the subject of engagement to a young man before having asked her parents' blessing. The modesty of our young maidens is such that an anti-kissing society would be without object and mashers without a prospect. I noticed that in the house where I stop the young daughter would never come in my room to see to the fire, etc., without covering her head with her veil. Last month, and it was not for the first time, I had before me a most touching sight—it was the wedding of one of the officers of my Children of Mary. Before the ceremony I myself put around her neck her blue sodality ribbon; then followed the Nuptial Mass, at which all the Children of Mary, her companions in white, went to Communion with her. Lastly they accompanied her to her home, where the usual reception took place, the new bride having at her right her godmother (as the lady witness is called), and at her left the prefect of the sodality. By the way, the bridegroom of this wedding was the tenth child that an elderly well-to-do but childless gentleman had adopted and reared as his own. This good Mexican was present and did me the honors of the feast. He told me also how at one time he lost \$500 because he was a Catholic. Some Presbyterians had offered him that sum if he would let himself be ordained a minister. The day and place were appointed when he was to give them a specimen of his preaching ability, and there were present a few wavering Mexicans, presided over by a certain Rev. Gilchrist (Kill-Christ, we called him generally); but what was not their amazement when he gave them a lively *ad hominem* lecture on the text: "Beware of false prophets, who come to you in the clothing of sheep, but inwardly they are ravening wolves." (Matt. vii.) And this is how he lost \$500.

Their childlike confidence and affection for the priest is no less admirable, and their often heroic faithfulness to religious duties puts to the blush the cowardly indifference of some of their whiter brethren. An instance: Last Palm Sunday I was kept busy in church from 7 in the morning until 2 in the afternoon, and at that late hour a woman and two girls who had come from very far entreated me to give them Communion.

Our only trouble is with a few exceptions who come under the influence of the famous "blessings of American civilization," just as in the Philippines, divorce, drink and gambling!

But bigotry is blind on this latter subject, "the beam in their own eye!"

LAY-BROTHERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The last two numbers of the *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, a missionary magazine published in London, says the *Sacred Heart Review*, have laid particular emphasis on the need of English-speaking lay-brothers to act as auxiliaries to missionary priests in Africa.

In its current issue this magazine quotes from one of the African papers an article which makes it clear that success, on many of our missions, would be an utter impossibility without the assistance of lay-brothers. The same is true of British possessions in New Guinea, about which a recent visitor writes:

"I cannot describe to you my astonishment when I witnessed the material progress made in the Vicariate of New Guinea, with its twenty-eight churches, and as many stations and schools. To estimate the amount of work which these establishments have entailed, one ought to visit them one by one, as I myself had the privilege of doing. Let me describe to you one of these stations; by the description of one you are able to form an idea of the rest.

"The church, which recalls the primitive appearance of the Stable of Bethlehem, is the most imposing monument the natives have ever seen. Erected on piles, and built of wood, there is, however, nothing to attract the eye, except its large proportions;—there are some which measure more than one hundred feet in length. To build it, the Brothers have had to become in turn wood-cutters, builders, carpenters, smiths, joiners, and roofers. To erect the altar and decorate the sanctuary they have become cabinet-makers, painters and gilders, and it is astonishing to see to what good purpose they have used the small presents sent by the faithful from Europe, such as pictures, statues, curtains, hangings, carpets and banners.

"One station is scarcely finished when the exigencies of the Apostolate require another; and the good Brothers shoulder their tools, to start afresh in another place the work they have so successfully accomplished here.

"Then the scattered stations have to be made accessible. The Brothers, again, have cut roads through the forests, bridged the rivers, traced roads in zigzag fashion along the slopes of

the mountains, built dikes across the swamps, and thus have made the communication between the stations, if not pleasant, at least easy.

“Lastly, among many other services which the Brothers render to the missions, they also fill the rôles of catechists and teachers. In this way they not only assist the priest, but often supply his place, and our Divine Master frequently blesses their labors in an extraordinary manner. Alas, how insufficient is their number for the always expanding needs of the missions.”

“Would to God,” adds the *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, “that some young men among our readers, with generous hearts and a burning love for God in their souls, may respond to the call, and offer themselves for service as lay-brothers in the foreign missions!”

If there are any such young men among the *Review* readers, the Diocesan Director will gladly advise with them.

CHRISTMAS ON THE UPPER NILE.

A Franciscan Missionary Sister wrote the following from Uganda:

“On the eve of the feast, Rev. Mother gave us all our presents at supper time, and then we put the children to bed. They slept, much to our surprise, for the screeching, yelling and shouting were worthy of savages. Nevertheless, they slept, and at 11:30 we called them to get ready for the Midnight Mass. It was a real African night. The moon was shining, and the sky was one mass of bright stars, yet for all that it was *very* dark. We took our lanterns, and stepped out into the road. There were chiefs coming along, with their servants doing the yelling for them and carrying torches made of a bundle of reeds tied together. As we passed into the church yard, the noise of our boots made many black faces peer up from their barkcloth on the ground, to have a look at us. All around the church were hundreds of men, women and children lying down sleeping on the ground till the hour of midnight drew nigh. It was a very queer sight, they looked like bundles and bundles of corpses, until we saw their bright eyes and shining teeth. We walked around to one of the new doors, the one on the women’s side of the church, and there

was a whole line of some of the best catechists waiting for us. These men stood round our seat all the time, so that we were not a bit crushed.

"About 11:45 the drums began to beat and the organ to play. The candles did not give a very brilliant light, but just made it seem all the more beautiful. Once inside, the Bagandas (4,000 of them, inside and out) were very quiet and pious. There was a grand High Mass, and the people simply roared the various vocal parts, the Kyrie especially, as they all knew the words. Four priests gave Holy Communion, and as soon as each Baganda had received, he passed at once out of the door near the Communion rails, thus making room for others to enter at the bottom of the church and preventing confusion. You see, there was not sufficient room for all to be inside for the Mass, so hundreds were sitting outside till the time for Holy Communion. Everything was, however, managed beautifully, and the order *inside* was perfect. The people outside did try not to make a fearful noise, and they succeeded pretty well, for only three times during the Mass had a Father to go out to them.

"We returned to our Convent about 1:30 A.M., very much to our surprise, for we thought we should not be in till nearly breakfast time next morning. Then we went to bed after a slight refreshment, and didn't get up until it was nearly time for the High Mass of Christmas Day. I forgot to tell you that as we came from the Midnight Mass, all the people ran round us shouting 'Kulika Noeli,' which means 'Thank you for getting safely over Christmas.' Hundreds and hundreds slept in our compound that night, so as to be able to hear Mass the next morning. At the morning Mass, the church was again filled. They know the number who entered by the fact that every one must put one cowrie shell in a bag which the watchmen have at the door.

"After the Mass we came home, besieged by the crowds for their presents, which they most certainly expected, and they looked as if they meant to stay till they got them. The Rev. Mother had a lot of soap cut into small pieces, and made the afternoon school women pass before her window, while she gave each one a piece of soap, a crucifix and a safety pin.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XXI YEAR.

JULY, 1905.

No. 3.

THE SHRINE AT AURIESVILLE, NEW YORK.

THE improvements to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, N. Y., as designed by Ballinger and Perrot, architects, of Philadelphia, contemplate the erection of a memorial gateway and a large chapel. This building will be unique in several ways, as it will be practically three churches in one, with three altars and a sacristy under the large dome at the crossing of the nave and transepts. The plan of the edifice is that of a Latin cross, having transepts extended so as to make independent chapels, thus affording accommodation for three distinct pilgrimages at one time.

The naves and transepts are sixty-eight feet wide, having the centre and nave roofed over with concrete arches and heavy beamed roof, stained dark brown, which will afford a pleasant contrast with the white and gray tones of the concrete piers and walls, of which the structure will be constructed. The side aisles will be separated from the nave by an arcade roofed over with concrete vaults divided into bays. These aisles will form a perambulatory, and will be entirely open to the weather, the only means of closing the building being by light sash, which will be hung so as to raise, so that in summer time the worshippers in the chapels will have the benefits of an open-air pavilion, so to speak, instead of the customary enclosed city church.

The sacristy under the main dome will have three altars, one facing the nave and the other two facing the transepts. One unique feature of the sanctuary will be the continuous chancel rail, forming a large square, which will give the communicants free access entirely around the three altars.

In the apse of the church will be an oratory and confessional ; also parlors for the reception of pilgrims, and a large porch for their accommodation.

The architecture of the building will perpetuate the style as developed by the Spanish missionaries in California, which is known as the Mission style, and which is accepted as being one of the original American styles of architecture.

The enrichment of the edifice will be in the nature of marble mosaics, which will be copied from old Indian ornamentation, as found in their bead and basket work. Thus it will be seen that the style is indigenous to the soil, which is one of the first principles of true art.

The building will be of concrete throughout wherever masonry is required, colored white, and the roof will be of red Spanish tiles.

The building will be erected on an eminence overlooking the Mohawk River, and will be seen by many travellers who pass up and down the valley in the swiftly moving trains between New York and the West.

In addition to the chapel, there will be built a memorial entrance gateway, a refreshment pavilion, also carriage sheds for the accommodation of those who drive to the Shrine.

The design for the entrance gateway will consist of three arches, the central one being fifteen feet wide and twenty-four feet high, and of a style to harmonize with the architecture of the chapel.

The total length will be eighty-two feet, and the height to the top of the central cross forty-four feet. This cross surmounts a belfry over the central arch, which is the gateway proper. The two side arches are filled in with dwarf walls, having bronze tablets, with suitable inscriptions thereon. These side arches are surmounted by pediments. The coping of the wall will consist of Spanish tile, and the main band course and ornaments will be of marble mosaic in patterns copied from the Indian ornaments.

The gateway will be constructed of concrete throughout, colored white, which will contrast with the rich coloring of the mosaic and tile work. The design will be marked by a spirit of simplicity which is characteristic of the Mission style.

Work on the entrance gateway will be commenced at once.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

Several times on Sunday since Easter Mass has been said at Auriesville, various reasons requiring occasionally the presence of a priest, chief among which was the need of direction in the improvements which were begun as soon as the weather permitted.

The first pilgrimage of the year took place on Sunday, July 2, from St. Joseph's Church, Cohoes, N. Y., under the direction of the Pastor, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Dugas. From that day until September 4, one or more priests will be in attendance at the Shrine all summer. Masses will be said daily, and the other devotions followed as usual.

It is expected that his Grace, Archbishop Begin, of Quebec, will visit the Shrine during the summer, with the members of the tribunal who have been taking testimony in the Process for the Beatification of Father Isaac Jogues and his companions during the year. The date of this distinguished pilgrimage has not been fixed, but it will likely be during the week beginning July 30 and, if possible, on that day the cornerstone of the new gateway will be laid. Due announcement of this will be made in the newspapers.

The most important change at Auriesville is the making of a new road direct from the railroad station to the Shrine grounds. The railroad authorities have agreed to straighten the line of their property and that of the Shrine and to allow the county road from Auriesville to Fort Hunter to be laid according to their original agreement when purchasing that property within their line, so that whatever lies to the north of this new line of roadway will be ceded to the railroad by the Shrine, and, *vice versa*, whatever lies to the south will be ceded to the Shrine by the railroad. This road will be close to the station, and about forty feet south of the railroad tracks. Crossing it will be the road leading up to the gate of the Shrine, which is to be built at a distance of about 150 feet east of the hotel. The road will proceed under the main arch of this gateway with an easy grade, nowhere more than one foot in every ten, up through the natural pathway leading to the site of the priests' residence, and reaching the hill-top at a point about 200 feet south of the Pieta. It will be in all about a quarter of a mile. The views from this road are beautiful in every direction, especially since the barns and

other structures at the foot of the hill are being fast removed to other sites on the property. We owe the survey and grading of this road to Rev. J. A. Brosnan. Now that it is ready for use, the entrances to the Shrine on the west line of the property on the Mill Point Road will all be closed and the roads leading from these entrances covered. The only entrance to the Shrine grounds on the hilltop will be at a point directly south of the old Shrine, for the Glen Road will no longer be used for processions to the ravine, as, thanks again to Father Brosnan, there is a new road along the ravine, almost from the spot where René Goupil was killed, across the triangular space to the ravine gateway. Some day this part of the grounds will also be marked by a proper entrance, but the county authorities are now meditating certain changes in the roads at this part of the property which delay our plans.

Meantime, our readers can gather how grand the memorial gateway at the entrance of the Shrine will be from the description and frontispiece in this number. The foundation has already been begun, and if all goes well the cornerstone will be laid Sunday, July 30. We trust that the friends of the Shrine will help us by their contributions to make this memorial gateway worthy of the cause for which it is erected, and to complete it this year.

Those who visit Auriesville this summer will have the pleasure of seeing there the handsome painting of Our Lady of the Wayside, which has been given to the Shrine by a pious pilgrim who visited Auriesville for the first time last year. It will be placed for the present in a rustic bower situated midway between the old Shrine and the ravine. The description of this picture and the account of the veneration in which it is held is given in the present number.

Several other improvements are in process at Auriesville, all of them important but none of them comparing with those we have just described. As, for instance, the hotel is to be improved in appearance by a colonial porch and enlarged by an extension. In its present situation, relieved of its former unsightly surroundings, it is now one of the most beautiful structures along the valley. The priests' house is also to be somewhat enlarged and a shelter has already been provided for teams on pilgrimage days.

1895



OUR LADY OF THE WAY.

THE MADONNA DELLA STRADA:

OUR LADY OF THE WAY.

TENDER devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God, which the late Pontiff, Leo XIII, never tired of impressing on the faithful, has ever been a striking feature in the lives of the saints, beginning with St. John, the beloved Disciple, and the other Apostles; and nearly all, who have written of themselves, have acknowledged that whatever graces they received from God came to them through the hands of Mary.

Among the saints of more recent times, it would be hard to find one who was more chivalrous, more ardent, more enthusiastic in his devotion to the Mother of God than St. Ignatius of Loyola, father and founder of the Society of Jesus.

It was to her he turned in his illness, when lying wounded at the Castle of Loyola, after the siege of Pampeluna. At her feet he cast himself, in the first fervor of his conversion, consecrating himself to her and her divine Son with an ardor that roused the fierce hatred of Satan, who shook the castle to its foundations, so that windows were shattered and the strong masonry of the walls was violently rent, evidence of the shock remaining to the present day.

Her image he constantly carried on his breast, and often bathed with his tears.

It was a vision of her that dispelled all fears for the past, and kindled in his soul that flame of divine love and zeal for the divine glory that made him plan and realize such glorious things for the furtherance of God's kingdom on earth and the conversion of souls.

It was again in a vision of the spotless Queen of Virgins that he received the gift of perfect purity, that was never to be disturbed by the assaults of concupiscence. Her shrines of La Guia, Le Seo, Villadordis, Arazazon, etc., were the cherished spots he loved to visit as a devout pilgrim.

Her honor, assailed by a Saracen, so fired his zeal, that he doubted whether it was not his duty to despatch with the sword the wretch whose lips had uttered so foul a blasphemy.

Before her image at Montserrat he made his vigil of knight-

hood, when turning from an earthly to a spiritual warfare, leaving his sword suspended at her altar, and swearing eternal fealty to her and her divine Son.

It is believed that he wrote the *Spiritual Exercises* at Manresa under her directions.

Together with his first companions, he took his first religious vows on the feast of her Assumption at Montmartre, and his last and solemn vows before her altar in the Basilica of St. Paul, outside the walls of Rome.

He loved to have her image always before him, and died with his eyes fixed lovingly upon it.

A brief account of one of the pictures of our Lady to which this great saint was most attached during the last twenty years of his life, and of the church erected to receive that picture, may not be uninteresting.

I. OUR LADY OF THE WAY.

Some seven centuries ago, in one of the many shrines to be seen in almost every street of Rome, there stood a very ancient painting of our Lady, which was said to be miraculous, and consequently an object of the greatest veneration to the people.

Little is known of its previous history, but there are good grounds for believing that it dates from the fifth or sixth century. The portion of the wall on which it is painted is undoubtedly the work of the ancient Romans. Certain it is, that it was already very old in the twelfth century, when Count Julius, of the Astalli family, built a church for its better preservation, to which the picture, and, necessarily, the portion of the wall on which it is frescoed, were transferred. This church was known as St. Mary's of the Astalli; but those who remember the picture's old position never accepted the new name, but spoke of it as *Madonna della Strada*, Our Lady of the Street.

St. Ignatius of Loyola first came to Rome in 1523. He was kindly received by the Astalli family, saw the picture of our Lady, and conceived a tender affection for it.

Returning to Rome with his companions in 1537, he led them to the feet of his beloved picture, where he would spend long hours in prayers and tears, and it was his delight, after his ordination, to say Mass daily at the altar that stood in front of it.

Such was the affection he felt for this venerable representa-

tion of the Madonna, that, overcoming his natural reserve in such matters, he made bold to ask the parish priest in charge of the church, Dom Pietro Codacio, (1) to give him the picture for his newly founded Society. Dom Pietro at first indignantly refused to part with his church's greatest treasure, but suddenly and unaccountably, even to himself, he changed his mind, and not only offered the picture, but the church also, and himself as well, to St. Ignatius and the Society, being the first Italian to join the new order, for which step he renounced great benefices and great prospects at the Papal court.

It was necessary to obtain the leave of Pope Paul III, and of the Astalli family, before the gift could be considered valid, but this was easily obtained, and thus St. Ignatius and the Society became possessors of their first church, the sanctuary of our Lady della Strada.

The church was a parochial one, and St. Ignatius and his companions for a while had to discharge parochial duties; these, however, were found to interfere so much with the spirit and real work of the new order, that the saint petitioned the Pope to relieve them of this burden, and, accordingly, all parochial rights and duties were transferred to the neighboring Church of St. Mark. To Father Codacio St. Ignatius awarded the honors of a founder in recognition of his generous gift.

Inspired by the example of their saintly Father, all the saints and, indeed, all the members of the Society of Jesus, have ever cherished a tender devotion to our Lady della Strada. At its feet knelt St. Francis Xavier, B. Peter Faber, and the other first companions of St. Ignatius. Here St. Francis Borgia loved to pray, and pour out his soul in tenderest emotion to the Immaculate Mother of God. Here the three Angelic saints, Aloysius, Stanislaus and John Berchmans, came to consecrate their innocence to her who had called them to the Society of her Son. B. Peter Canisius, B. Rudolph Aquaviva, B. Ignatius Azevedo, St. Philip Neri, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Camillus de Lellis, St. Leonard of Porto Maurizio, St. John Baptist di Rossi, St. Benedict Joseph Labre, and a host of other saintly souls, cherished a tender devotion to our Lady della Strada, and frequently, while in Rome, visited this sanctuary.

It is this devotion of so many saints that adds a special halo to the picture which the Society of Jesus regards as its own.

(1) A rich Prelate of the Pope's household.

The Holy See, too, has been pleased to approve in a special way the devotion to this venerable picture. It was one of the first to be solemnly crowned by the Holy Father, an honor never conferred until proof of striking miracles has been duly established. Toward the end of the eighteenth century the shrine was pillaged by the sacrilegious marauders who held possession of Rome, but it was soon enriched again, and on the tercentenary of its translation from the old Church of the Astalli to the new one of the Gesù, it was again solemnly crowned in the Pope's name by Cardinal Howard. Hither Pope Gregory XIII and the clergy of Rome came in solemn procession in 1837, bearing the miraculous picture of our Lady from the Basilica of St. Mary Major, to ask our Lady's protection against the scourge of cholera that was devastating Rome, and the Pope celebrated Mass at the high altar of the Gesù. On the cessation of the epidemic, the Roman Senate came to present to the Jesuit Fathers a gold chalice and paten, in recognition of their courageous zeal and charity in the service of the infected, and on the same occasion a number of the best families of Rome presented the six magnificent bronze candlesticks that are so much admired on St. Ignatius' altar.

Pope Leo XIII added a still greater honor by instituting the feast of our Lady della Strada, with special Mass and office granted to the Society of Jesus.

We have not touched on the miraculous cures and favors received by those who have sought our Lady's aid in this venerable sanctuary, but proofs of such extraordinary favors are to be seen in the immense number of votive offerings, in silver and gold, that cover the walls and have been presented since the spoliation of the shrine at the close of the last century. It is commonly remarked that there is no chapel of our Lady in Rome that inspires such devotion as that of della Strada. At no hour of the day, when the church is open, is the chapel without its group of devout visitors, and towards evening, it is almost impossible, even on an ordinary day, to find a place. Among those kneeling in prayer may be seen religious of nearly every order. Seminarists from the different ecclesiastical colleges in Rome, members of the princely families, mingled with the poor from the thickly populated streets of the Suburra, soldiers forced by conscription from their homes and families, to be exposed to every danger to faith and morality, and, not infrequently, officers of high rank—

all seem to be attracted by an indescribable expression of tenderness seen in the picture, and which no artist has succeeding in copying.

The chapel is circular in form at the right side of the north transept nearest the High Altar, with two arches that give access from the church. The rich marbles and exquisite paintings that cover its walls were the gift of three noble ladies in the seventeenth century, and the picture itself is surrounded and covered with offerings of gold and jewels.

The chapel presents a very rich appearance, which is enhanced by the numerous lights that are constantly kept burning. Numerous offerings of flowers fill it with fragrance; but, apart from all external attractions, there is a spiritual sweetness and fragrance in this little sanctuary of our Lady experienced by nearly all who kneel there, who feel as if they were praying at the very gate of heaven.

II. CHURCH OF THE GESÙ.

The church that encloses this sanctuary of the Madonna deserves special notice.

At the time when Dom Pietro Codacio gave himself, his church, and the picture to the Society, only two of St. Ignatius' first companions (FF. Salmeron and Codurius) remained with him at Rome, who, together with a dozen novices, formed the community. The others had gone forth to different parts of Central and Southern Europe to check the ever-advancing tide of Lutheran heresy, and to save the Southern countries of Europe from the devastating flood.

An old rickety house opposite the church served St. Ignatius and his little community as a residence, where, as Father Peter Ribadeneira, one of the novices, tells us, they were sadly cramped for room. A more commodious building was purchased later by St. Francis Borgia. The little room is still shown at the house of the Gesù where St. Ignatius lived, where the first Fathers (with the exception of St. Francis Xavier, B. Peter Faber and Father Rodriguez, who were on distant missions) held the First General Congregation of the Society, in which St. Ignatius was elected General by the unanimous votes both of those present and of the absent, these having left their votes in writing. The solemn religious profession followed before our Lady's altar in the Basilica of St. Paul. Father Lainez, at St. Francis Xavier's request, repeating the formula

in his name. Then the Society began its real life at the feet of her whose honor it has ever pledged itself to spread throughout the world, and whose Immaculate Conception it so gloriously defended for 300 years.

St. Ignatius and his companions now set to work with grateful hearts to promote devotion to our Lady under the favorite title "*della Strada*," and such numbers of the faithful were attracted by their burning words, such enthusiasm was awakened, that the sanctuary soon became one of the most famous in Rome. The Church of the Astalli was soon found to be too small for the numbers who flocked to hear them, and, though several additions and alterations were made, the accommodation was still insufficient. It became necessary to think of a new church, but whence were the means to come for such an undertaking? The Society was poor, and had as yet few friends who were willing or able to prove the sincerity of their friendship by paying so large a sum. One generous offer was made at length, to replace the old church by another, somewhat larger in size, but St. Ignatius, while thanking the benefactor for his great zeal and generosity, said the time had not yet come; that it was reserved for another benefactor to build a spacious church suited in every way to the work and requirements of the Society. The person thus prophetically pointed out was Cardinal Alexander Farnese, the princely founder of the present church and residence of the Gesù. The building was begun in 1568 and completed in 1575, the old church being gradually demolished as the new one progressed, till finally our Lady's picture was placed in its present position, more than three centuries ago. The period at which the church was built is accountable for the ponderous style of architecture chosen; but whatever may be its defects in this regard, at any rate, in vastness and solidity, in the richness and beauty of its details, it is justly acknowledged to be one of the noblest churches in Rome. Perhaps it is because of the sanctuary of the Madonna that there is a peculiar feeling of devotion that comes over one in the Church of the Gesù; there is no church in Rome, after St. Peter's, that is more frequented, and none so free from mere sightseers, who come, with guide-book in hand, to gaze at works of art. Apparently all who enter the Gesù come there to pray.

It stands in the Piazza del Gesù, facing the corso Vittore Emmanuele, which may be considered the very heart of Rome.

Its ceiling, dome and tribune are adorned with exquisite frescoes; its walls are covered with costly marbles, the gift of Prince Torlonia; its altars, ten in number, are rich in sculptures and bright with lamps, kept perpetually burning. The high altar, though a mass of precious marbles, is disappointing in design, and has an unfinished look, when compared with the noble altars of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier, in the transept. On the left is the monument to Cardinal Bellarmine, on the right that of Ven. Father Pignatelli.

In the transept, to the left, is the magnificent altar of St. Ignatius, with the chapel of our Lady della Strada; opposite, at the right end of the transept, is the altar of St. Francis Xavier, both works of art.

It was in this church that St. Aloysius and St. John Berchmans used to serve Mass. It was here that the devotion of the Month of Mary, which has spread throughout the world, was begun by Father Muzzarelli; here, too, that the congregation *Bona Mors* took its rise.

Adjoining the church, to the right, is the residence of the Gesù, robbed from the Society, in 1870, by the Italian Government, and converted into a barrack, partly into a depository for the State archives. Some idea of the sacrilegious plunder of ecclesiastical property that went on in Rome twenty-five years ago may be gathered from the fact that this one residence of the Gesù is now offered by the Government for sale for 3,000,000 lire, *i.e.*, 120,000 pounds sterling.

III. ALTAR OF ST. IGNATIUS.

The body of St. Ignatius lies in a rich shrine of gilded bronze and lapis lazuli, under an altar of corresponding richness, near his beloved picture of Madonna della Strada. Moroni gives it as his opinion that this is the most beautiful altar in Rome, and perhaps in Europe. There is a saying in Rome, that the most beautiful church in the world is St. Peter's; the most beautiful chapel, the Cappella Borghese, at St. Mary Major's; the most beautiful altar, that of St. Ignatius, at the Gesù. For majesty of design, for exquisite finish and richness of materials, it can hardly be surpassed. One has to visit it over and over again before a just idea can be formed of its unrivalled splendor. It was designed by a gifted lay-brother of the Society, B. Pozzi, who was eminent both as an architect and a painter. The eye is at first arrested by the four fluted

columns that support the entablature; they are of lapis lazuli and gilded bronze, the bases and capitals being also of gilded bronze. The pilasters are of black and white marble, the pedestals and entablature of verde antico, adorned with foliated ornaments of gilded bronze. The summit is crowned by a representation of the Most Blessed Trinity, encircled by rays of glory, and between the eternal Father and the divine Son is an immense globe, formed of a single block of lapis lazuli, said to be the largest in the world. In the centre of the altar is a richly decorated niche formed of lapis lazuli and alabastro antico, within which silver statues of angels surround the figure of St. Ignatius. This latter is a copy of the original silver statue of the saint by Le Gros, which was melted down by the municipality of Rome, at the beginning of this century, to pay the enormous sum exacted by the French. Below the niche, on the plinths of the columns, are six bas-reliefs, in bronze, representing scenes from the life of the saint. In the panel of the reredos is a larger bas-relief, in gilded bronze, said to be of rare beauty. On the right and left are marble groups, considered as works of art. Beneath the altar, in a shrine of gilded bronze and lapis lazuli, are the remains of the great saint, who, called by God from an earthly warfare to fight for the glory of His Name and defense of the Church militant, and to found an army of spiritual warriors, whose profession and calling it should be to extend the glory of God on earth, to meet in conflict the hordes of Lutheranism and Calvinism, to beat them back from Southern Europe, to arrest their progress in Central Europe, and to compensate for the losses suffered by the Reformation, by conquering and winning for the Church vast regions in every part of the globe. That they have been successful in this, their calling, the history of the Church since the Reformation bears witness, and this, their success, they owe to the Blessed Mother of Jesus, whose name they bear, to the blessing of Mary, their Mother, and notably of our Lady della Strada, and to the prayers of their holy founder, whose tomb they have erected with such unrivalled splendor.

Our Lady della Strada, pray for us.

P. J. CHANDLERY, S.J.

FATHER DE SMET. (1)

IT is a far cry from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from Father Jogues to Father De Smet; and in the long stretch of two hundred years, intervening things may well shut out the sound; but when one reads of the singular origin of the great Oregon and Montana missions, which constitute the particularly luminous and consoling part of our Indian map to-day, he cannot help remarking the very evident spiritual genesis between those missions and the blood that crimsoned the Mohawk when it flowed past Ossernenon 260 years ago. The sacrifice in that obscure Indian camp was apparently useless at the time, but besides its other results, we find it working itself out two centuries later, at a distance of three thousand miles, in a way that one cannot hesitate to believe that Father De Smet was the spiritual heir of Father Jogues and succeeded on the Pacific Slope mainly through the graces won by that martyrdom of the Mohawk Valley.

This may sound like poetry, but it is not. Or rather it is, but it is the poetry of the supernatural world, where stranger things are chronicled than ever happen in our lower realms.

Apparently it was only an accident that brought a wandering band of Indians out to Oregon in 1806, as far away as they could be from the tepees of their tribe. But the wanderers were Iroquois, descendants of the savages whom Father Jogues had died for. They had come from Canada, whither most of their nation had gone when the white men drove them out of the Mohawk Valley. At their head was an old man whom they called Ignace Shonowane, a name which sufficiently indicated where he got his Christianity. With him was a half-breed named Régis Brugière, his prefix also showing his spiritual affinity.

"Old Ignace," as he was familiarly styled, was a saint. At all events he was an earnest apostle, and he began immediately and earnestly to preach Christianity to the mild-man-

(1) *Life and Times of Father De Smet Among the North American Indians*, by Hiram Martin Chittenden, U. S. A., and Alfred Talbot Richardson. Four vols. Francis P. Harper, N. Y.

nered Nez-Percés and Flatheads, who had received him as a brother, and to warn them about the need of looking after their souls. "You should call a Blackrobe among you," he said, and they were only too willing to follow his advice.

Canada was the most likely place to look to, but Lewis and Clark had just opened the great national trail to Oregon, starting from St. Louis, and the Indians heard that there were Jesuits down there. Old Ignace had no preference for localities. He was seeking the man, and at his suggestion four Indians travelled all that distance to find a priest. The poor fellows fell ill in the city, for civilization did not agree with them, and two of them died; but they were happy, for when the priest came to see them they seized his cross, and clung to it with such fervor that it could be taken from them only when they expired. They were all baptized. The two who succumbed left their bones in the little Catholic cemetery. The survivors set out for home. Whether they ever reached their friends no one knows. Unfortunately no priest could be given them. But four Protestant ministers started for the Indian country. They did little or nothing, however, for the Red Man.

That was in 1831. In 1835 Old Ignace himself and his two sons arrived and saw the Bishop. But they also were disappointed and had to tramp all the way back again to distant Oregon with the bad news. Two years later the venerable hero was again on the trail in the same quest, and here occurred his tragedy. Might we not almost call it his martyrdom? For he knew he was taking his life in his hands. But he accepted the risk that his Indian friends might be saved. The party was attacked by the Sioux. The white men were bidden to stand aside, as only the Indians were to be slain. Old Ignace was thought to be a white man, for he was dressed like one, and was motioned aside like the others, but he refused to be separated from his people, and, with four other Indians, was murdered. It was at a place called Ash Hollow, on the North Platte, which ought to be marked by a monument. His death assuredly deserved a spiritual recompense at least, and it was awarded two years later.

In 1839 young Ignace, the old hero's son, set out with the same petition. He succeeded before he reached St. Louis, for in passing Council Bluffs, in what is now Iowa, he came, not

by accident, surely, but evidently led by Divine Providence, into the arms of the very man who was to be the apostle of all the Indians, Father Peter De Smet. "Council Bluffs is three hundred leagues from St. Louis," says Father De Smet. "We gave them a letter to our Superior, and these good Indians thought nothing of adding that distance to the thousand leagues they had already travelled to get a priest." Father De Smet was appointed, and thus began his great work. Who was this De Smet, and how did he happen to be there at that precise time?

There is a little town in Flanders called Dendermonde, or Termonde. It lies on "the lazy Scheldt," near where another stream equally lazy flows into it. Water runs poorly in those low levels. There Peter John De Smet was born, more than a hundred years ago. The town never grew much, and twenty-five years ago it had only four or five thousand inhabitants, and left the general impression of a little group of the two-storied, gable-end, tile-covered and whitewashed houses which everywhere abound in Belgium. Into the main street runs the canal, stopping right in front of the principal square where the well-clad and good-natured inhabitants conduct without hurry their little industries and easy-going trade. So it was when little Peter clumped about in his sabots, except that there was not then in front of the church where he went to Mass the splendid statue of a missionary holding an olive branch in one hand and a cross in the other. The boy never thought that a monument to his greatness would adorn his native town. It is a handsome and gratifying piece of work, quite different from the rather saucy figures that are said to represent Jogues and Marquette elsewhere. They have good artists in Belgium.

The boy was about eleven or twelve when the booming of the cannon of Waterloo was heard in peaceful Dendermonde. Religion was then only rising from the wreck of the Revolution, and it was a brave act of the boy to say that he wanted to be a priest. He was braver still when the saintly Father Nerinckx came from America to ask for missionaries for the New World. "I will go," said De Smet, and the same resolution was formed by others of his companions, Verreydt, Van Assche, Verhægen, Smedts and Elet, all of whom subsequently illustrated the American church. It was especially courageous, as the resolution evoked bitter opposition from their

families, and all six had to pawn some of their belongings to pay their passage. They met on the Island of Texel in July, 1821, and in the stout brig Columbus sailed away over the ocean.

Steamships were not in vogue in those times, and it took forty days to reach Philadelphia, where the innocent travellers were amazed to find people living in houses. They had fancied they were going to step off the ship into the wilderness. But they soon had wilderness to their hearts' content. They were sent down to Whitemarsh, in Maryland, where the Novitiate had been established, and if the remnants of log structures which until lately encumbered the ground there, suggest anything, it is that the novices of those days must have had grim surroundings for their asceticism, as did the distinguished prelates for their ecclesiastical policies when they assembled, as they often did, in the same place, to deliberate on the means of establishing the Church in America.

Scarcely had these embryo missionaries landed when an ecclesiastical controversy almost put an end to their apostolic aspirations. It shows on what little things great events depend.

Archbishop Maréchal, for reasons which need not be discussed, had his eye on that Whitemarsh property, and claimed it as his own. Its value was a little more than a few decent city lots. Relations were so strained by this and by the episcopal claims about expulsion from the Society that the Father Provincial determined to disband the Novitiate and send his Belgian novices back to their country. Thus the Archbishop came perilously near robbing America of a great apostle. We should never again, in all probability, have heard of De Smet.

Then came a *deus ex machina*, and it is curious how the lives of many distinguished Americans are interwoven with that of De Smet. The quarrel about the property came up before the United States Government, and John C. Calhoun told Bishop Du Bourg, of New Orleans, that the Jesuits could get a grant of land out near St. Louis if they wanted to take it. So Bishop Du Bourg offered to transport Father Van Quickenborne, Master of Novices, and all his household, to the then Far West. This brought the two bishops into collision; Maréchal protesting that no ecclesiastics had a right to leave his diocese without his permission; Du Bourg, on the other hand, maintaining that as the young men had come out to

be missionaries and had never cost the diocese a penny, the Superiors could move them as they chose.

So at last it was decided to trek; a movement which prevented De Smet from belonging to the Maryland Province. Would he ever have achieved his greatness without his Indians? Who can tell? Treking was not an affair of parlor-cars then. They set out from Whitemarsh on foot and in wagons, on April 11, 1823, and finally reached the town of Wheeling, four hundred miles away. There they bought two flat boats, which they loaded with their effects, and floated down the beautiful river. An altar was erected, and they had their daily Mass and all the exercises of the Novitiate as exactly as if they were in the log cabins at Whitemarsh. They drifted on till they reached Shawneetown, then stowed their traps in a steamer;—it was too expensive for them to embark in it—sold their flat-boats, and tramped overland to St. Louis, which they reached after a journey of a month and a half. Father De Smet saw plenty of wilderness on that trip.

He was not in St. Louis when the Indian deputation came down from the Northwest to ask for a priest. He was away in Europe getting recruits and supplies for the mission, and Europe came near keeping him, for his health gave way; but in 1838 he was back again, and was sent far into the interior among the Potawatamies with Father Verreydt, to found a mission. There young Ignace discovered him, and it is just possible that in the designs of Providence this Potawatamie mission was only a signal station to attract the Oregon Indians, for it disappeared three or four years afterwards. But that establishment, according to the new and splendid biography by Messrs. Chittenden and Richardson, from which we are gathering most of these facts, has special claim to recognition. "It was there De Smet began the famous series of letters which have made his name known throughout the civilized world. They were probably not intended for publication, for they lack something of that clerical dignity which he then thought unnecessary to give them, but they are all the better for that. No more racy narrative is to be found in the pioneer literature of the period; and it is of genuine historic value as a living picture of the state of things among the frontier tribes at that time."

If Father De Smet had done nothing but write these and

his other letters, it would have been enough to establish his reputation as a great man. Turning over the pages of these large octavo volumes, with their 1624 pages, one is almost dazed by the multiplicity of persons, topics, events, descriptions, adventures, journeys, national policies, apostolic projects and what not else besides, that present themselves to our gaze. - There are Indians of every kind who come before us: Grosventres, and Flatheads, and Pend d'Oreilles, and Assiniboins, and Sioux, with their incantations and cannibalism, and dances and massacres, and feasts; there are scenes in the Bad Lands, and mountains and forests and rushing rivers; there are tempests on the ocean and the more alarming dead calms of the mid-Pacific, where captain and crew were plunged in consternation and gloom; there are councils with Indian chiefs, and interviews with Popes and Kings and Presidents and Ambassadors, and great statesmen, and Mormon leaders; all crowding the pages of these bulky volumes, so that it is not hard to understand the effect that they had on the world at large, when some of them were published separately some years ago. They called attention as nothing else could to the condition of the North American Indians and gave an impulse to the apostolic enthusiasm which prompted many a generous soul to devote himself to their conversion, and also unlocked the treasures which supplied these missions with the necessary resources.

Father De Smet began his work among the Indians in 1840. His first trip to Oregon cost him two months of hard travel, though he was shaking with malarial fever all the way, and was frequently entreated to retrace his steps. After he reached his destination among the Flatheads, expeditions were made in all directions. He was prospecting for future missions, and never balked at any danger or hardship. He had to go back to report at St. Louis, and that return trip was made almost unattended and at the constant risk of being slain by wandering Indians. "Such a solitude, with all its horrors and dangers," he writes, "has, notwithstanding, one very real advantage: It is a place where one is constantly looking death in the face, and where it presents itself incessantly to the imagination in the most hideous forms."

Now began that wonderful series of apostolic explorations which are simply mystifying, even for those who are familiar with the topography of the country. "It is worth while,"

say his biographers when they reach this stage of the narrative, "to consider what Father De Smet accomplished in the first seven years of his missionary career. His prodigious labors, travels, hardships and perils must be placed in the very first rank of similar exploits. In these seven years he had travelled by the slow methods of the time a distance equal to more than twice the circumference of the earth. He had travelled in almost every clime and by every sort of conveyance. From the burning summer of the equator, he had passed to the frozen winters of 50 degrees 34 minutes north. He had travelled by sailing vessel, by river barge and by canoe; by dog-sled and snow-shoe, on horseback and in wagon, and many a long mile on foot. He had endured hardships that seem to us almost impossible, and which undoubtedly were the foundation of the ills he afterwards suffered. It was to the period of 1844-6 that he referred in a letter to a fellow missionary, who was complaining of the hardship of his lot: "I have been for years a wanderer in the desert. I was three years without receiving a letter from any quarter. I was two years in the mountains without tasting bread, salt, coffee, tea, sugar. I was for years without a roof, without a bed. I have been six months without a shirt on my back, and often have I passed whole days and nights without a morsel of anything to eat." The total amount of his travels runs up to the astounding figures of 180,000 miles. He kept a faithful record of it all, year by year, not for any motive of personal vanity, but with the delight of a generous-hearted, trustful boy, for Father De Smet had many of the traits of a boy till the end of his life.

It was a considerate thought on the part of his biographers to give us a map of his early and subsequent journeys; for one can get a better idea of their marvellous extent and of the difficulties they implied than can be gained by any verbal description, however graphic. The multiplicity of places and routes is bewildering. On the map the roads he followed are carefully, one might almost say admiringly and affectionately, traced all through the regions west of the Mississippi. His journeys in the East and his nineteen voyages over the Atlantic, as well as his protracted, eventful and dangerous trip around Cape Horn are omitted, though only for reasons of space. But taking only the section that is put before us for inspection, and considering what the Western country

was sixty-five years ago, and how inaccessible it is yet in some parts which he travelled over, how next to impossible it is for man or beast to live there, and also how none of our modern conveniences were in existence even in those parts where some degree of civilization had penetrated, the conclusion is forced on us that Father De Smet's apostolic journeys, be it said with due reverence, were more extended and, as far as regards inanimate nature, more perilous, than even those of St. Paul.

Yet singularly enough, in spite of this stupendous achievement, which would be enough to ensure the reputation of Father De Smet as a most daring traveller, it is precisely on this point that exception is taken to his greatness as a missionary. He was always bent on these journeys. He never dwelt with any tribe for any protracted period and almost invariably spoke to the Indians through an interpreter.

Omitting to advert to the fact that again and again Father De Smet implored the General of the Society to be permitted to pass his entire life in the worst Indian mission that could be found, this same objection about his continual journeys might be urged with equal and greater force even against St. Francis Xavier himself. He is the apostle of Japan, but he remained only two years and four months in that country altogether. He had other things to do. He had to supply it with missionaries and resources, which could not be done by remaining there. His attempt to enter China was precisely to facilitate the conversion of Japan, and his wonderful achievements in that and other directions contributed vastly to the success of his missionary projects. After all, the work of the organizer and commander-in-chief is not that of the rank and file; Kuropatkin and Oyama could not and should not live in the trenches. Though possibly many an old saint who labored and died unknown in the midst of degraded savages may have been greater by far than even Father De Smet in the eyes of God, for those are the secrets no man knows, yet such a one, no matter how devoted, might have lacked certain qualities whose absence would have rendered him absolutely incapable of attempting what De Smet accomplished. Archbishop Ryan, in his funeral oration, described Father De Smet perfectly when he said that there was such a fascination about the man that it was sufficient for him to present himself for the attraction to be instantly established.

It was true, for all kinds of people, savage and civilized, prince and plebeian, military men and civilians, Indian agents and trappers, Mormons and Forty-niners and Oregon settlers, they all had absolute confidence in him. Among the Indians especially it was almost miraculous. He would walk alone into the midst of thousands of infuriated savages, ready to massacre the whites; he would be conducted in triumph side by side with big chiefs and multitudes of savages in feathers and war paint, who forgot their thirst for blood and came out to welcome him. Sitting Bull and Black Moon would roll themselves up in their buffalo skins and sleep beside him, with their tomahawks ready to brain any one who might attempt to harm him; and, leaving the savage aside, the American boys of forty years ago in the civilized parts of the country well remember how they used to flock around the old white-haired man, not merely because he told them Indian stories, but because of the affectionate interest that beamed in his countenance for even the youngest of them, though he had never seen them before and would never see them again. There was nothing human that was alien to him.

It is true that a man can be an apostle without that personal charm, at least to a certain extent, but when one has been accustomed for years to live among filthy savages, to feed on dogs or reptiles or meat hashed by the teeth of disgusting squaws, to sleep in the woods or mountains, or in the midst of the vermin and dirt and infectious diseases of foul tepees, to be continually descending to the level of the stupid savage mind, and almost unconsciously taking on their manners, it is extremely difficult for such a one to appear at the councils of kings, to sit at table with princes and ambassadors, to discuss matters of national importance with distinguished statesmen, and not only to do naught to repel them, but to win their admiration, consideration and respect. That power Father De Smet possessed, and as the eloquent bishop who pronounced his eulogy reminded his hearers, it was a particular gift of God which enabled Father De Smet to fulfil the great vocation to which God had assigned him.

Even he forgot himself sometimes, and once he found himself at a banquet given in his honor by the Belgian Ambassador at Washington in presence of the diplomats of Germany, France and Russia, all in their splendid official regalia, while he wore a shabby coat with two of the buttons off. There was

no need of that whatever. Anyone would have supplied him with decent apparel, and out of courtesy to his host he was bound to make a decent appearance. He was running the risk of being suspected of boorishness or affectation. Perhaps another man would not have even discovered that he had lost his buttons. There is no other instance of this forgetfulness of the proprieties. He was too large a man intellectually for that.

A sure way of measuring the greatness of this remarkable man is the judgment which hard-headed, unemotional giants of the world, lay and ecclesiastical, of every degree, did not hesitate to express regarding him.

Here, for example, is an extract of what Archbishop Purcell wrote in 1847:

"Never, since the days of Xavier, Brébeuf, Marquette and Lallemant, has there been a missionary more clearly pointed out and called and sent for this great work than Father De Smet. His plans, I sincerely believe, are heaven inspired, and his labors have been sustained by heaven. I beg most earnestly to recommend the Indian missions, in behalf of which Father De Smet again is willing to risk his life, which has been too often already exposed with a martyr's heroism in the same cause."

Archbishop Hughes can be accepted as one who could make a fair estimate of character, and he did not hesitate to introduce Father De Smet to Secretary Seward as "the heroic missionary," of whom he said elsewhere that "he was well known and justly revered," and that "his labors had been crowned with wonderful success." Seward also could easily judge if there was any exaggeration in this description.

Thurlow Weed, a great national character in the sixties, writing to President Lincoln, says: "My friend, Father De Smet, whom I think you saw a year ago, has just returned from a visit to the Indians beyond the Rocky Mountains, and can impart useful information to you. No white man knows the Indians as Father De Smet, nor has any man their confidence in the same degree." Lincoln paid him the greatest attention.

Archbishop Eccleston, of Baltimore, says that "his long and perilous labors among the ferocious savages of Oregon will commend him to the veneration and charity of all who have the happiness of seeing him."

Thomas H. Benton wrote from St. Louis in 1852: "You can do more for the welfare of the Indians in keeping them at peace and friendship with the United States than an army with banners."

There is any amount of similar opinion upon the character of Father De Smet, and it will suffice to quote from a letter of Major Général Stanley, U. S. A., who was in command of the troops in Dakota, chiefly because it refers to Father De Smet in his old age, when most men would seek the well-earned repose of home. "Whatever may be the result of the treaty with the Sioux," he says, "we can never forget, nor shall we ever cease to admire the disinterested devotion of the Reverend Father De Smet, who, at the age of sixty-eight years, did not hesitate, in the midst of the heat in summer, to undertake a long and perilous journey across the burning plains, destitute of trees and even of grass, having none but corrupted and unwholesome water, constantly exposed to scalping by Indians, and this without seeking honor or remuneration of any sort, but solely to arrest the shedding of blood, and save, if it might be, some lives and preserve some habitations to these savage children of the wilderness, to whose spiritual and temporal welfare a long life of labor and solitude had been devoted."

The head chief of the Yanktonnais said in his speech: "We want Father De Smet to come and live with us, and bring other Blackrobes to live with us also, and we will listen to their words, and the Great Spirit will love and bless us."

Perhaps also the fact of this splendid biography of the great missionary which has been undertaken by gentlemen who are not Catholics, but who are moved simply by admiration of what he accomplished, and whose position enables them to verify the correctness of the statements made in the course of these numberless letters which they have carefully collated, will be a sufficient testimony of the esteem in which the great man was held by those outside of the Church.

Finally, there can be no delusion when the Government of the United States, which acts in such matters only after clear proofs of ability, again and again called on him to give his help for the pacification of the Indian tribes. He assisted at the great Indian council of 1851 near Fort Laramie. In 1858 and 1859 he accompanied the Utah and Oregon expeditions under General Harney in the nominal capacity of Chaplain,

but in the actual role of pacificator and intermediary between the military and Indians. In 1864 he was sent by the Government to pacify the Indians of the Upper Missouri, and again on a similar errand in 1867. In 1868 it was alone through his great influence that the hostile Sioux, who had declared war to the death with the white race and were spreading terror over the whole region of the Upper Missouri and Yellowstone Valleys, were induced to meet the commissioners of the Government and enter into a treaty of peace. That list of achievements is surely enough to confer greatness on any man. If he had never accomplished anything else than the peaceful conquest of Sitting Bull, among whose maddened warriors he walked with that same amazing courage which he constantly displayed, holding the banner of the Blessed Virgin in his hand, pleading with them to forget and forgive the past, and leading them finally down into the very midst of the United States Army, for they placed absolute confidence in his word, and succeeding finally in bringing 50,000 Indians back again to allegiance to the Government, in spite of all the outrages of which they had been the victims, that alone entitles him to a place of highest honor among the distinguished men of this nation. His simple description of that memorable meeting with the Indians out on the Powder River, hundreds of miles from any protection the Government could give him, but trusting himself absolutely to those wild men, all plumed and painted for war, and, as the chief himself said, heavy with the white blood that had been shed and eager for more, forms one of the most striking and picturesque scenes in American history, with the much more important and impressive feature in it of the marvellous power of the man in terminating a disastrous and bloody war, which, as those who were living then will recall, filled the country, and especially the authorities at Washington, with dismay.

But it may be objected that these heroic journeys, this opening up of unexplored territories, this writing of brilliant books, these incessant appeals to him by the Government for the pacification, are indeed all proofs of the greatness of the man, but the glamor and the popularity and applause they brought him have much of the worldly element, and are no guarantee of any work accomplished as a missionary and a priest. On the contrary, they afford an excellent and satisfactory measure of his achievements in that direction. For

in the first place, no step he ever took on these expeditions, continued, as they were, till he was broken with age and infirmity, not a line he ever wrote, not a public service he ever rendered to the Government had any other purpose than the advancement of the missions. Such works are just as priestly in their character as teaching catechism or preaching sermons. Had he not been to the fore, there would have been no sermons and no catechism.

What are the facts and figures in this case? Sixty-five years ago, barring the inhabitants of Mexico, there was scarcely a Christian Indian west of the Mississippi; with the exception of a couple of missionaries, like Blanchet and Demers, who had come down from Athabasca, there was not a single priest to announce the Gospel; and through all that vast territory, its unknown savage tribes were plunged in unspeakable, physical and moral degradation, and were bitter enemies of the white man's civilization. What are the conditions now? According to the *Report of the Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions* for 1903 and 1904, there are at present in the United States over 100,000 Catholic Indians; there are 178 churches and chapels for Indians; there are 6,000 Indian children in Catholic schools, and more than 3,000 in Government schools. There are 631 teachers, of whom nearly 400 are nuns, and there are 152 priests and 107 catechists. The condition of some of those Catholic Indian populations has called forth the most glowing eulogies in the legislative halls of Washington, and well founded hopes are entertained of greater triumphs in the future. Who was it that gave the initial impulse to this great movement? Peter Jean De Smet, the first priest who dared to undertake the perilous journey of more than two thousand miles in response to the call of the Flat-heads and Nez-Percés. True it is that numbers of heroic priests followed him; lived the lives of martyrs in those awful surroundings and elaborated slowly this splendid result, and they are rightly entitled to their meed of glory. But the one who called the attention of the world to this vast mission field; the one who awakened the enthusiasm of the Old and New Worlds to sustain the labors of the missionaries; the one whose writings and appeals induced multitudes of priests and nuns to devote their lives to this conquest; the one who indicated and established the most available posts for evangelical efforts; the one who averted many a possible massacre

of those missionaries by the universal esteem in which the savages held him, and mainly through him the other Black Robes; the one who secured the co-operation and protection of a Government which naturally had no reasons for encouraging the growth of Catholicity was Father De Smet, and there was no other man in evidence at least, who could have accomplished such results. Father De Smet is and will ever be one of the luminous and resplendent figures in the Catholic Church of America. And equally great should he be regarded by the country at large. On account of the vast political services he rendered to the State, which were at the time most gratefully acknowledged, and the memory of which might now serve for the solution of many a problem; on account of his wonderfully successful labor for a period of more than thirty years, in directly or indirectly uplifting, civilizing and educating almost one-third of what is left of the aboriginal population; and on account of his marvellous and almost miraculous power in keeping the hostile Indian tribes at peace and at times putting an end to or averting the horrors of savage war, when the Government was absolutely helpless and implored his aid, as well as on account of his own personal qualities as a man, as a missionary, as a patriot, as a philanthropist and as a priest, his memory should be held in benediction. His name is on our mountains and lakes, but the nation should build his monument.

T. J. CAMPBELL, S. J.

HIS MOTHER.

THROUGH a veil of white mist the midsummer sun, shorn of its beams and torrid heat, looked down upon an Irish hillside, "fair as the hills of paradise," and a country road that, with many windings, led away from the market town to a village "beyond in the hollow." A thatched cabin just at the summit of the ascent formed an excellent point of vantage from which to observe any traveller on the road in either direction, an opportunity seldom neglected either by Mary Dailey, the wife of Tim the carter, or his sister, Noreen.

Notwithstanding that the mist restricted the view on this occasion, it was Mrs. Dailey, herself, who now, on a bench

beside the door of the house, sat contentedly knitting, ready to ask and tell the news, or at least to sociably "pass the time of day" with whoever might come that way.

As if the fairies (those "good people" who are always ready to lend a helping hand in Ireland), were intent on rewarding her zeal, the fleecy curtain of cloud was lifted for the nonce and, from the world beyond it, might be seen, toiling along the highway, the thick-set figure of an elderly woman, neatly attired in black, even to her bonnet, which, nevertheless, was so ambitious and unmistakably up to date that Mrs. Dailey stared blankly, without at first recognizing the wearer.

"Wisha, Noreen, come here," she called, directing her voice toward the interior of the cabin, whence came the sounds of the contention of several small children; "Come here and say if this *can be* the Widow Burke, as grand as a duchess, trudging home from the town?"

Noreen needed no second summons.

"That's who it is, no less," she affirmed, after a sweeping glance, which took in the little of the landscape that was visible. "Is not this the day her son was to be priested in Dublin? Belike she is returning now from the sight of it all?"

"Of course; moreover, that's a Dublin bonnet, an' no mistake, shure the feathers on it are as fine as the plumes on a hearse."

Having delivered this gruesome encomium *sotto voce*, Mary rose to greet the wayfarer.

"Good evening, Mrs. Burke; won't you stop and rest a bit? It's a happy woman you ought to be this day. And how is *Father* John? He'll not forget his own, I know, but will be coming down to his native place before long."

Half an hour later, the new priest's mother, with a beaming face and a heart still happier because of the neighborly sympathy of the Daileys, resumed her journey to her own solitary little home in the village.

"It's clean daft the dear creature is about that son of hers, though a fine young man he is, God bless him," exclaimed Mary, as she watched the departure of her guest. "She's thinking, no doubt, that the Cardinal will be presently consulting with him, or the Pope will be sending for him to go to Rome."

Alas for human nature! How few can contemplate another's joy with unalloyed generosity.

"Fie, Mary! A proud woman she has a right to be, and great things have been said of Father John at the college, I've heard," interrupted Noreen, rallying to the cause of the widow. "It is jealous you are, for well you know that no son of yours will ever be good or clever enough to be a priest."

"Some are called and some are not," responded Mrs. Dailey, shortly. But, thenceforth, she "held her peace."

The Dailey boys were inclined to be a bit wayward, though her maternal indulgence often declared them "sadly misunderstood."

A proud woman Mrs. Burke was, indeed, and assuredly her satisfaction was justifiable, when, a few days later, Father John came, and, according to the sweet privilege accorded in Ireland, said Mass in his mother's house. And, after it was over, how beautiful was the sight when all the friends and neighbors waited to receive his blessing! Yes, surely his mother's cup of happiness was filled to the brim that day.

But it quite overflowed the next Sunday, when he preached in the chapel (Catholic church) of the town.

With what trepidation she awaited the event! How many times she "told her beads" with the intention that he might get through the ordeal without faltering or embarrassment.

At last the moment came; he entered the old pulpit to which he had looked up as a boy; he announced his text. Then there came a pause; so long it seemed, that she grew anxious. The stillness of expectancy was positively oppressive.

Had the precious, carefully-prepared sermon all gone "clean out of his head?"

"Sweet Blessed Virgin do not desert him now," prayed his mother. He looked down at her as she sat on the front bench, and smiled. The smile reassured her. That moment of hesitation had not been due to self-consciousness; he was but gathering up his forces.

Now his voice rose clear and confident above the little congregation in what seemed to her happy love as one of the most splendid bursts of eloquence the world had ever heard.

Where under heaven did he get this wonderful gift of language; the words that fell from his lips like music; the fire that kindled a responsive glow in the hearts of his hearers. Not one there could have told what held them, yet they recog-

nized the magnetism of his earnestness, the charm of a strong personality.

His mother, in the front pew, knew now there was no fear that he would forget or falter. Yet still she prayed, though her petition was altered.

"Mother of God save him from the pride by which fell the angels," she besought, with naive piety. "Let not this power to stir the hearts of others prove his own undoing."

Humble-minded, with no learning beyond the ability to read her prayer-book or the newspaper, and, "with infinite pains," to write a simple letter, the mother of the young priest never dreamed that whatever oratorical talent he possessed was a heritage from herself, the echo of the fervent Keltic prayers that had welled up from her heart as she clasped her babe to her breast. Ah, yes, she had given him the deep poetic feeling, the ardent faith of her nature, and now God had consecrated the gift.

* * * * *

Before long, Father John began to be known as a young man likely to make his mark as a preacher.

A year went by, a year during which, amid the many duties of his life as a city curate he, at intervals, found time to write to his mother and tell her of his work.

One thing he did not tell her, however, and this rested uneasily on his mind when he came down to see her. Again it was summer; the fields were carpeted with a green softer in hue than the verdure of any other pastures the world over; the skies were blue and cloudless, and at evening the thrush sang in the hedges.

The Widow Burke was better off than many of her neighbors; her husband had been prosperous, for an Irish farmer, and at his death she had come to live in the village, giving up the holding whereon those of his name had been tenants for generations. The last of his race was called to a wider sphere of labor and the tilling of a more difficult soil.

The little parlor wore a look of comfort which a vine of climbing roses that twined outside one of the windows seemed to peer in to see. Over the chimney-piece hung a gilt-framed college diploma, and on the centre-table were displayed several books in bindings, whose glory were somewhat dimmed by time—trophies of Father John's school days.

Beside the table sat Mrs. Burke herself, arrayed in her best.

For now that her son's visits were such an honor to the little rural community, she persisted in treating him as company.

There was an ingeniousness in his manner to-day that reminded her of the time when he was all her own. Like a boy he hung about her chair, stole away her knitting, and, with an unusual demonstration of tenderness, bending down, kissed her cheek and smoothed her brown hair, that was turning so fast to silver.

Ah, there was, after all, some natural compensation to her for having given him up to the service of the altar, she reflected, in happy gratitude. In a certain sense he would remain her own to the end. No other woman would ever take him from her, as would have been the case had he chosen another calling, and married. Apart from his vocation, she would be the love of his life.

Tears of joy filled her eyes. She brushed them away, and smiling up at him, resumed a former conversation.

"So you preached at Whitsuntide; and also for the dedication of the new chapel at T——. They will be having you for the Christmas sermon at the Cathedral, asthore?"

He laughed, pleased, and half amused by her maternal admiration, yet his answer was seemingly foreign to the topic she broached.

"A missionary from Africa has been in Dublin lately," he said, thoughtfully.

"Yes? Well, I suppose the people of those parts must be looked after. You'll be a bishop some day, John?"

"Nonsense, mother."

"Has Father Tom, of —— parish, asked you to preach for him?"

"Never mind that now, dear," he persisted. "It is of these poor heathen of the dark continent I want to speak; priests are needed among them. I have been thinking it over and, mother, a voice in my heart urges me to go. It is to ask your consent to my going that I have come home. God knows it will be hard for me to leave you, mother darling, but you would not have me turn back after having put my hand to the plow, would you? Mother, mother! What is the matter? Speak to me! I won't go if the very thought of it breaks your heart like this! My God, have I killed her?"

The Widow Burke had fallen back in her chair, apparently lifeless. But the old servant who ran in from the kitchen at

the young man's cry of alarm said comfortingly, as she dashed an unnecessary supply of water, he thought, over the unconscious woman:

"It is only a faint she is in, your reverence; I've never known her to take such a spell before. It must be the heat of the season, God bless us."

Tenderly he chafed her hands and bathed her brow, and when at last she revived, he whispered, contritely:

"Forget all about it, mother. While you live (and may you be spared for many years) I will remain near you. This I owe you for all you have done for me. Be content and happy again."

The following day passed, and then the next, yet the matter was not mentioned between them.

But a mother's devotedness is quick to apprehend, and Mrs. Burke's loving eyes unwillingly read in her son's frank face the disappointment he dutifully strove to hide from her.

"He takes it as much to heart as if it was a pleasure trip to America I was keeping him from," she lamented, with fond folly. "To think of the hopes I had for him. In my mind have I not long seen him high among the clergy of the land, winning honors on every side. And now he is keen to cast away all his chances of advancement, all the comforts of life, for the sake of a parcel of savages that seem scarcely human, it is said. Can I let him do it! Can I let him do it!"

That night she spent upon her knees. But not until he was about to return to the city did she speak. Then, as he stood before her, so tall, and strong, and handsome, she reached up her arms, those gentle arms that had cradled him in infancy, and clasping them around his neck, stammered:

"John! John! If God's will calls you to the ends of the earth I can only bid you go, with my blessing."

The glad light of a cherished ideal rendered possible leaped into his eyes, but the next moment they were wet with manly tears. For even as she bade him go she clung to him and rested her head upon his breast.

"Mother," he said, soothing her, "you are as heroic as was the mother of Maccabees, for like her you have given your all."

He came again, of course, to say goodbye, before setting out on his long voyage, and at the leave-taking the neighbors were surprised by her calmness. Nevertheless, well they knew it

was the calm of one whose courage is upheld by angel hands.

"Keep thinking how happy we shall be when I come back, mother," he cried, cheerily, at parting. "I am to return for a while in three years' time, you know."

What indeed were three years in comparison with the patience of her love!

Two of them passed, their loneliness being shortened by letters from the young missionary, describing the natives of the benighted country wherein he labored—letters gaily written, and as filled with humorous incidents as a Christmas pudding is full of plums.

Father John had evidently all the grit of his ancestors who fought the fight and kept the faith in the old penal days.

Yes, two years passed. And then, one summer day, Mary Dailey (Noreen was long gone away to "the States")—Mary Dailey, from the door of her hillside cabin, saw a brown-robed missionary come up from the market town. He acknowledged her greeting only by an inclination of the head, and passed on to the village.

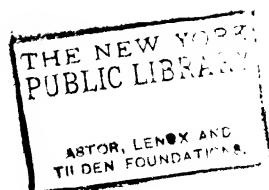
"'Tis tidings of Father John he is bringing to Mrs. Burke. In a twelvemonth, now, her son will be home once more!" ejaculated Mary.

Thereupon, bidding the children "mind the house," she sped down the road, to be early at the giving out of the news.

Alack, it was sorrow the stranger brought to the little home of the widow, and, dazed and tearless, but with wild, frightened eyes she listened to the story.

For he told how, impelled by an impulse, inexplicable, save perhaps as a call from spirit to spirit, or else a leading of the supernatural, some months before, he, himself, had set out on a journey from his own mission station into the heart of the desert, with no purpose but a consciousness that he was needed there. How he found Father John ill with the black fever in a hut raised by two Christian natives of the tribe among whom he had toiled. Finally, with lowered voice and pitying gentleness, the Franciscan told of the young missionary's death there in the wilderness, alone but for the presence of this unknown fellow-laborer mercifully come across the waste of sand, to minister to him, the wondering blacks, and God's Heaven above him.

And yet, the poor woman, God help her, sat dry-eyed in the apathy of her great desolation.



But the visitor, however, still had a message to deliver, the last message of a son's loving heart.

"Bid my mother be comforted. She knows the great things I have planned to do, the little I have accomplished. But tell her once more of the band of Christianized blacks, the rude chapel, the little children baptized. She must not remember the hardships, the sacrifices. Tell her from me that, even for this small part of the work accomplished I *would do it all over again.*"

As these brave words, *his* last words, fell upon her ears, the flood-gates of her grief were opened.

"It was to be," she sobbed, "Often, as I saw him in my dreams, his face was never set toward Ireland and home. Yet, I made no bargain with God, but gave him up all in all; and though my heart is broken, I would not ask him back again."

A few days later the kindly Widow Burke was found tranquilly resting in her chair beside her vine-wreathed window, in the sleep from which the good neighbors could not awaken her.

Far away, in the annals of a mission house, was set down the record of *one* more life yielded up for the apostolate of the faith. But instead of *one*, might not the scribe have written *two*, and added in letters of gold the name of *the young priest's mother?*

MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

OUR LADY'S GARDEN,

OR: AN AROMA FROM THE LAND OF FLOWERS.

DEVOTION to Mary, the Mother of God, is one of the distinctive marks of the Catholic Church, the glory and pride of her children. Many and varied are the practices by which Catholics love to show their devotion and prove their loyalty to Mary, and among them the Sodalities occupy the first place. They are the gems of all the sweet flowers of devotion blooming so gay in the rich garden of Our Blessed Lady. Of humble and modest origin, like the humble Virgin herself, in whose honor they were established, the Sodalities soon proved a strong centre of attraction, and so great are their charms and advantages that they won the esteem and the hearts of young and old, rich and poor.

To-day they are found in every clime, among every nation

under the sun; and looking at their marvellous growth and extension, we may well apply to them the words of Holy Writ, applied also by the Church to Mary herself: "And I have stood on all the earth: and in every people. And in every nation I have had the chief rule: And by my power I have trodden under my feet the hearts of all the high and low: and in all these I sought rest, and I shall abide in the inheritance of the Lord." (Ecclesiasticus, 24: 9-12.)

Yes, the Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin Mary, like the Church in which they took root, are Catholic, and will continue a permanent institution. More than any other practice of devotion, they have helped to fulfill the prophecy of the humble Virgin of Nazareth: "Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Luke 1: 48.)

At first a small and modest plant, the Sodalities have grown into a "Majestic Tree," which extends its branches all over the world, across mountains, deserts and seas. It is found in the ice-bound tracts of the Arctic regions and in the desert sands of Africa; it has followed the sun in his course from his rising in the east to the uttermost bounds of the Western Hemisphere, everywhere gladdening the hearts of all by its rich flowers and sweet fruits of grace and virtue.

Not long after their establishment in the Roman College of the Society of Jesus, the Sodalities were transplanted by Catholic missionaries into the tropics, and about thirty years ago they took root in Jamaica, the Pearl of the Antilles; to-day, Kingston, the capital of the island, can boast of five most flourishing Sodalities, with ever increasing numbers and growing devotion. With no little pride we can say that our beloved island, where almost every shrub and tree is a huge, fragrant bouquet of Eden-like beauty, has no flowers of more luxuriant growth, of more delicate hues, and of sweeter aroma than those which we admire in the Sodalities attached to Holy Trinity Church.

These five Sodalities, growing into a "Majestic Tree," are deeply rooted in the rich, generous soil of the Catholic Church, the fruitful Mother of every good work. They enjoy the warm and bright sunshine of God's blessing. Planted and reared by the fostering hand of ecclesiastical authority, whose every word of encouragement falls upon them as drops of refreshing dew, they show great vigor of life and promise

to become a spiritual leaven in the religious, moral and social life of our city.

This, our cherished hope, rests upon the fact that the already numerous members of these Sodalities have chosen the Virgin Mother of God for their model and patroness, determined under her banner and with her example before them, to fight the battles of the Lord. Moreover, the life-sap which so abundantly courses through the various branches of the Sodalities is Catholic zeal and charity, and these have their source in a sincere love of God, and in a most tender devotion to the Immaculate Queen of Heaven. Armed with and impelled forward by this love of God, which gives the Sodalists strength and perseverance; spurred on by this love for the Mother of God, whose devoted children and loyal knights they are, can we wonder that they have in so short a time already achieved great success all along the line of good works; and may we not justly hope that in no distant future, the Sodalities will prove a blessing to the whole community in which they are planted, thus realizing the ardent expectations of Our Holy Father, Pope Pius X, "of restoring all things in Christ." (Ephes. 1: 10.)

In order to carry out this program of his Supreme Pontificate, the Holy Father greatly relies on the help and coöperation of the laity. In his first Encyclical letter he says: "We know that God recommended every one to have a care for his neighbor." (Ecclus. 17: 12.) For it is not priests alone, but all the faithful, without exception, who must concern themselves with the interests of God and souls. Our predecessors have therefore long since approved and blessed those Catholics who have banded together in societies of various kinds, but always religious in their aim. We, too, have no hesitation in awarding our praise to this great idea, and we earnestly desire to see it propagated and flourish in town and country. But we wish that all such associations aim first and chiefly at the constant maintenance of Christian life among those who belong to them. For, truly, it is of little avail to discuss questions of nice subtlety, or to discourse eloquently of rights and duties, when all this is not connected with practice. The times we live in demand action; but action which consists entirely in observing with fidelity and zeal the Divine laws and precepts of the Church, in the frank and open profession of religion, in the exercise of every kind of charitable works, with-

out regard to self-interest or worldly advantage. Such luminous examples given by the great army of soldiers of Christ will be of much greater avail in moving and drawing men than words and sublime dissertations; and it will easily come about that when human respect has been driven out, and prejudices and doubts laid aside, large numbers will be won to Christ, becoming in their turn promoters of His knowledge and love, which are the road to true and solid happiness. Oh! when in every city and village the law of the Lord is faithfully observed; when respect is shown for sacred things; when the sacraments are frequented and the ordinances of Christian life fulfilled, there certainly will be no more need for us to labor further to see "all things restored in Christ." Nor is it for the attainment of eternal welfare alone that this will be of service—it will also contribute largely to temporal welfare and the advantage of human society.

This program of our Holy Father, the Pope, is also the program of our Sodalities: "to restore all things in Christ;" to bring ourselves and many others nearer to God. The blessing of the Pope, and the success already obtained, are no small encouragement, and looking confidently into the future we may, in a measure, say of these Sodalities: "I was exalted like a cedar in Libanus, and as a cypress tree on Mount Zion; I was exalted like a palm tree in Cades, and as a rose plant in Jericho; as a fair olive tree in the plains, and as a plane tree by the water in the streets was I exalted.

"I gave a sweet smell like cinnamon and aromatical balm; I yielded a sweet odor like the best myrrh; and I perfumed my dwelling as storax, and galbanum, and onyx, and aloes, and as the frankincense not cut, and my odor is as the purest balm.

"I have stretched out my branches as the turpentine tree, and my branches are of honor and grace." (Ecclus. 24: 17-23.)

"Thy plants are a paradise of pomegranates with the fruits of the orchard, cypress with spikenard and saffron, sweet cane and cinnamon, with all the trees of Libanus, myrrh and aloes with all the sweet perfumes." (Canticle of Canticles 4: 13-15.)

We invite, therefore, all, especially the Catholic young men, to take refuge under this sheltering "Tree," and taste of its sweet and delicious fruits by taking an active part in the many good works carried on in the Sodalities. Again we may say of these pious associations: "In me is all grace of the way and of the truth; in me is all hope of life and of virtue. Come over to me, all ye that desire me, and be filled with my fruits.

"For my spirit is sweet above honey, and my inheritance above honey and the honey-comb." (Eccli. 24: 25.)

"They that eat me shall yet hunger, and they that drink me yet thirst," for more and greater works of charity.

"All good things come to me together with her (the Sodality), and innumerable riches through her hand." (Wisdom 7: 11.)

"Blessed is the man that shall find me (by becoming a member of the Sodality), for he shall find life and shall have salvation from the Lord." (Prov. 8: 35.)

For the Sodality leads to Mary, who in the language of the Scripture is "the mother of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope; in her is all grace of the way and of the truth, all hope of life and virtue." Eccli. 24: 24-25.)

And Mary leads to Jesus, who is "the author and finisher of our faith" (Hebr. 12: 2), "the mediator between God and man" (1 Tim. 2: 5), "the author of our Salvation." (Hebr. 2: 10.)

Mary, the Queen of the Sodality, "stands on the right hand of the King, in gilded clothing, surrounded round about with variety." (Ps. 44: 10.) "After her virgins shall be brought to the King." (Ps. 44: 15.) "She stands as a fruitful vine, on the sides of the house—her children as olive plants round about her table." (Ps. 127: 31.) "They shall remember her name throughout all generations. Wherefore shall people praise her forever; yea, forever and ever." (Ps. 44: 17-18.)

1. St. George's College Sodality is the latest flower in the garden of Mary. It was planted during the Jubilee year of the Immaculate Conception, and may, therefore, aptly be called "the Jubilee Flower." The students had their first Solemn Reception on December 8, 1904, when twenty-eight of them inscribed their names on the Golden Book of the Sodality, each one determined to be "Servus perpetuus Mariæ"—a servant of Mary forever. Under the skillful direction of the Rev. C. N. Raley, S.J., they meet on Wednesday of every week, in the College Aula, Winchester Park, before a pretty statue of the Immaculate Conception, entitled "Sedes Sapientiæ," the Patroness of their studies. After the recitation of the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, and the singing of her beautiful hymns, one of the students reads a paper explaining one of the titles of the Litany of Loretto. During the month of May the Sodality has special devotions every day in honor of

Mary. Each day one of the boys reads a short essay, in which he treats of one of the virtues or prerogatives of the Queen of May.

But the students' devotion to Mary is not merely confined to the class-room. It is their intention shortly to have a larger statue, entitled "*Causa nostræ lætitiæ*," placed on the college campus, under a group of majestic royal palms; where the students will, as it were, play and recreate under the very eyes of their Mother, and where she will preside over their innocent games and athletic sports, as she does in the class-room over their studies.

The boys took this idea from the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, erected during the Jubilee years in a little park on the Church premises. The Grotto is built of limestone, resembling the marble rocks of Massabielle, where Bernadette received the mysterious apparition of Mary Immaculate, on February 11, 1858. A fountain, whose water is supplied by the Hope River, is flowing at the feet of the statue, like the crystal waters of the miraculous spring which, since the apparition, has proved such a rich source of health and life to thousands of afflicted and suffering victims. A life-size statue of our Lady of Lourdes graces the rustic niche, a picture of sweetness and majesty, like the apparition herself. There she stands, in her white robes and blue cincture, the white veil over her head, the rosary wound around her fingers, her hands joined, her eyes uplifted to Heaven. Nor are the roses wanting which graced the Virgin's feet when she stepped forward to tell Bernadette her name, saying: "I am the Immaculate Conception." Jamaica can boast of the prettiest roses, as may be seen from the specimens which bloom so richly around our Lady's Grotto in Kingston.

2. The Boys' Sodality numbers 125 members, recruited principally from the Catholic schools of the city. They are admitted as soon as they have made their First Holy Communion. Then, or perhaps never. Flowers exhale their sweetest perfume early in the morning, and they yield their best honey when still covered with the morning dew. Once the tropical sun begins to dart his burning rays upon them they lose much of their fragrance, and the belated bee finds their petals scorched.

Thus, boys just returning from the Holy Table, where for the first time in their lives they were admitted to a union with

God, when they are still unsullied by falsehood, easily take to religious practices and devotions, and cheerfully yield to the salutary influence of the priest. But, if left to themselves, at that most critical period of their life, many of them, in the heat of the first trial of their liberty, will lose that attraction for prayer, and soon forget how sweet the Lord was to their souls, when, on the day of their First Communion, He descended into their young and innocent hearts.

Thanks to the Sodality, our boys are the "Morning Glories" among the flowers of Mary—little pages in the service of their Heavenly Queen, the "Mystical Rose."

3. The men's Sodality numbers 125 members. They are the pride of Kingston—Our Lady's Loyal Knights; her guard of honor. A most edifying sight to God, angels and men is offered on every third Sunday of the month, when they are seen kneeling around the Holy Table, to receive Holy Communion in a body; or when, bare-headed, carrying a lighted candle in their hands, they march in procession behind the Most Blessed Sacrament on the feast of Corpus Christi and at the Forty Hours' Exposition. No less edifying is it to see the same men in their zeal and charity carrying relief to the poor. Like sunbeams they send their cheering light into the gloom of many a poverty-stricken home and heart. They are "The Sun-flowers" in our Lady's garden.

4. The Girls' Sodality, or Little Children of Mary, with a membership of 250, are perhaps the most attractive and choicest group in the floral collection of the Queen of the Sodality. With their white dresses, their blue ribbons, their silver medals, their bright eyes and their innocent hearts, they may in all truth be called "the lilies of the valley"—Mary's favorite and pet flowers. Their sweet little voices, their marked devotion at the monthly meetings, and especially their devout reception of Holy Communion, remind one of a bright group of little angels. This is also the case on the occasion of their two annual processions during the months of May and December. In double line they follow the richly decorated statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary, carried aloft by four of her devoted children, singing their sweetest melodies, and holding in their hands a huge bouquet of choicest tropical flowers, which, at the end of the procession, they lovingly place mountain high at the feet of their dear Mother.

5. The Ladies' Sodality, which celebrated its Silver Jubilee

on December 8, 1902, and now numbers 265 members, may be called the gem in the floral wreath which adorns the Queen of the Sodality in Jamaica. For piety, zeal, and charity, they have no equal. In proof of this we point with pride to the exquisite marble statue, the ornament of the Sodality Chapel, the loving tribute of the Ladies' Sodality, and their Jubilee gift to Mary Immaculate. We also point with admiration to the noble institution of the Ladies of Charity, whose members are all received from the Sodality, and who do such good work in clothing, visiting and instructing the poor.

Mindful of what our Blessed Lord said: "By kindly remembering the poor, you remember Me; by not forgetting those in distress, you do not forget Me," we like to compare the Ladies' Sodality to a most exquisite flower, known as "the Forget-me-not." When grouped together in a bunch, their azure-blue leaves and their golden, starry centre form a picture of the heavens on a clear moonlight night. They remind us also of that other picture described by St. John in his Apocalypse, 12: 1: "And a great sign appeared in heaven: A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." Mary, of whom St. John speaks here, was given to the world by our Lord as a "Forget-me-not." Those who sincerely honor and love the Mother of Jesus cannot and will not forget Him. For the same reason children of Mary in our Sodalities have chosen the Blessed Virgin for their model and patroness, that through the Mother they may come nearer to the Son: "Ad Jesum per Mariam."

These five Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin Mary form the centre of all the works of piety, zeal and charity, so successfully carried on in our Catholic community. They are the vigorous stem which gives life to the entire "Tree," with its many branches, and causes their rich blossoms to ripen into fruits, most sweet and wholesome, exquisite in beauty and flavor. May they long bear fruit worthy of the Queen and patroness, the Immaculate Mother of God.

We cordially invite all the tourists who annually visit our picturesque and hopsitable shores to come and inspect our "Lignum Vitæ," or the Sodality tree of "Our Lady of Jamaica."

JOHN HARPES, S. J.

THE MISSIONS.

MISSIONARY LABORS AT PUTTUR, SOUTH CANARA, INDIA.

Situated to the east of the Diocese of Mangalore, the Puttur Parish, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary under the title of the *Mother of God*, is the most extensive of all in the Diocese. Its population, which numbered 3,134 in June last, consists of all possible classes of Christian people, and perhaps nowhere in the Diocese does one meet with such a striking combination of civilized life and barbarous ignorance. Besides the Parish Church, there are two chapels, both under the care of the same parish priest of Puttur-Borimar, ten miles from Puttur, and Vittal, nine miles off. The former is dedicated to Saint Joseph, and the latter to our Lady of Dolors.

Extent of the Parish.—The Parish is thirty-two miles in extent from north to south, and fifty-two miles from east to west. From this vast extent one can fairly judge of the difficulties of a single priest administering to the spiritual wants of his widely scattered parishioners. Those, however, who have seen a little of the interior of the Diocese of Mangalore can understand these difficulties still better. Bad roads, numbers of streams, most of which are without boats or bridges, hills, valleys and thick forests into which it is often necessary for the pastor to penetrate to visit his flock and likewise for the people to approach their parish church, are some of those inevitable difficulties. Owing to this it is not difficult to find a good many Christians that have never seen their own parish or any other church. Hence the only blessing they enjoy is to see their pastor once a year in their own dwellings, and this when the parish priest makes his round in the villages.

People who are unacquainted with the distances that separate our villages may be surprised to hear that we see a good part of our flock only once or twice in the year. The distance, however, of our village from another, and likewise the distance separating the different houses is so great that it is with difficulty and at a great sacrifice that we succeed in visiting them even once a year.

It is almost a rare occurrence that any of such parishioners goes to see his pastor at his residence. In many places a single family resides in the middle of a forest, or in a valley separated by several miles from other houses. How, then, can such a family, or the father of his family, walk a distance of twenty-thirty or forty miles to the parish church and back, leaving meanwhile wife and children unprotected behind?

Social Condition and Customs of my Flock.—A good part of my flock are of the *Gaudi* caste, which is considered very low by their more fortunate brethren, the *Brahmins*. Their low birth, in addition to their extreme poverty, makes them the most pitiable class of my flock. Of about ninety-five families of the former class belonging to the Puttur Parish, excepting a few that take to cultivation, the greatest part are day laborers. One might naturely raise the question here why these families do not apply themselves to agriculture. The reasons seem to me to be the following: (1) The conditions laid down by the Madras Government for holding land on assessment fall heavily in them; (2) the rich pagan landlords possess almost all the fertile land available, and the influence they enjoy enables them to keep all others from occupying land hitherto untilled. The effect of this is that in the more remote villages of my parish there is not a single Christian land-owner; (3) they have a natural dislike to hard labor. This dislike, however, is excusable, inasmuch as the unhealthy climate of the places in which they live makes their constitutions unfit for such labor.

Neither are they in a position to hold land on lease from the pagan landlords and get a decent livelihood out of it. Not that the pagan landlords refuse to rent out land to them, but the Christian natives of this place can never prosper so long as they cultivate the lands of a Hindu land-owner. The tenants are by their agreement liable to be ejected from their lands at the end of the year, which is the term for which the land is leased to them. Moreover, they have to work *gratis* for their masters a certain number of days in the year. Further, the landlords in most cases are unwilling that their tenants should thrive and prosper, and as soon as they find any one of their tenantry in a fair way of prosperity, they strive either to increase the rent or to put him in such straits as to compel him to leave his holding. Thus they are forced to change their abode frequently, and thus their pastor, who sees

them in one village this year, may find them several miles off the next year, and it is only with a carefully made "Family Register" that he will be able to find out their whereabouts. How can people under such circumstances help being poor and miserable? Generally all their possessions are confined to a few earthen pots about the hearth, a few articles of dress hanging by a rope suspended from a corner of their dwelling, a small tin kerosene oil lamp (valued generally at six pees), one or two bottles hanging over the hearth, a pestle to grind paddy, a broom and a few mats. Their clothes are so few that sometimes the same piece of cloth has to serve as dress for several members of the family when they go out of doors in turn. If we ask them why they do not come to church, the answer very often is, "Signor Padre, we have no clothing," and the answer is perfectly true. If these people only knew how to imitate Christ poor and naked!

Their food is cooked rice, which they take both in the morning and in the evening. On account of poverty a good many go without dinner, men taking toddy (which here serves the purposes of beer in Europe), and women conjee water instead. During the wet season when earnings are scarce, they deprive themselves of even these two meals and eat jack-fruits and such other things instead. Meat is a dainty to them which they get only on such rare and grand occasions as a marriage feast, the entertainment of some rare guest, and the like. Scarcely any of them knows what mutton is, pork and fowl being what they generally get. There are not a few among them who have not tasted meat for a whole year, and we come to know of this perpetual abstinence when we question them about the law of abstinence; for the answer on this point is: "Sherpad (Signor Padre), it is two or three years since I tasted meat; who gives us meat?"

Luxuries in eating and drinking are unknown to them—in fact, they have not enough of rice. During the working season, which lasts from October to June, they eat sufficiently; but from July to September, the rainy season, many of them are so ill-fed that they become reduced to mere skeletons; and as the change of season brings with it a sudden change in the atmosphere, these poor people suffer much from cold and fever during the period of rains.

As the *Gaudi* class generally lives among pagan and idolatrous people, they are much inclined to take up pagan cus-

toms and superstitions. This is especially true of their marriage and funeral customs. The celebration of betrothals and their manner, too, of dressing, of ornamenting the neck and hands, savor much of pagan ways. And it is neither uncommon nor wonderful to see people hereabouts having recourse to superstitious remedies at the time of sickness and such others trials. These poor people, being removed from the influence of priests, the sacraments and all Christian practices, there can be nothing surprising if they do not lead truly Christian lives; but the wonder is that they live and die as Christians.

Though these people are by far the most ignorant and least instructed part of my flock, I must confess that there is enough to praise them for; they are obedient and affectionate to their priests. But it is not mere affection alone on the part of the priest that will get them to do their duties, but affection combined with a proper amount of determination that is able to bend their unruly spirits.

Their ignorance of religious matters is surprising. The chief reason for this is their inability to keep up intercourse with their priest, as the villages lie a great way off from the Parish Church. Thus, when young, the villagers are not properly instructed in the Catholic faith. Besides, years back there existed in many parts of our Diocese the practice among parents of sending their children to the Parish Church for catechism only at the time when they were to be married. This practise was the outcome of the conditions of a time when there was a scarcity of parish churches and of priests. The practise was put an end to when our Diocese happily passed into the hands of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Our Diocese has since that time enjoyed manifold blessings, of which the education of youth is by far the greatest. The first Pro-Vicar of this Diocese, the Rt. Rev. Dr. N. M. Pagani, S.J., of pious memory, made it a rule to visit annually all the churches of his Diocese, and exhorted parish priests that during his pastoral visit children should be brought to him, that he might test their knowledge of their catechism. Thus the parish priests were obliged to do their best to have all parish children well instructed. The zealous and noble-hearted Pro-Vicar also advised the parish priests to appoint catechists to instruct the children in their own villages. Thus a catechist was appointed at Puttur, whose business it was to go about

the villages teaching catechism to the parish children. This practice is also kept up now.

The efforts at giving children instruction in Christian doctrine have been admirably successful. But the catechist's duties are no longer limited to mere instruction of children. He has, besides, to instruct certain select persons how to baptize dying children, both Christian and pagan; to collect the people on Sundays and teach them how to pray and to sanctify the Lord's day and likewise how to assist the dying; to correct the less fervent and scandalous Christians, to report all such persons to the parish priest, to settle disputes, to arrange betrothals and the like.

Before concluding my narrative about the *Gaudis*, I must not forget to remark that on the whole they are a very chaste class of people. Their chief failing seems to me to be untruthfulness. Yet their simplicity obliges one to overlook this, as well as their rude manners and awkward practices.

The Condition of Other Classes of my Flock.—The rest of my flock are mostly of the *Brahmin* caste, the descendants of the Brahmins converted to our Holy Faith about four centuries ago, when Portugal held its sway over India. They are, as a rule, gifted with more intelligence than the *Gaudi* class, and are, on the whole, better instructed in faith and morals. They are, however, mostly illiterate and poor, and have not the means to educate their children. It is true that, of late, schools have sprung up in several villages of our Diocese, but few of our village children attend them. The chief reason of this is the inability of the parents to pay the school fees. The domestic needs of the family constitute a second cause. When a boy or girl grows up, they are required to participate in the labors of the family, either grazing cattle or fetching grass and firewood, or minding their little brothers or sisters when their parents are away at work.

The consequence of all this is that my extensive parish has no parish school. My predecessor, the Rev. C. J. Rego, who labored zealously in this parish for nine years, had opened a girls' school five years ago; but for want of funds was compelled to hand it over to the Local Fund Board, which gave it later on to the Government. It is attended now by 99 girls, of whom 41 are Catholics. It is in charge of two Catholic female teachers, and so we find it easy to give our Catholic girls regular instruction in catechism. We exercise, too, a

wholesome influence over the Hindu girls, and make the teachers give them a sound education by training them to virtue and good conduct. But what better results could we not obtain if the school were under our own government!

Feeling the want of a parish school, I took courage to open a boys' school at Borimar in May, 1903. The attendance has now reached 53. I have not been able as yet to engage a Catholic trained teacher. This and other financial difficulties are distressing indeed.

As the children of the laboring classes cannot attend regular day schools, the following method was devised for them: For five months in the year when they are more free, we call them to the church, and after an hour's catechism class, instruct them to read the Konkani Primer (Konkani is their mother tongue), the Konkani catechism and the prayer-book. We have such temporary schools in three stations: Puttur, Borimar and Vittal.

A great deal yet remains to be done. When I was at Kallianpur some three years back, I had opened two schools there, one for boys, which had 104 pupils on its rolls, and the other for girls, who were then 50 in number. But all this was done mainly with the aid of alms received from Europe and America. Providence directed a kind-hearted Jesuit Father to take interest in my humble endeavors, and he got me substantial help from California.

After giving you the above account, I beg you now, dear reader, to join me in rejoicing over the consoling aspect of poverty among my flock. The poorer the people, the better often their lives, and the livelier their faith. Our churches are well attended by the faithful on Sundays and feast days; a pretty good number of the town attends daily Mass, too; they receive the sacraments frequently, they hear eagerly the word of God, send their children to catechism, and if a mission be preached, they generally attend it in large numbers. The chief devotions practised by them are those of the Sacred Heart, the Holy Rosary and the devotion to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. And we have good reason to hope that if my present flock are good Christians, the future generations will be more fervent and virtuous.

Side by side with this good, there is a rising evil—I mean the anti-Catholic spread of Lutheran Protestantism. By means of various mercantile firms and workshops, the Luther-

ans have been able to attract many Hindoos (pagans) to their religion, and by the aid of large resources at their disposal they are now trying to lead even the Catholic poor people astray. They established themselves at Puttur about five years ago, and have lately built a big station at a cost of over \$75,000. They have, moreover, bought land in this place worth about \$30,000. The converts they have had here are few indeed, not exceeding ten in number. But they have their catechists moving about in the villages, and our anxiety is for the poor Catholic families, lest they should be led astray by the tempting offer of better material conditions. Just now the Lutherans are intending to open a boys' school here; but I could easily forestall them had I about \$33 with me for the present.

This is a moral enemy. But I have to encounter a physical enemy, too. Both the Parish Church and the Parish residence at Puttur are in the very heart of the town. For one reason or other my predecessors had not bought the land round about the church. And the consequence is that a line of shops has been raised just in front, within 25 feet of the church. The noise and bustle in these petty shops is such that the faithful are greatly distracted during divine service. Another evil is just coming to a head. The ground behind our church has been lately bought by a Hindu dealer in liquors. He has already raised a tavern and intends building a line of shops which he means to let. The Lord alone knows to what straits we shall be reduced when our church is placed between these two lines of shops.

The people in civilized countries cannot sufficiently realize the difficulties of our missions. Our Catholics live amidst infidels of various castes and creeds. Sometimes a Christian family has to establish itself in the very heart of a village of Hindoos, and the force of evil example, chiefly to youth, is very great. Sometimes well-meaning non-Catholics ask us why the vast majority of our people are so poor. The reasons are manifold. First, the persecution of the Christians by the Mussulman despot, Tippu Sultan, who some two centuries back carried away about 60,000 Christians of our district as captives to his capital, Seringapatam. Only a few of these afterwards returned when the tyrant at length fell in war against the English. In the meantime all their property had been taken possession of by the Hindoos and Mussulmans and

was never returned to them; second, the want of large industries; third, total absence of irrigation works; fourth, the hilly nature of the country, which renders it unfit for cultivation; fifth, limited trade; sixth, gradual increase of taxation; seventh, the disinclination of the people to emigrate.

The poverty of the country has touched me particularly as regards one point, and this is that a good number of our grown-up girls are unmarried. There is a custom here for the parents of a girl to pay a dowry when she is given in marriage. Now many fathers of families are so badly off that they cannot make any savings, and so their daughters have to remain unmarried, and this amidst pagans. In the town of Puttur alone there are about forty grown-up unmarried girls, most of whom are *Brahmins*, and their parents regard it as a violation of the caste rules to marry them to husbands of lower caste without dowry, and yet they have absolutely no means to marry them to husbands of their own rank.

I shall now, dear reader, give you a detailed description of the manner in which we make our rounds in the villages. I have been given by the Bishop of the Diocese a coadjutor in the person of a zealous young priest. The visit of villages, though the hardest, forms none the less the most consoling of our duties. The account that I shall give below is a description of our visits to the villages held in November, 1902.

The most important station is Kokkad. It is 25 miles from Puttur and not far from Shiradi Ghats. This village is very dear to me, as it has been to all my predecessors. While I myself was coadjutor of the late Rev. Father Albert D'Souza at Killiaupur, I had heard from him many interesting anecdotes about the people of Kokkad. Father Albert himself had been at Puttur in his younger days, and had as a parish priest often visited Kokkad. In his time (i. e. about thirty years back) Kokkad was not inhabited as it now is, but was infested with wild animals. Father Albert would often describe to me how once he saw a big wild boar not far from the house in which he was then lodging, and how, at a moment's notice, some people in the neighborhood ran to the spot with their nets and sticks, followed the boar a long distance off, and brought back with them a young one on which they feasted. He would also relate how on another occasion, as he was hearing confessions in a corner of the Gurkar's house (the Gurkar is the chief of a Christian village), a goodly

number of peacocks came flapping their wings and perched near a small heap of paddy within a few yards of the confessional. He had never set eyes on such birds before, and was greatly astonished to see that wild birds were so numerous and fearless in these parts. Another of his Kokkad experiences which he related to me was in connection with a certain father of a family who had not presented himself to Father Albert, and who, on being sent for, ran away to the forests and lived there for three days on the top of a bamboo bush. To win them over, Father Albert invited them all to a dinner, had a big hog killed, and gave them to eat of it as much as they liked. At the close of the dinner he asked them to sing songs, but they were too shy for that. Then he began singing country songs himself, to the accompaniment of a native drum (*qunat*), and showed himself so expert both in singing and in the use of the drum that the people admired him.

To come now to my own experiences of Kokkad: In the afternoon of November 3, 1902, I left Puttur with my co-adjutor, Father Emmanuel Vas. We made a hurried journey of twenty miles till 9 P.M., when we rested at a traveller's shed for the night. We started afresh early the next morning, and before 7.30 were at Kokkad, in the Gurkar's house. I then sent the catechist to invite all the families to a mission. On Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock we commenced the Holy Exercises with an introduction and first mediation on the necessity of saving one's soul. Mass came next and then the second meditation. We then called out attendance rolls, to make sure that all had come for the mission. The morning exercises ended with a catechetical instruction on the Articles of the Creed.

The next day's work was similar to that of the first; that is, a meditation, Mass, and then a second meditation. There was a change, however, as regards to catechetical instruction. Instead of my instructing the people as on the previous day, I made the catechist question me on the Commandments of God and of the Church. This method was quite a novelty to them, and excited not a little curiosity and interest. I, moreover, purposely modelled my answers on their way of answering.

On Friday we followed the same time-table. On Saturday, the first meditation was on the Passion of our Lord, and this was done after the manner of our Good Friday evening ser-

mons. A big crucifix that we had taken with us served as a representation of the spectacle on Calvary. The meditation was followed by adoration of the Cross and an instruction on the manner of preparing for confession.

The consoling part of the mission now commenced. We heard their confessions. They were very much touched with the eternal truths, and gave free vent to their feelings, and were even moved to tears. On Saturday evening my coadjutor left for Puttoor, in order to say the Sunday Mass there, and I alone remained to complete the work. As outward solemnity serves to increase devotion, our room (which in these villages has also to serve as chapel, dormitory and refectory) was decorated with evergreens, and a country band invited to attend the services of Sunday morning. The good people were highly impressed with the mission, and expressed their feelings in such words as, "Father, we never saw such things before; we beg that you may visit us again next Lent, and your presence will remind us of our good resolutions." I promised to visit them in five months, and kept my promise. This second visit, however, I regarded as providential, for, this time I found a dying man to whom I administered the last Sacraments. I also found another old man, past seventy-five, who had not made his confession for the last eight years. He was a stray sheep of another parish, who had all that time lived on the Ghats (Mysore Province), and had not even seen a priest there. I then heard his confession and gave him communion, and he died a few months after.

I have not yet acquainted the reader as to how we spent the afternoons during the days of the mission, and I must own that we had enough of work to occupy us even till 10 at night. We instructed children for their first confession, visited all the families, blessed their houses and settled their disputes, punished the guilty, taught a few select persons how to baptize Christian and dying heathen children, and explained to them likewise the manner of helping the dying, and spite of all this press of work, managed to find time to make our own meditation and recite our breviary.

The reader may like to know how and where we put up when we go down to the villages. We take things as they come, and do not ask the people to make any special arrangements for our accommodation. The Gurkar's house is generally our lodging; little benches serve us as tables and chairs; we eat

and sleep on the floor. The crying of children and the noise abroad are our faithful companions during the day; shivering cold, damp and mosquitoes during the night. Our meals consist of whatever the faithful bring to us. Chickens we get, as many as we like; but they are not welcome to us, as they are injurious to health, if taken too often. During meals the flies (called in Konkani "mus" cognate, with "musca" in Latin) kept strict guard over our dishes in good numbers. All these inconveniences make us happy and cheerful, all the same, as we feel that we are thus enabled to walk in the footsteps, though at a distance, of the great ancient missionaries of India.

After the mission at Kokkad, I proceeded to the second station, Shiradi. Here there were only three Christian families. The program of my work here was the following: A short instruction on the Articles of the Creed and Commandments, preparation for confession, hearing of confessions, Mass, acts of faith, hope and charity, acts before and after communion, a short instruction on the means of leading a practical Christian life, and, lastly, instructing two pious persons at least how to baptize children and assist the dying.

Shiradi has quite a number of forests. The roaring of tigers, which often commences at sunset, could be heard distinctly and loudly at night. I feared when I heard that tigers prowl about houses at night and carry away cattle and dogs. I was also told that a wild elephant, which had made great havoc about a year back, was again wandering in those parts. On hearing this, my mind was filled with fears as to what I should do in case I came across that fearful beast.

Kombar, forty-five miles off Puttur, is even a more pleasant station. When I visited Kombar for the first time, some unavoidable delay put us into some risk of life. At about 5 o'clock in the afternoon we had to cross a torrent with no other conveyance than a sort of raft, made of a few bamboos. This was quite a novelty to me. There was nobody there that knew how to row it, the ordinary rower being absent. Providence came to our assistance. We chanced to find a traveller that knew how to row it, and likewise a woman in the neighborhood that knew the shortest way to Kombar. We had to pass six miles through a big forest. Gigantic trees had fallen across the path, which had, moreover, been rendered imperceptible by the growth of wild grass nearly four feet high. By some

mishap our lamp went out half way, and we were obliged to walk the remaining distance in darkness. Relying on God, we walked along, one close to the other, singing hymns and litanies, and reached Kombar at about 9 at night. The dwelling that was to shelter us had been shattered by the monsoons, and the wet floor was full of dust and insects. Our first care was to have it cleaned as well as possible. We then ordered the servant to prepare a hasty meal, and I lay myself down and fell fast asleep. At 11 o'clock I was awakened, and we then took supper with greater relish than usual.

The next question was that of our beds. Two benches were brought for us, to serve as cots; but unluckily one was lower than the other. A new idea then struck me—I turned the benches upside-down and slept on them. Father Antony Colaco, my coadjutor at that time, obtained a piece of plank, which is used as a leveller after the ploughing is done, and stretched himself down on it. As the short benches did not allow me enough room to lie down at full length, I had to draw up my legs as close as possible. My poor coadjutor had not even a wink of sleep on account of the troublesome mosquitoes; but, as for me, I confess that the fatigue of the journey overcame all troubles and I slept very soundly.

My work among the Kombar people.—At one time there were as many as ten families there, and one of them had decent means of livelihood. But now there are only three families in Kombar, and all three miserably poor. These, with the exception of three persons, understand only the Tulu language, a thing quite exceptional in our diocese, where all the Catholics speak Koukani.

At 7 A.M. a short instruction was given in Tulu on the Articles of the Creed, the Commandments, and the Sacraments, then preparation for confession, the hearing of confessions; Mass, followed by a short instruction on leading a practical Christian life. The whole reminded me of the Mangalore Catechumenate, where, as a seminarian, I had my share in catechising the newly converted Christians in Tulu. The preparation for communion was made during Mass. Then I administered baptism to two persons. This was followed by a little *junta* and the blessing of the houses. After everything was over we took breakfast and returned with the noon meal in our wallet, as it was very necessary for us to start back that very forenoon.

One might ask us why we cannot induce these people to settle in other villages, nearer to the Church. But try what you can, you will never succeed in inducing them to leave their lonely abodes in the depths of big forests. I cannot really understand what can possibly incline them to make such a bad choice. They do not at all enjoy good health; the water is unhealthy; neither have they enough to eat. They have but few fields to till, and their pagan landlords treat them like slaves. A part of their crops is destroyed by wild animals, monkeys, deer, and wild boars.

The journey to Kombar, though fatiguing, is very pleasant. The forests on both the sides of roads and bypaths are so picturesque and so cool even in the mid-day burning sun that one must be glad to enjoy such a scenery once a year, at least, and be put to the pleasant task of making a ninety miles' journey to visit three families for the sake of our dear Lord.

From Shiradi I went to Subramaniya, the fourth station. Subramaniya, famous for its cattle fair, and as a place of Hindu pilgrimage, is fifty-seven miles from Puttur. I found only one Christian family here. People from great distances go to Subramaniya to cultivate land; but they do not settle there for good, as they return to their homes after they have gathered the crops. From the time that the Bombay bubonic plague entered the province of Myson the cattle fair has been forbidden by the Government. The annual cattle fair before this prohibition had a very large gathering, especially from Myson and Kanard, and the same fair attracted a good number of worshippers to the Hindoo temple. Now the temple has so few worshippers that the authorities in charge of it are said to be in real difficulties about its up-keep.

At Subramaniya I lodged at the traveller's shed, two miles from the temple. Next morning I went to the premises of the temple in search of a young man of about thirty, who was reported to me to have been a Christian by birth, but who had no instruction of whatever kind from his childhood. As I approached the temple, I met this young man and called him, but he was so timid and shy that he trembled from head to foot. I then requested his master, who was the manager of the temple, to send Salu (for that was his name) with me to Puttoor, in order that I might properly instruct him in religion. The master made no difficulties, but Salu flatly refused. Promises of kind treatment and total forgiveness, with the assurance of

being allowed to return to Subramaniya if he liked, at last prevailed on him to follow me to my lodging. But no sooner had he arrived there than he entered a tavern, the keeper of which dissuaded him from going to Puttur. Salu then came and said to me: "I cannot accompany you to Puttur now; I shall come in a fortnight." What was I to do? With a great firmness of will and vehemence of manner I replied: "If you do not come, I shall follow you to your master's house, and remain there until you are instructed; if you refuse, I shall have you dismissed from your master's service." Saying this, I feigned starting for the temple, and asked the catechist to accompany me. Salu was discouraged, and at last yielded. The same afternoon we started for Puttur, but having to walk through forests Salu more than once tried to escape. I, however, kept strict watch over him, and with kindness at length dissuaded him from running away. When we reached Puttur I treated him still more kindly. He had long hair, like the heathens, grown-out nails, like the claws of animals, and fearful eyes, like those of beasts. My first care was to remove all traces of savagery from his person. We then gave him to eat as much as he liked—meat, bread, sweetmeats and fruits, and within two days he showed confidence in us. The catechist then began instructing him in religion, and within a short time he learned the necessary prayers by heart, and knew enough about faith and morals. I then baptized him *sub conditione*, and a photographer from Mangalore, who was in Puttur at the time, stood sponsor to him. On the day of baptism we treated him to a good meal and gave him decent clothing. He looked so happy that the change in his soul was manifest from the change in his countenance. He made his confession and received communion the day after. We next arranged for his marriage. I knew of a poor grown-up girl in Shiradi that would make a good match, and I sent the catechist to ask her consent, and she consented. The nuptials were celebrated. Salu was dressed up by his god-father much after the fashion of our bridegrooms, and photographed together with his wife. Salu's joy knew no bounds. After staying some time he went back to his village with his wife, and with numerous presents. Salu is now in Shiradi, lives an exemplary life, and writes to me at times.

Another conversion accompanied my humble labors at Subramaniya. A Christian lad told me that there lived, near by,

an old pagan woman of the *Billawer* caste, that had once expressed a desire of becoming a Christian. I therefore visited the humble dwelling of this woman, and asked her to see me at my lodging. She told me that she would come, and, moreover, promised to do whatever I asked her. When she came she prostrated herself at my feet. I spoke to her, at first indirectly, about our religion, and when I perceived that she was eager to hear more I took courage to speak to her directly, and soon obtained her consent to become a Christian and receive baptism. I then instructed her about the Sacrament, and as she was too old to travel to Puttur, I baptized her in the shed within sight of the Subramaniya temple. On parting I presented her with a *sadi* (dress), and entrusted the work of completing her instruction to the Christian family there. When I next go to Subramaniya, how happy shall I not be to meet this simple creature and Salu, with his wife.

From Subramaniya I proceeded to Kadaba, the fifth station. Here there were four Christian families, to whom I administered the Sacraments and imparted the necessary instruction. Next day I journeyed on to Hosmut, where also there were four Christian families. Here was a stray sheep, that had lived in concubinage for seven years, and during that time had escaped all messages and advice from my predecessor. He was, this time, caught in his house without any notice and brought to me with the woman. I admonished them, instructed them, heard their confessions, and with the permission that I had obtained from His Lordship to dispense them from the proclamation of bans, united them in matrimony. I also baptized his daughter, who was six years of age.

From Hosmut I proceeded to Uppinaugadi, the seventh station, late on Saturday evening. There were only three Christian families here, and that very night I heard their confessions. I then got my portable altar ready, and early the next morning, at 3 o'clock, I said Mass. I then gave them a short instruction, and by 5 o'clock started for Puttur, in order to say my second Mass there. The whole journey described above took me a fortnight, and a journey of 115 miles it was. This is, dear reader, the manner in which we visit villages and administer to the spiritual wants of our flock. The villages, my visits to which I have described above, form only a part of my parish, and I have still other distant villages to speak about, viz.: Shantigod, Paiye, Nidpoli, Palthad, all of which require of us

the same amount of sacrifice. At the two stations of Vittal and Borimar, which are far removed from our parish church, at Puttur, the work is even more difficult.

Puttur, May, 1905.

SEBI NORMHA.

(To be continued.)

MISSION NOTES.

THE FIRST KANSAS MARTYR.

BY A. DE R.

Fray Juan de Padilla was an Andalusian, noted for his piety, his learning and his indomitable energy. Holding an important post in Mexico, he renounced his honors to become a missionary to the Indians. He took an active part in the exploration of Arizona and New Mexico, and accompanied Coronado in his weary pursuit of the Quivira, a tramp of nearly fifteen hundred miles. Returning to Bernalillo, Fray Padilla decided that he would establish a mission among the Sioux. Accordingly, in the fall of 1542, seventy-five years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, the friar set out accompanied by one soldier, two young Mexicans and a few Indian boys. The soldier alone was mounted, the rest were on foot. Going by way of the Pecos Pueblo, across the corner of Colorado and nearly the whole length of Kansas, they found rest and shelter at last in a village in the north-eastern corner of the State.

In one of the Quivira villages Coronado had planted a huge cross, and here it was that Fray Padilla established his mission. Gradually overcoming the distrust and suspicion of his savage flock, he won their love and respect. After a time he decided to move to another tribe where he thought there was greater need of him, but this was a dangerous act. The Quivira Indians considered him a great medicine man, and were not only loath to part with him, but were even more reluctant to see another tribe profit by their loss. Again, in a new field of work, he was sure to be regarded at first with grave suspicion, if not active hostility.

• He made the change, however, and at the end of his first day's journey from the Quivira village his party encountered a band of savages on the war-path. The good priest, after

commanding his companions to save themselves, as they could not save him, attracted the attention of the Indians while his party slipped away to spread the news of his martyrdom. Then Fray Juan de Padilla knelt on the broad Kansas prairie and, praying for the conversion of the savages, commended his soul to God. The while he prayed the Indians riddled his body with arrows.

His companions, after wandering unarmed for eight years up and down the prairies, eventually reached the Mexican town of Tampico, where they related the story of the first Kansas martyr.

IN CATHOLIC MEXICO THERE ARE NO ORPHANS.

"We have travelled considerably among the Mexicans, both in the United States and the Republic of Mexico, and we were agreeably surprised to find how this truly Catholic people thoroughly understands this precept and complies faithfully with its obligation. We may say in the truth that amongst them you can find no orphans. The reason is because for every one such unfortunate, instinctively, scores of families present themselves to adopt the poor waif and incorporate it amongst their own. And if you went amongst them as we did, you could never detect the orphan from the other members of the family."

The above paragraph is from a circular letter of Bishop Matz, calling for the annual orphans' collection in the Diocese of Denver.

FATHER VAUGHAN ON CATHOLIC SOUTH AMERICA.

Father Kenelm Vaughan, brother of the late Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, vouched for the accuracy of the following statement, which had been attributed to him in various reviews:

Father Kenelm Vaughan, who lived for some years in South America, says that the South American Republics are maligned countries. The most erroneous ideas respecting them prevailed in Europe. It was not only the Indian reductions, but all white colonies of South America, that suffered from the transportation of the Jesuit Missionaries when their Order was suppressed in 1773. The native clergy were few, and both whites and Indians were abandoned or fell under

the jurisdiction of unworthy adventurers from Europe, who sought rather riches and worldly aggrandizement than the glory of God and the salvation of souls. The surest road to promotion was through secret societies and political intrigues, and it was not a matter of wonder that the teachers of religion themselves did not escape those disorders, and the wonder is that the people should have preserved the faith planted by the old missionaries as well as they have done.

Within a few years a great change for the better has taken place. The most important sees have been filled by Bishops of exemplary piety and administrative ability. The number of the native clergy has been more than doubled by the addition of subjects who received superior education. Many religious orders and congregations are working with great zeal and wonderful success. In 1875 there were only eight pupils in the college Seminary of Montevideo entrusted to the Jesuits. To-day 300 students of the best families receive there elementary and higher education, many of them studying for the priesthood. There has been a similar growth in the schools of all congregations, those of women educating 2,000 girls and young ladies in Montevideo alone.

Practical solid piety and the love of God exist now among all classes of society, high and low. In 1875 only one in a thousand made their Easter Communion; to-day half the population comply with their duties. In the Cathedral on Sundays every aisle is crowded at all the Masses with men as well as women. The same may be said of other churches. What has been said of Uruguay may be stated with equal truth of Chili, Peru, Argentine Republic and other Catholic South American nations.

A CATHOLIC DUCHESS IN LONDON SLUMS.

The objects which the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster had in view in calling the Catholic Social Union into existence are well described by the Duchess of Newcastle when she tells her readers these were to preserve the faith and to arrest the dangerous leakage which takes place when the Catholic children, leaving the school, have to go to work in the factories and workshops. There they find themselves in an atmosphere of indifference and unbelief, and, if left to themselves and no longer in touch with any Catholic element, are easily led away to think lightly of the obligations imposed

on them by their faith, and drift unconsciously into the easy-going ways of those around them.

"If," so thought the Cardinal, "all these Catholic girls could be brought together at the end of their day's work under some Catholic influence, they would then form a Catholic social element in which the needed recreations would be offered to them, unattended by any danger to their faith."

The end aimed at was a high and holy one, and, although the system pursued towards its accomplishment has undergone some alteration, the object originally sought is being gradually attained. To no one more than the self-sacrificing Duchess of Newcastle is this result due. The gracious and high-born lady in question has made her home amongst the poor and forsaken all luxuries which wealth and rank confer in order to help them in their needs.

The Duchess of Newcastle describes how she was asked to open a club or reading room for Catholic women in that most forsaken portion of the slums of London, to-wit, Whitechapel, which at the time possessed a peculiarly unsavory reputation, owing to the then recently perpetrated atrocities of Jack the Ripper. After brief practical experience of the difficulties of her self-appointed mission, the Duchess came to the conclusion that the only way in which she could fulfil them with satisfaction to herself, or with benefit to those whom she desired to help, was by taking up her residence in the heart of that district. The decision was a heroic one, but like all acts of genuine heroism, it has been blessed by Providence. The Duchess of Newcastle is engaged in linking the West End with the East End, and is engaged in raising up the most impregnable barriers to the agents of anarchy and socialism, who find the most fertile breeding-spots for their subversive and anti-Christian theories wherever poverty, suffering and crime abound.

As might have been expected, Lady Newcastle finds that the exiles of Ireland constitute the majority of the Catholic population of Whitechapel, and that these maintain nobly the olden reputation of their race for morality, religion and courtesy. We find her writing, for instance, as follows: "The surroundings of my new home in the Whitechapel district of London are not without interest. The Catholic Church in Great Prescott Street was built some thirty years ago in honor of the English martyrs who gave their lives for the

faith on Tower Hill. The very spot of their execution is marked by a stone, and is only a few minutes' walk from the church dedicated to their memory. The tower itself is included in the parish, and when the Irish Guards happened to be quartered there, they all come up with their band to the half-past ten o'clock Mass on Sunday, filling the church with a brilliant blaze of scarlet. Unfailing sympathy and curiosity greet them Sunday after Sunday, and the street is lined with men, women and children eager to see the stalwart figures of their countrymen marching past as they return to the tower."

More, however, remains to be added. There is another section of the Catholic population of the place which is neither military nor spectacular, and it is chiefly with this that the Duchess of Newcastle is concerned. She continues: "I am always glad to award school prizes, distribute gifts of clothing and assist the sick, these being some of the charities which naturally arise in our settlement work. Amongst the treats which we sometimes give our mothers and girls, one of the most appreciated is a day in the country. To walk across the fields and to inhale the fresh, balmy air must indeed be a treat to those who live the whole year in the squalor of East London. We, therefore, take our mothers and girls down to Woodford, where I myself have a house, and where they spend the whole day. They dine and have tea on the lawn, and dance with great 'entrain' their Irish jigs to the sound of a barrel organ. Benediction and a short address in the Franciscan Church, which adjoins the house, closes the day, to which these poor, weary workers always look forward with great expectation." It is easy to imagine what such a happy break in the dull monotony of Whitechapel existence means for those who enjoy it.

It is not, however, merely in the passages we have quoted that we find the Duchess of Newcastle bearing testimony to the good qualities of the exiles of Ireland. We read as follows:

"One of the most lovable traits of the Irish Catholics is their untiring devotion to the Church. To them the Church is the highest interest in life. Their homes may be squalid, but to the Church they will give their last penny, and in it they feel at home, for all can point to some part—pulpit, statue or altar—which was given by them and paid for with their hard-earned and badly-needed pennies. I know

a poor widow who used to go without her breakfast in order to be able to give a penny to the collectors (chosen men among the very best in the parish), who go round every Sunday to collect for the church and schools. 'Many a shilling have I given toward building that church!' another will say; or sometimes, 'I have given many a brick for that church!' Moreover, they never forget to bless the hand that gives to them in time of need: 'May the Almighty reward you!' or 'May God love you!' are phrases that follow everywhere on your errands of mercy."

No thoughtful reader of the Duchess of Newcastle's charming article will lay it down without being impressed with the idea that she has discovered the only true solution of the social problems which vex the souls of reformers and statesmen. She has studied the poor, and especially the Irish poor, of London, and she records the same opinion which has often been expressed before by equally capable observers, when she asserts that amongst them "there are real saints; men and women, who endure the hardships of daily life, or perhaps some terrible disease or heart-rending bereavement, with words of praise and perfect submission to God's holy will on their lips; others who go through the drudgery of work, work, and hardly any recreation, with the heroic patience of martyrs, ever ready to help each other, to give without expecting anything in return. How often do such examples shame those whose lot is cast in pleasanter paths? The East can learn from the West; yet I say again, the West can learn from the East a daily lesson of courage and confidence in God."

FRENCH CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN CHINA.

Leaving out of consideration for the moment the wonderful work of nuns, French Catholic evangelization of China is confined chiefly to four religious associations: the Foreign Mission Society of Paris, the Franciscans, the Lazarists and the Jesuits. The Foreign Missions have charge particularly of the nine provinces, Kwang-Si, Kwang-Tung, Kweichau, Szechuen—East, West and South, Yunan, Manchuria, and Thibet. They have established in this enormous space 1,141 schools, containing 19,608 children, and 82 orphanages, sheltering 3,631 inmates. The Jesuits have Kian-Nan and South-eastern Cheli. They have 23,776 children in 1,365 schools, and 9,846 orphans in 54 orphanages. To the Lazarists are

confided Kiangsi—East, North, South, North and West Cheli, and Chekiang. Here they have 9,458 children in 740 schools, and 4,119 orphans in 14 refugees. The ministry of the Franciscan Fathers, fewer in number, is confided to the province of Shantung.

Hospitals and dispensaries are scattered over the great mission field. Besides the special works of their ministry, the missionaries have enriched every department of natural science by their studies and discoveries. Native languages, natural history, geography, astronomy, meteorology, ethnography, etc.—all these and kindred subjects of investigation owe great debts to the Catholic missionaries.

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES AND NATIVE LANGUAGES.

There is a most interesting study in the *Missions Belges de la Compagnie de Jésus* for January of this year on the work which Catholic missionaries have done for the preservation and development of the native languages of the races amongst whom they labor. Various books have been written on this subject. As early as 1858, Mr. H. E. Ludwig and Mr. W. W. Turner had published in their *Literature of American Aboriginal Languages* some 300 names of writers in native languages or concerning these before the nineteenth century. About 220 of these names belong to Catholic missionaries. Later studies have but increased their fame. Many of the linguistic works and missionary publications, such as books of instruction, have been reissued in costly editions, and in some instances are the only written remains of original native tongues. The literary and scientific work of Catholic missionaries is as remarkable in our day as in the past.

A PAGE OF MISSION GROWTH.

In 1881, writes Father Grosjean, of the Bengal Mission of the Belgium Jesuits, Archbishop Goethals described to me his pastoral visitation of Chota-Magpore. In one place, within the convert enclosure, there was a sort of leper hospital. There were a few dozen persons, besides the children, who were mostly orphans. In another, in the centre of an immense forest, a few hundred Catholics were scattered through twenty or thirty little hamlets. There were two families in one village, three in another, and so on. The Archbishop

was disappointed, and wondered concerning the future of these missions. But Archbishop Meuleman now finds 90,000 Catholics in Chota-Magpore; and these, to judge from the constant accessions, will soon number 100,000. In four years there has been an increase of 20,000. The increase in one small place, which contained only a handful of converts a few years ago, reached 1,755 in 1904. Another mission of 16,000 in 1881 numbers 106,000 in 1904. Other schools have done extraordinary work in this regard. The preparatory classes for First Communion have been also singularly effective.

WORK OF THE SOCIETY OF FOREIGN MISSIONS (PARIS).

Many of the missions of this illustrious society have undergone severe trials during the past year. The Manchurian missions have been gravely affected by the war, and here one of the youngest missionaries fell at his post, shot by brigands last October while defending one of his flock. Naturally, also, mission work has suffered in Corea and Japan. Several of the society's Vicariates Apostolic have been ravaged by pestilence, famine, fire and piracy. During the year 1904 there were, in the various missions, 36,470 baptisms of adults, 130,871 of infants of pagan parents, 517 conversions of heretics.

There are actually in the missions confided to the Society, 680 native priests, 2,598 catechists, 5,116 churches or chapels, 39 seminaries, with 2,224 students; 3,610 schools, with 99,842 children, 330 orphanages, with 27,011 children; 489 dispensaries, 116 ordinary hospitals or leper hospitals. The members of the Society, Bishops and Missionaries, now number 1,340, and they have in charge 1,340,346 Christian souls.

FOUR PRIESTS MASSACRED.

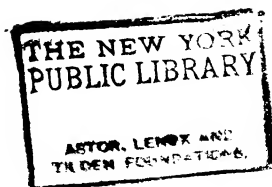
The Boston office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, which is under the direction of Rev. James A. Walsh, has received word of the massacre in Thibet of four priests who were laboring in that distant land under the direction of the Society. The following is the communication received in this city:

"The Catholic Bishop of Thibet telegraphs that four missionaries have been massacred at Bathang, also a number of Christians. Of the four missionaries three are known, Fathers Mussot, Bourdonnec and Soulie. The name of the

fourth has not yet been learned. Father Mussot was born in 1854 and entered the Paris Seminary as a deacon in 1879. He was ordained priest December 17, 1880, and departed for Thibet January 19, 1881. Father Bourdonnec was born in 1859 and entered the Paris Seminary as a deacon on September 14, 1878. He was ordained priest September 25, 1882, and departed for Thibet November 8, 1882. Father Soulie was born in 1858 and entered the Paris Seminary as a deacon September 13, 1884. He was ordained priest July 5, 1885, and departed for Thibet October 7, 1885."

Address all communications and contributions for the Shrine to

REV. JOHN J. WYNNE, S.J.
Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs,
Auriesville, New York.





THE ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC, PRIESTS IN PILGRIMAGE FROM QUEBEC, MEMBERS OF THE TRIBUNAL CONDUCTING
THE PROCESS OF BEATIFICATION OF FATHER JOQUES AND OF BRÉBEUF'S COMPANIONS.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XXI YEAR.

OCTOBER, 1905.

No. 4.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

THERE were fewer regularly organized pilgrimages at the Shrine this year than the year before, but on the other hand there was a greater number of pilgrims, which indicates an advance in individual piety. Whereas last year the whole number of those who visited Auriesville amounted to about 10,000, there was this year an increase of at least 2,000 over that figure.

One of the great days was a blank, namely the Sunday after the 15th of August; the anniversary of Father Jogues' first arrival in Auriesville as a captive in the hands of the Mohawks.

The reason of the failure was that no trains were available on that day. The railroad men had appropriated everything for an excursion of their own on that particular Sunday, so that beyond the visitors from the neighboring towns there was nothing to commemorate the event. This Sunday had always been preempted by the people of Troy who had inaugurated the pilgrimages to the Shrine and so could claim the right to choose. But in order to keep as near as possible to the fifteenth they came on Sunday the 13th. Of that fine pilgrimage we shall speak in due order.

The first pilgrimage was on the Feast of the Visitation, August 2d, and was formed by the French-Canadian church at Cohoes. The familiar figure of Mgr. Dugas, who always heads his devout parishoners, was missed on this occasion. His place was taken by Father Cloutier. The Cohoes pilgrims have almost a tradition of rain, and this year the tradition was not broken, but it only brought out in stronger relief the piety of those 600 splendid people who left their homes in a down-

pour, and faced the unpleasantness of a day in the wet. Trifles like this do not disconcert them. There was some respite, however, during the day, even giving courage to quite a number to go down to the Ravine, where Father Wynne addressed them.

Two days after that was July 4th, the day chosen for breaking earth for the erection of the great gateway to the grounds. It was in fact the only celebration of Independence Day in the neighborhood, for to all appearances work went on in the farms around as if no national birthday had ever taken place. The true American spirit, however, manifested itself at the Shrine. No one was allowed to work on that day. Some visitors had arrived in the morning, among them twelve Sisters of St. Joseph from Tribes Hill. At 11.30, Father Wynne and the other clergymen present, accompanied by those who had come for the ceremony, proceeded to the place where the gateway is to be erected, and with pick and shovel, which were decorated with red, white and blue streamers, broke the soil at each angle of the future structure and then distributed the ribbons as souvenirs.

On Sunday, the 19th, the Italian workmen of the neighborhood, who are employed on the grounds or on the railroad, celebrated the festival of Our Lady of Mount Carmel at the Shrine. A congregation of 200 were present, not all Italians, however, and High Mass was sung. In the afternoon all made the Stations of the Cross and assisted at Benediction.

August 6th brought the faithful Poles and Lithuanians from Schenectady under the guidance of their devoted and tireless pastor, Father Dereszewski. It was another of those days that bring out manifestations of Catholic faith. It was clear, bright weather when they arrived, climbing the hill with their banners and processional cross, the altar boys in their red cassocks and white surplices leading, and the great throng of 1,000, among whom the number of men was particularly noted, singing their canticles as they approached the chapel. They were hardly inside, however, when the rain came down in torrents, but they gave but little heed to it. They had High Mass and the usual impressive sermon, during which that attention and feeling was in evidence which always excites the wonder, admiration and praise of those of other nationalities. After the Mass the weather cleared somewhat, and later on the sun came out, and though the grass was wet, they were not

concerned about it at all, but nearly all flocked to make the Stations of the Cross, in spite of the fact also that the clouds were again gathering and threatening a heavy storm. They had reached the last station when drops began to fall and by the time they reached the chapel the rain was descending in torrents. Heavy peals of thunder followed, and vivid flashes of lightning, but the people were all safely sheltered. and protracted most willingly the concluding ceremonies of the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, rosary, litany and sermon. By that time the sun had come out in its glory, and the happy Poles and Lithuanians departed, rejoicing in the thought of having spent a blessed day of piety and devotion. They had evidently appropriated the habit which Father Dereszewski has of thanking God for rain as well as for sunshine.

August 13 was the day for the pilgrims of ever-faithful Troy and Albany. They came 2,500 strong, Father O'Hare from Troy being in charge. They were the first to use the new road that leads immediately into the Shrine grounds. It was fitting they should do so, having tramped, through so many weary years, in the mud of the county roads. The communions were innumerable, though the hour was very late, for delay on the railroads had kept them two hours behind time. But they cared little for that, and would have fasted till late in the afternoon if necessary. The weather was all that could be desired, and all were grateful, for this was the day chosen for the blessing of the corner-stone of the new gateway. That ceremony began at 2 P. M., and headed by the clergy, the solemn procession directed its steps down to the foot of the hill. There a platform had been erected. It was draped in the national colors and afforded ample space for the number of distinguished invited guests who were present. Father Wynne made the address of the occasion, explaining the purpose of the gateway and giving utterance to the hope of soon beginning the greater building of a fitting memorial church on the hill. Nothing was said about contributions, but nothing needed to be said to the devout multitude he was addressing. He was followed by Mr. Eugene Philbin, formerly Corporation Counsel of the city of New York, and now State Regent of the University. In a few well-chosen words Mr. Philbin congratulated the people on their sound Catholic piety, and ex-

pressed his wonder at such a manifestation for which he was altogether unprepared, concluding with the appropriate reminder that the corner-stone which was about to be placed in its position was only a symbol of the position which the Catholics of this country should hold in being the corner-stone of American institutions. Father Campbell then descended from the platform and surrounded by the great throng, read the prayers appointed by the Church for the ceremony, after which the stone was let down into its place. It is a solid block of cut granite on the front of which are carved the figures 1905 out of the centre of which rises a cross. In the body of the stone is placed a copper box holding the record of the event, various documents relating to the Shrine, the names of the Sovereign Pontiff, of the Bishop of the diocese, of the President of the United States, of the Governor, etc. Newspapers of the day were also inclosed and some coins of the year.

These ceremonies occupied a large part of the afternoon, so that the usual procession to the Ravine had to be omitted, and after Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament the pilgrims returned to their homes.

On August 15th, even if it occurs in the middle of the week, great numbers usually come; for it is the special holy day of the Shrine; but the rain was so persistent and heavy that this year the celebration was simply an impossibility. Only a very few braved the storm and heard Mass.

On August 20 the train from the east brought about 250 pilgrims from South Schenectady and Amsterdam, while a great many carriages from Fonda, Glen, and elsewhere conveyed others to the Shrine, completely filling the chapel, although no special pilgrimage had been announced. The usual exercises were held with the exception of the visit to the Ravine.

August 27th was Utica's day. They came in two sections, 1,600 in all, manifesting their usual devotion to the Shrine. It was a beautiful sight to behold that vast multitude of pious people following the priest who led them up to the new Calvary which now towers above the crest of the hill in the field beyond the real Hill of Prayer where Fathers Jogues and Goupil began their rosary the night that Goupil was slain. There was some little menace of rain, but beyond the menace, nothing. It did not rain. Father Wynne addressed

the people in the Ravine, and then a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament was formed, Father Murphy carrying the ostensorium to the various shrines and giving benediction. The priest under the silken canopy, the altar boys in their cassocks and surplices, the attendant priest and the devout and prayerful throng following, piously reciting their beads or singing canticles and kneeling at the various oratories on the way where Benediction was given, made a scene that no matter how often repeated imprints itself deeply on the mind. The number from Utica is quite remarkable as many intended to return on the following Sunday for the great celebration. Even Mgr. Lynch had put off his visit with his parish so as to be present on that occasion.

September 3d was the day of days for the Shrine. The Archbishop of Quebec had been invited to visit the scene of Father Jogues' death and with him were to come the distinguished members of the ecclesiastical court who are receiving testimony as to the life and death of Father Jogues and his companions with a view to the presentation of the cause for judgment in Rome. These illustrious visitors were to be received by the Most Reverend John M. Farley, D.D., Archbishop of New York, by Rt. Rev. Monsignor Swift who was to represent the Bishop of Albany, Thomas M. Burke, D.D., at that time absent in Europe, and also by the Rt. Reverend Charles E. McDonnell, the Bishop of Brooklyn. The whole valley was in expectation of the event; trains had been engaged to carry the multitudes of pilgrims who had signified their desire of being present; every available vehicle of transportation had been engaged long beforehand in the neighboring towns, and at the lowest estimate ten or fifteen thousand people were looking forward to participation in the ceremonies. But alas! all the night before, heavy rains were descending, and when the morning dawned it seemed impossible to have any but the most meagre attendance as the weather conditions made it almost folly to venture out.

The distinguished visitors had arrived the night before. With the Archbishop were Mgr. Têtu, Mgr. Gagnon, the Rev. P. B. Garneau, Rev. C. Beaulieu, Rev. Father Forest, Rev. E. Désy, S.J., Rev. R. Casgrain, Rev. L. Lindsay, the Editor of *La Nouvelle France*, Rev. E. Maguire and Rev. C. Beaulieu. The Archbishop of New York, with Mgr. Lavelle, V.G., and Father Hayes, the Chancellor, and the Bishop of Brook-

lyn, with Mgr. Barrett, also anticipated the event and accepted the inconveniences of the little cottage in which the Fathers live. Mgr. Reilly of Schenectady, and Mgr. Lynch of Utica arrived with their people the following day. The Jesuit Fathers were represented by the Provincial Rev. T. J. Gannon. Among the clergy were the Reverends J. T. Driscoll, N. J. Quinn, J. Di Donna, A. Gorski, J. Zydanoviez and others.

The Rev. L. Lindsay has recorded his impressions of the pilgrimage, devoting a special pamphlet to it after having first given the account to the readers of *La Nouvelle France*, of which he is the able and distinguished editor. We take the liberty of borrowing here and there from his enthusiastic description. After giving a rapid sketch of the journey, which was for a large part over the same route followed by Father Jogues, and describing briefly the various shrines and monuments that met his eye when he arrived at the grounds, which in spite of rain appeared to him as a "*site incomparable*," interweaving at the same time in the narrative reminders of the life and death of Father Jogues, he says: "It is eleven o'clock. The last trains arrived bringing nearly 4,000 pilgrims, among them a great number of French Canadians and notable groups of Italians, Poles and Lithuanians with their pastors. The Mass of the day was that of the Japanese martyrs whom the breviary calls the 'first light of Japan.' Was it to recall this glorious title or to reward the prayers of the pilgrims that the sky, until then doubtful and covered with clouds, suddenly cleared, and a ray of sunlight traversing the windows of the modest sanctuary, fell upon and lighted up the altar, brightening with its glow the purple robes of the celebrant and his ministers, making the gems which encircled the golden chalice as with the crown of thorns take on a new brilliancy, so that those precious jewels which the piety of the faithful had presented gave a lustrous tribute to the faith of the donors? Was it Father Jogues who sent the radiance that was filling the sky and was now shedding upon the feast a charm that can never be forgotten? It was after mid-day when the Mass ended, and in spite of the fatigues of the journey, a great number of pilgrims had to fast till then in order to receive Holy Communion.

"After Mass the crowd dispersed on the green sward

around the chapel, never for a moment during the day failing to observe the most perfect reverence and decorum.

"At three o'clock the procession of the Blessed Sacrament was formed. Following the cross were the Archbishop of Quebec and the Bishop of Brooklyn, the Archbishop of New York carried the Blessed Sacrament, assisted by Fathers Lindsay and Gorski while the faithful, the men first and the women afterwards, formed the long procession. What a ravishing spectacle was that triumphal march of Our Lord on the plateau that once witnessed so many acts of heroic virtue and so many sufferings endured for his name, to-day radiant with verdure and light, but above all with the joy and fervor of so many faithful souls, coming to implore Him, to honor the memory of the martyrs and ready to exclaim, did not the holiness of the ceremony restrain them, 'Hosanna to the Son of David.'

"Down to the Ravine, over the well-made roadway, the procession advanced. It passed under the arches of the forest which with its foliage made a dais for the ostensorium. The procession reaches the slope which leads to the rivulet over which a rustic bridge is thrown; then scales a steep hill, and there near a grotto where reposes the figure of our Lord in the tomb the celebrant places the Blessed Sacrament on the marble altar, incenses it and covers it with a veil. We are in the ravine where the dead body of René Goupel was devoured by wolves.

"While our eyes contemplated with ravishment the view of this graceful and picturesque ravine, the scene of those other dreadful days forced itself upon our memory, and when we saw the eager attention with which the multitude listened to the preacher who from the rustic pulpit beyond, lifting his voice above the roar of the torrent and reaching every one in the vast multitude, and in eloquent words recalling to them as they sat upon the moss-covered stones or the projecting roots of the trees, the significance of the solemn reunion, the picture of that other multitude seated at the foot of the Mount of the Beatitudes irresistibly forced itself upon our mind.

"After an apostrophe to the Archbishops of New York and Quebec to bid them the most cordial welcome, and to express the gratitude of the Sons of Loyola toward those who had come from so far to honor the memory of one of

their brethern, Father Campbell recalled to the throng the emotions that filled his heart when in Quebec he visited the places sanctified by the apostolate of Father Jogues, and the feelings that rushed upon him as he knelt in the Basilica of Quebec to take the solemn oath which is administered before testifying to the truth about the servant of God. He explained to those why it was that they wanted the canonization and wanted it now, how his own country especially needed the glorification of the man who came to teach, not merely by words but by his blood, the complete, the exact dogmatic religion of Jesus Christ on whose acceptance the very existence of our civilization depends. His canonization will be a protest against the elimination of the teachings of the Savior which is being made not only from the life of the nation but even from the beliefs of sects that still call themselves Christians.

"When the sermon was over Benediction was given to the kneeling throng and the procession returned by the same route. A second Benediction was given at the memorial cross, and a third in the pilgrimage chapel. It was the fitting crown of this day that can never be forgotten, all embalmed with the most salutary emotions and the good odor of Jesus Christ which was left in this blessed place by the pioneers of the faith, and is to-day revived by the fervor of the successors of the first apostles of the country and by the piety of the faithful who have taken the place of this primitive Church of the New World.

"The trains are at the station awaiting the pilgrims who return, some to the surrounding cities, some to old Quebec, whence departed in former days the apostles who planted in their blood these Christian churches which are now so strong and flourishing."

Lovers of the Shrine will love Father Lindsay for this exquisitely beautiful, as well as tender and enthusiastically affectionate description of what he calls "that never-to-be forgotten day." We have only given a few brief extracts, but we hope soon to produce it in its completeness. What adds to the pleasure of it all is that his eloquent words not only describe his own feelings, but also those of every one of that illustrious group of ecclesiastics of Quebec of which he is such a distinguished representative.

Night came on, and with it the rain in torrents. Father



PROCESSION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, SEPTEMBER 3. (BENEDICTION AT THE MEMORIAL CROSS.)



WAY OF THE CROSS, LOOKING TOWARDS THE CALVARY.

Jogues had upheld the clouds long enough for the celebration. Almost all the honored guests had departed except the Archbishop of New York and Mgr. Lavelle, who again and again expressed their delight at what they had witnessed. There was a cloud-burst at Fort Plain. The West Shore Railroad was put out of commission; the canal began to empty and soon was dry, and our distinguished guests reached New York only late on Monday evening.

The pilgrimages of the year were over. A few people were present on the 8th. On the following Sunday, the 10th, although no pilgrimage was announced over 150 people came on the morning train, and made the usual stations, and the visit to the Ravine. The fathers left the next day thanking God for the splendid manifestations of faith and piety which had characterized the summer of 1905 at the Shrine.

IMPROVEMENTS AT THE SHRINE.

Visitors at the Shrine will be surprised at the extensive improvements which have been made there of late. The unsightly barns and sheds which hitherto obstructed the view as one descended from the cars have been all swept away. Even the store at the intersection of the roads has disappeared and a clear open stretch of lawn reaches from the railway station to the entrance of the Shrine. By an arrangement of the Road Commissioners and an interchange of properties with the West Shore Railroad, the Fort Hunter road is being brought to its original place close to the tracks, thus doing away with the ugly and dangerous turn by which vehicles have been hitherto obliged to enter the Glen Road or to reach the station. A magnificent colonial façade has been added to the hotel, making it, with its stately columns and pilasters, one of the most notable edifices in that section. A broad, perfectly dry and finely-made road leads directly to the entrance gate upon which, as has been previously noted, work has already begun, so that pilgrims will no longer be obliged to trudge up the public road which, it will be remembered, is unpleasantly steep and fatiguing for those who are fasting and who have already traveled long distances in the early morning. Except for vehicles, access to the Shrine is no longer possible in that direction. In a short time those who arrive in wagons and carriages

will find a shed arranged for the care of their horses, which can thus be safely housed, while the visitors themselves can take part in the public devotions. This building is not yet in order but it is hoped soon will be. The present route for pilgrims, which in fact is to be the exclusive one henceforth, enters the grounds a few hundred feet east of the hotel. It is of easy ascent, being only ten feet every hundred, and winds through a hollow in the hills around to the entrance of the chapel. It is expected that the pilgrims will follow this road in the great processions that are formed and not leave the line to take a short cut across the hill, as the solemnity and order are thus impaired. On the summit of the hill one sees other improvements that have been made, all calculated to add to the comfort of the pilgrims and to enhance the dignity of the great acts of public worship to which people are flocking in ever increasing throngs. The Stations of the Cross are no longer around the brow of the hill as formerly, but start from the old Calvary and go directly across the field to the summit of the ridge beyond, on which the great cross is seen, towering up on the horizon. The new arrangement gives largeness and beauty to the ground which they did not before possess. The purpose of leading the pilgrims there is to bring them to the exact spot from which Father Jogues and René Goupil started on the fateful night when the tomahawk descended in the brain of Goupil. That ridge is the famous Hill of Prayer which is spoken of in the Memoirs of Father Jogues. Apart from its religious associations, the elevated ground affords a view of the surrounding country which is obtainable nowhere else. To the south is a beautiful valley probably unknown to most visitors to the Shrine and which stretches up to the hills of Glen. On the north the eye ranges over the long sweep of the Mohawk and the distant foot-hills of the Adirondacks, and on the east it rests on the beautiful region now called Ossernenon Park which the Fathers have already marked out in lots and offer for sale to those who wish to build cottages there to avail themselves of the religious advantages which the locality enjoys during the entire summer and later perhaps will be continued throughout the year.

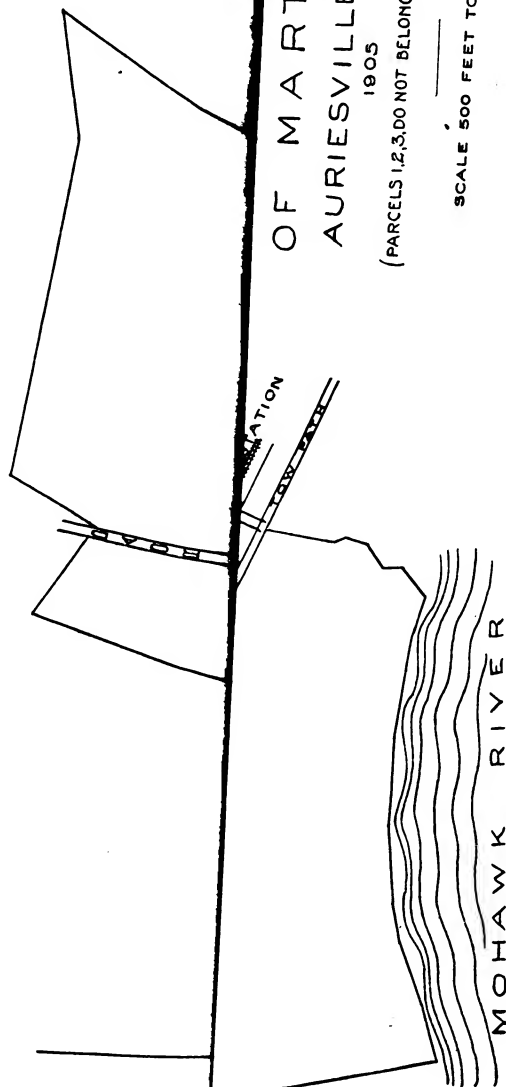
Another improvement which will be especially welcome to the pilgrims is one so devised that henceforth they will

OF MARTYRS
AURIESVILLE, N.Y.

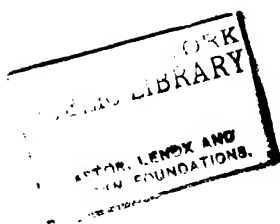
1905

(PARCELS 1,2,3, DO NOT BELONG TO THE SHRINE)

SCALE 500 FEET TO 1 INCH



176a



no longer be compelled to go out in the country road to reach the Ravine. Directly behind the old Shrine to the southwest a picturesque and well-constructed roadway leads rapidly through the private property of the Shrine to the gateway of the Ravine, and by next year the whole route will be lined with heavy shade trees. Midway on this descent is a little chapel dedicated to Our Lady of the Wayside. The significance of this is that the Founder of the Society of Jesus, Ignatius Loyola, had a particular devotion to the Blessed Virgin under this invocation, and the first church which he and the recently organized Society possessed in Rome was known as the Church of Our Lady of the Wayside. The beautiful oil painting which is placed in the chapel on the Ravine road is a copy of the Roman original. Its appropriateness in this particular place needs no comment. Another improvement which pilgrims to the Shrine will welcome is the great shelter which has been erected near the old chapel of the Sacred Heart. It is an elegant structure larger than the present church and will easily accommodate two thousand people in case of rain, so that they will no longer be compelled to remain in the church or take refuge in the cars. There are other changes which will strike the eye on entering the grounds, but those mentioned are sufficient to indicate the zeal and energy which is constantly being employed to look after the interests of the great sanctuary of the Mohawk valley.

THE SERVANTS OF GOD IN CANADA.

Translated from the French of N. E. Dionne, Professor of Literature, Member of the Royal Society of Canada, Librarian of the Legislature.

By LOUISE PAUL.

JACQUES CARTIER.

THE discoverer of Canada is one of those great mariners of whom Brittany is justly proud. Saint-Malo has been the birthplace of men noted for genius, learning and patriotism: Duguay-Tronin, Lamennais, Chateaubriand are illustrious names known the world over. Jacques Cartier was also a native of Saint-Malo and one of its most distinguished sons.

Without being what one might call a saint, the discoverer of Canada nevertheless outshone all his compatriots by the courage with which he braved the dangers of the sea four times in succession for the greater glory of God and that of his country. Francis I, who chose him to go to Canada from among many, praised his loyalty, perseverance and ability. To show his appreciation of these qualities, he appointed him Captain General of the expedition, a title rarely given in those days, thereby conferring on him as a sailor the highest distinction which it was in the power of his sovereign to bestow. It may also be said of Jacques Cartier that he was unsurpassed in courage except by Columbus, the greatest and most fearless of navigators. He conquered and civilized a new country in the face of trials and persecution of every description. He was great also because he led such a pure life that the whole Catholic world to-day, when his works have been brought to light, would gladly see him crowned by the Church and placed among its Saints, although Jacques Cartier did not practice to an unusual degree, it is true, the virtues which go to make the heroes of the religion brought on earth by the Son of God. He did not add either to the geographical chart as vast a country as did Vespucci the Florentine, whose name it bears by strange anomaly, the country that the pious Columbus had called *The Land of the Holy Cross*. Canada satisfied the ambition of this navigator from Saint-Malo; it has also covered him with glory.

All biographers are unanimous as to the courage displayed by Jacques Cartier, all greatly admire him and are filled with respect for his memory. "No other navigator of his day, so close to that of Columbus," writes Garneau, "had dared penetrate to the very heart of the New World, nor braved the treacheries and cruelties of barbarous peoples. In exposing himself to the rigorous climate of Canada where during six months of the year the ground is covered with snow and navigation ceases, in wintering twice in the midst of savage tribes from whom he had everything to fear, he showed how daring and courageous were the sailors of those days."

Let us insert here what has been said of him by Leon Querin, the author of *France Maritime*: "One cannot help admiring the excellent judgment and also the courage Jacques Cartier displayed when he entered unexplored countries with such very limited means at his command. On studying his

manner of life, we find him not only a great navigator, but also a clever politician, a keen observer and past master in the art of ingratiating himself with savage tribes. If one compares his conduct with that of men like Cortez and Pizarro, one will easily see that, setting aside the question of humanity, which assuredly deserves to be taken into consideration, the advantage is all with Jacques Cartier."

But of all the great qualities conceded by writers to the illustrious sailor from Saint-Malo, that which appeals most to us and will make his name immortal was his loyalty to the Roman Catholic faith, a loyalty of which he gave ample proof throughout the known years of his career. It was in the name of Jesus Christ that he took possession of the land he discovered, erecting crosses in all Indian settlements, a cross at Gaspé, another at Hochelaga, and again one at Stadacona. He taught these children of the forest to bend the knee before the emblem of the Redemption, whose mysterious power they felt without realizing its significance. Could we not call him the herald of the Cross, the precursor of those missionaries who came three-quarters of a century later to preach the Gospel to these barbarians plunged in the darkness of heathenism?

Much also may be said of the sublime faith and true charity of this explorer: how, once being unable to make a sick chief and his companions who were ill with scurvy, understand him, he knelt and prayed fervently to God to have pity on the poor wretches, on the blind and the lame who had come to him as did the halt and the maimed mentioned in the Gospel, when they went out to meet our Lord Jesus Christ in order to touch the hem of His garment. Cartier read aloud a portion of the Gospel of St. John, then making the sign of the Cross over them, he ended this pious ceremony, worthy of a missionary, by reading the Passion. Must not this have been an impressive scene?

This outward manifestation of piety was not the only one in the life of Jacques Cartier. His sailors having fallen ill with scurvy, twenty-five of them died in a few days and nearly all were attacked by this dread disease. Seeing that death threatened to leave him alone in this inhospitable country, he carried a picture of our Lady of Rocamadour some distance from his ships and placed it in the heart of a tree. From the ships he formed a procession to the foot of the tree where Mass was

celebrated and where they all prayed to God most fervently. He personally made a vow to go on a pilgrimage to Rocamadour if God granted him the happiness of seeing his country once more. What more child-like piety, more touching faith than this religious demonstration deep in the forest of a wild country.

Cartier's piety was as enlightened as it was sincere. On one occasion the natives of Stadacona attracted by the novelty of the thing as well as their childish mania for imitating all they saw, asked him to baptize them as they might ask for the gift of a gun. Wisely inspired, Cartier would not consent to an act which would have been an abuse of the Sacrament. He gave them to understand that on his next trip he would bring back the Holy Chrism necessary to administer solemn Baptism.

Innumerable instances could be given to prove conclusively how great was the faith and charity shown by Cartier, how his career as a simple citizen was a long succession of acts of devotion to his compatriots. He gave them the benefit of his legal knowledge in their disputes and was also godfather to many when they were baptized. He worked unceasingly with each and every one to put a stop to the plagues with which they were afflicted. The very fact of having brought two chaplains with him proves his Christian faith and the great love he bore his sailors as he wished to enable them to perform their religious duties. He made it a point to have Mass said on land as often as was possible.

The apostolic zeal of this hero of a bygone age cannot be better eulogized than by the words of the Abbé Faillon: "In the eyes of the Catholic world from whom he deserves so much praise, Jacques Cartier is one of the men who best served the Church by opening a way for the apostles who came after him to this unknown land. The eagerness displayed by Francis I to convert the savages of this country was worthily seconded by a man as daring, as faithful, as careful and as profoundly religious as was Jacques Cartier. If this navigator was the first to enter these unknown regions, if he faced so courageously the furious waves of the ocean, the treacheries of the Indians, with whom he spent two years, and also suffered uncomplainingly the intense cold of rigorous winters, it was because he found in his lively faith that moral strength, that undaunted courage which makes Christian heroes. This was shown by the religious traits in his character, the outward

expression of which indicated the true spirit that animated him."

Before ending, let us say that Cartier never lost an opportunity to display his faith. And if we have held out this virtue as being the greatest of all the virtues of this great man, it is that in truth his name would not have won without it the glory and prestige which illuminates the brow of all truly great men.

SAMUEL CHAMPLAIN.

1570(?)—1635.

ONE can only repeat what has already been said, and said so truly of this great Frenchman, that he was the first to realize the possibility of colonizing Canada and the one to make a success of it with no other asset at his command than his labor, his good will, and his trust in God. To lay the foundations of a town and colonize a country occupied by savage tribes was in itself a most dangerous enterprise, but to undertake and carry out such a scheme without even adequate means was almost like flying in the face of Providence. Nevertheless this illustrious son of France persevered, trusting to be luckier than Cartier and Roberval, whose efforts at colonization were barren of results.

Champlain was born about 1570, when France was beset with internal troubles. The league was about to be formed which was to drive back at the point of the sword the champions of Calvinism. It was a fierce struggle from which the Catholics came out victorious. Champlain's most successful campaigns were those fought with the Leaguers, for it was then he proved how great was his love for the beauty and faith of his religion. His life hereafter was one long sacrifice to the faith of his ancestors and his writings breathe throughout the undying love he had for God and His ministers.

Here is what he says at the beginning of the Mariner's Code, a work very well written for those times, whose aim it was to point out to seafaring men their duties as Catholics.

"Above all things to be a God-fearing man and not to allow on his ships the holy name of God to be taken in vain nor blasphemed, for fear His Divine Majesty may justly punish him by exposing him to many dangers; to be sure and have prayers said morning and evening and if the navigator finds

it possible I advise him to take a chaplain with him who will preach to the sailors from time to time, so as to keep them in the fear of the Lord, help them and hear their confessions in times of sickness and also comfort them in times of distress inevitable to those at sea."

Such is the opening chapter of that code which Samuel Champlain left us as a legacy with his other remarkable works. It is easy to see in these few lines so profoundly Christian the upright man with an enduring love for the Catholic faith; it is the language of the sailor animated with the true spirit of God.

All his works, no matter what they treat of, bear the mark of the man of genius, who in matters religious was a living example of all Christian virtues. He often repeated how his one aim in colonizing Canada was to spread the true faith among the Indians. He said it to his King, to his friends, to whomsoever would hear him. To Champlain's glory be it said, the following oft-quoted words are attributed: "The winning of battles, the capturing of fortresses, the conquering of new countries are nothing in the sight of Heaven except in the case of a war against infidels which then is not only necessary, but is in a just and holy cause, because the salvation of Christendom, the glory of God and the defence of the Faith are at stake, and these are laudable in themselves and to be advised, in accordance with what our Lord said: *That the winning of a soul is greater than the conquering of a kingdom.*"

Impressed with this idea, which seems to have governed his whole life, Champlain worked unceasingly to convert the barbarians who crossed his path. The first who approached him on the shore at Tadousac gave him the following account of their superstitious beliefs: "There is a God, a Son, a Mother and the Sun. God is the greatest of the four; the Son and the Sun are good, but the Mother is of no account." Champlain told them then of the one God, good and kind, who sent His only Son to save the world; how this Son came on earth, cured the sick, raised the dead, exorcised the evil spirit and made the blind see. He also taught them of the existence of a Trinity "in whom there was no beginning nor is there any ending." It was in thus explaining these divine truths that Champlain evangelized these savage tribes who marvelled to hear such language from the lips of a stranger.

In a short time the ascendancy the founder of Quebec had

gained over the Indians was such that they had unbounded faith in him and never undertook to decide anything, no matter how trivial without consulting him. No war took place without his help, no traffic in furs without his approval and he was necessarily the intermediary in all their dealings. Throughout his life this great Frenchman was a living example of loyalty and charity.

Fifteen years after his death the Hurons were still relating to Father Jerome Lalemant what great virtues he possessed. The Good Father while staying with the Arendaronons took down in writing their testimony on this subject and his relation of 1640 has handed it down to us.

"It was here," he says, "that the late M. de Champlain remained for some time on one of his trips some twenty-two years ago, and his memory still lives in the minds of these savages, who after all those years recall certain virtues which they admired most in him; particularly the purity of his life. Would to God that all Frenchmen who came here first to this country had been like him in this respect!"

Champlain, as can be seen, had then shown himself to be the true apostle of Jesus Christ, as much so as did the missionaries he brought with him from France. The Franciscan Friars and the Jesuits were allowed to come to Canada only after he had proved conclusively to the Court of France that no real colonizing could be accomplished without their help. That it was necessary to make the French settlers steadfast in the faith of their fathers and spread the knowledge of God among the Indian tribes.

Champlain was also loyal to his king, for he was a patriot in the true meaning of the word. Many a time he recalled to their duty certain Frenchmen who weakened before the threats of Englishmen. Here is an example. When the Kertk brothers took possession of Quebec in 1629, Etienne Brulé and Nicholas Marsolet went over to the enemy for no justifiable reason. Champlain took them aside and lectured them severely in these words:

"You will always be pointed at with scorn no matter where you are, as men who betrayed their king and their country. Better for you that you should die than live such a life, for no matter what may come you will always have a gnawing of the heart."

Charlevoix praised him in this wise: "What we most ad-

mire in him is the perseverance in carrying out his undertakings, his fortitude under disappointments and his undaunted courage in the face of unexpected dangers. He was a most ardent and zealous patriot, showing disinterested loyalty to his country, besides being loving and compassionate to the poor, and more concerned about the welfare of his friends than his own. He was honorable and upright in all his dealings."

But the crowning quality of all was that in his conduct as well as in his writings, he was always a good Christian, zealous in the service of God, true and religious. He was in the habit of saying what we read in his memoirs: "That it was better to save a soul than win a kingdom, and that kings should wish to acquire countries where idolatry reigned for the sole purpose of bringing idolaters to the knowledge of Jesus Christ." He spoke in this way in answer to those who, prejudiced against Canada, asked where would be the advantage in colonizing that country.

The testimony of modern historians is not less eulogistic than that of those of bygone days. This is what Garneau says: "Gifted with good judgment and with a practical genius, Champlain conceived and carried out without once swerving from the right path a most extensive and complicated enterprise. Thirty years of unceasing labor to settle Canada are ample proof of his perseverance and decision of character. He secured to France the ownership of immense tracts of land with the help of the missionaries and judicious contracts with the natives. His death was a great loss to the Hurons whose nation he might have saved from the utter destruction which soon overtook it."

Abbé Faillon thinks that "his profound devotion to the Catholic faith and his zeal in spreading it have earned him the undying gratitude of all Canadians as well as that of France, his native country."

We could multiply these testimonies where all are unanimous in praising him. He is always admired for his courage, his wisdom, his penetration and the soundness of his views as well as for his veracity as an historian, his loyalty, his broad-mindedness, but above all for his enlightened patriotism and his practical and deep faith.

The life of Champlain may well be an object of emulation to all Catholics, no matter how exalted their rank may be. He led an exemplary life in the midst of innumerable annoy-

ances, beset by troubles of every description. Who can possibly have endured more than he did? If we follow him in spirit in his voyages across the sea, in his journeys as an explorer, we will find that he devoted his whole life to others, and we can judge how the path he traveled might fittingly be called the road to Calvary.

Before he died Champlain had the happiness of seeing his colony and his town in full prosperity. He more than any one else had brought this about. The families whom he had gathered about him on and around the rock of Quebec were living happily together, were prosperous and well provided for spiritually. The Christian spirit flourished in these lowly homes where a generation of French-Canadians was already growing. "He showed great love for the people here," wrote Father Le Jeune in 1636, "maintaining that they should be encouraged for the good of the country and helped in every way throughout these early beginnings of the colony and that as for him he would do everything in his power if God granted him health and strength."

On December 25, 1635, Samuel Champlain "was born in Heaven." "His death was blessed," say the Relations of the Jesuits. "He crowned his virtuous life with such pious thoughts and words that he astonished us all. He shed many tears and so deep was his love of God that he was willing to die and render Him an account of his work here below." When he realized that he was nearing his end, he wished to make a general confession from the first to the last years of his life, a confession which would steep his soul in the blood of the Redeemer and make it as pure as a crystal. Father Charles Lalemant administered the last sacraments, which he received with great fervor, to the edification of those around him.

Before ending this biography we will repeat here these beautiful words of the Abbé Casgrain: "When Champlain, on his death-bed, cast his eyes in a last farewell on the circle of stalwart men he had trained, the men he called his children and who in turn looked upon him as a father, he must have believed in the future of the colony, for he was bequeathing them the surest pledge of union: the vigorous seed of austere morals and the practice of all Christian virtues which he had taught unceasingly both in words and actions."

HÉLENE BOULLÉ.

1598—1654.

Champlain had married on December 30, 1610, Héléne Boullé, the daughter of Nicholas Boullé, Secretary of the King's Council. The Boullé party were Calvinists, and consequently of the same faith as Pierre Du Guast Sieur de Monts, who had persuaded Champlain to this marriage disproportionate both in years and wealth, this young girl not being yet twelve years of age and Champlain more than forty. Héléne Boullé possessed 6,000 livres in her own right while Champlain could only promise to bequeath to her all he would possess at his death. According to the marriage contract it was agreed that, owing to the extreme youth of the young girl, the contracting parties would not live together for two years to come. It was after this lapse of time that Madame Champlain entered the Catholic Church, notwithstanding the objections of her family. It is natural to suppose that it was through Champlain that this lucky conversion took place. Another remarkable return to Catholicism at the same time was that of Eustache Boullé, Héléne's brother, who after a few years' stay in Quebec, returned to France and entered the Order of the Lazarist Fathers.

It was only ten years after his marriage that Champlain had the happiness of taking his wife with him to Canada. It is easy to understand how impossible it was to expect a mere child brought up in great luxury in Paris to come to Quebec which was then a sparsely settled village, devoid of all amusements. Even in 1620, the trip was still rather premature, society in Quebec consisting of four or five ladies having no claim to aristocratic lineage and being more occupied with the bringing up of their children than the pleasures of the world.

Before leaving Paris, Héléne Boullé had been warned as to the social isolation in which she would find herself. If she had not weighed it all well, she never could have been resigned to her lot in life. The courage she displayed in undertaking to cross the ocean never failed her when she faced the solitary life in store for her, surrounded as she was by none other than mechanics and common laborers. But her love for her husband prevailed over everything, and no doubt the consolation of religion helped her to bear cheerfully the monotonous life she led in Canada.

History tells us that Champlain's wife having taken possession of the modest house prepared for her in the lower town, gave up a great deal of her time to studying the language of the Algonquins and teaching the Catechism to the little Indians. It was in this way that she won their love.

It was the fashion in those days for women of rank to wear a small mirror at their belts. The natives were astonished to find their features reproduced in this polished glass and they would say in their childish simplicity: "A woman as pretty as she is, who cures us of all our ills and who loves us to such a degree that she carries our pictures near her heart must be more than human." And so they worshipped her in their way, in default of a Higher Divinity of which they had a very vague idea.

Madame Champlain was highly respected by the French and others about the station. There is very little known as to her social relations with the families already settled in Quebec, but it is not likely that she was as distant and reserved with the Hébert family as the Abbé Faillon seems to imply. However high and exalted may have been her husband's position, it seems reasonable to think that she must have been friends with Couillard's wife, who was about her own age. Why would she have lived alone during the repeated absences of Champlain instead of enjoying herself in a legitimate way by making friends with such good and clever women as Marie Rollet, Marguerite Lesage, Françoise Langois and Marguerite Langois.

After remaining four years in Quebec, Madame Champlain returned to Paris to live with her family, rue St. Germain l'Auxerrois. The Chronicles of the Order of the Ursulines gave her extreme loneliness as a reason, but no doubt the threatened famine and the fear of the Iroquois who were already terrorizing the colony helped to hasten her return to her native country. But she never forgot Canada, always taking a lively interest in its welfare, even when she became a nun at Meaux, where we find her twenty-five years later.

The Chronicles of the Ursulines refer in this way to the early part of her life: "She was married before her older sister and at a very early age, not being yet twelve years old, due to an advantageous proposal of marriage from M. de Champlain, a gentleman of note, captain of the Marine and lieutenant of the King in New France, where he had already

piloted and settled the evangelical workers. She bade adieu to France and sailed for Canada in 1620. She took passage with her husband and crossed sixteen hundred leagues of sea, exposed to all the dangers and discomforts of such a long voyage.

"The Indians on seeing her wanted to worship her as a goddess, never having beheld such a beautiful woman. They admired her face, her clothes, but above all things a small mirror which she wore at her belt, puzzled to see the reflection of so many different faces and wondering how she could carry such a number of them. She very soon learned to understand their language and before long she could speak their barbarous tongue fairly well and immediately began to teach the women and children how to pray to God."

"She lived four of the best years of her life in constant privation in a place worse than a prison, deprived of the most necessary things of life. So much so that finally being threatened with famine and other dangers, Champlain insisted on his wife returning to France, whither he accompanied her."

The founder of Quebec remained nearly two years in Paris (1624-1626), and having returned to Canada he stayed there until 1629. During those three years Champlain's wife lived in the great world without being of it, so absorbed was she in religious matters. Inspired by the Divine Spirit, she felt herself so powerfully drawn towards a religious life that she begged her husband to allow her to enter the Convent of the Ursulines. Champlain did not think it right to accede to a demand which might after all be a caprice on her part and perhaps not prove to be of long duration. But to soften his refusal, he offered to live separate from her for the remainder of his life.

Champlain left his wife for the last time in 1633, and he never saw her again. After his death in 1635, Father Charles Lalemant, who was with him at the last, notified her of the sad news. Madame Champlain grieved sincerely over his death, which however gave her back her freedom and enabled her to carry out her wish to devote her life to God by entering a cloister.

According to the terms of his marriage contract, the founder of Quebec was to leave his wife all he possessed at his death, but his will altered this arrangement. Carried away by an extraordinary devotion to Notre Dame de Recouvrance

and confident that his life partner, whose piety was even greater than his own, would approve of such a legacy, Champlain appointed the Church he had built as his legal legatee. The widow made no claim to the estate and a magistrate in Paris set his seal to the will by his decision of July 11, 1637. Nevertheless this document was the cause of a celebrated trial.

One of Champlain's first cousins, a woman by the name of Marie Camaret, wife of Jacques Hersaut, Comptroller of Customs at La Rochelle, attacked the will on two points. Boileau, her lawyer, claimed that it was not in accordance with the marriage contract and for that reason alone it should be annulled. He added, moreover, contrary to the truth of the matter, that it had been drawn up by someone else than Champlain for no one would imagine for a moment that he could have designated the "Virgin Mary as his heiress," these being the exact terms of the will. Bignon, the Procureur General, easily refuted the allegations brought forward by Marie Camaret's lawyer and proved that Madame Champlain herself recognized her husband's signature as well as his style and manner of expressing himself. This legacy to the "Virgin Mary" was most natural coming from Champlain, "whom he knew to have been in the habit," said Bignon, "of using these Christian expressions, wishing to show, particularly in this instance, his feelings as a true and devout Catholic." Although the Procureur General recognized the authenticity of the will, he ended by rejecting it as being contrary to the marriage contract. The court decided accordingly, and the money, minus a sum of 900 livres resulting from the sale of the effects, was given to his natural heirs.

This lawsuit and other family matters prevented Madame Champlain from entering a convent until ten years later. It was not until November 7, 1645, that she was admitted at the monastery of St. Ursula in Paris, first as a benefactress and finally as a novice under the name of Sister Hélene de St. Augustine. But as she had always been her own mistress from the age of twelve until her forty-sixth year, which age she had then reached, never being under restraint either with her mother or her husband, whose absences were so frequent, she found it very hard to submit to the rules. So as to obviate certain difficulties as to her profession, she offered to found a monastery at Meaux, which offer was accepted by Mgr. Séguier, Bishop of that city.

We read in the annals of the first convent in Paris that

Madame Champlain had decided to leave all her property to the new community, that she also asked and obtained for two years from the Convent of the Mother of God, the help of Mother Madeline de Milly, then in charge of the Novices, who was named Superior at Meaux. She also obtained two other professed nuns and a lay-sister, who having been her maid when she was in the world, had entered the Convent with her. These five women left Paris for Meaux on the seventeenth of March, 1648.

Ten days earlier, Mgr. Séguier, the Bishop of Meaux, had dedicated the new convent of the Ursulines in the city by a document which is still in existence.

Hélène de Saint Augustin became a nun on August 4, 1648, five months after leaving the Convent in Paris. To prepare fittingly for this pious and solemn act, she had, after begging repeatedly to be allowed to do so, obtained permission to write out the sins of her life and read them aloud before the community. She did this on her bended knees, barefooted, with a rope around her neck, holding a lighted taper in her hand; and it is said that her extreme humility made her exaggerate somewhat her transgressions.

The noble founder of the Ursulines at Meaux only lived six years in her Convent. She died in the odor of sanctity on December 20, 1654, at the age of fifty-six.

THE VENERABLE MARIE DE L'INCARNATION, URSULINE NUN.

1599—1672.

Among all the saintly women who contributed largely to the evangelizing of New France, and who set a good example to the colonists by their manner of life and their good works, there is none more remarkable than Marie Guyart, in religion Marie de l'Incarnation, the Venerable Ursuline, whose name is so familiar to Catholics.

An English writer, Hawkins by name, said when speaking of these heroic women who left their families and their country to come to Canada: "They were young and delicately reared women who gave up the comforts of a civilized country to teach to the astonished Indians how to care for their bodies as well as their souls. It must have been a very deep sense of duty which could bring these apostles to New France to face

the rigorous climate, the inevitable famine and often death in its worst form. But upheld by a superhuman strength, they finally established in the heart of the country the altars of God and the faith of their native land." Born in 1599, Marie Guyart had almost reached her fortieth year when she arrived in Quebec. She was among the first of those who came in 1639 to found, some a hospital and others a convent for the education of young girls. It was a very happy day for the whole colony, but especially for the people of the small town of Quebec, for they were at last to enjoy the presence of the good nuns whose coming had been looked for so long. For some years the question of bringing out women devoted to the service of God by formal vows, had been brought up and now the difficult problem was being solved. The choice of these women in France had been a particularly happy one, for they were all remarkable for their piety, their learning and zeal for the welfare of others.

Before entering the Ursuline Convent, Marie Guyart had lived in the world for a number of years. At eighteen she had married at her parents' wish a man by the name of Claude-Joseph Martin. He was a manufacturer of silks by trade, a citizen of excellent standing, of good family and a fervent Catholic. This marriage gave the young wife an opportunity of practicing many Christian virtues, besides developing her heart and intelligence. She soon became interested in her husband's commercial enterprises and it was well that she did, because death claimed him a very few years after they were married. She was left with a little son, two years old, who was to comfort her in her grief and be a source of great pride to her later on. He became the celebrated Dom Claude Martin, biographer of his mother's life. He joined the Benedictines of Saint-Maur and was Prior of the order at Menlant and was noted for his rare virtue and his genius for directing.

Returning to her father's home, Marie Guyart devoted her whole life to pious undertakings with the most unswerving fidelity. She never left her house except to go to church, attended to her household duties, cared for her child, worked for the altars and comforted the poor and sick who came to her for help. "This is how she performed her duties to the sick and destitute," writes Claude Martin. "To honor Jesus Christ in the person of His suffering poor, she made them sit down in an arm-chair and kneeling before them, she dressed

their wounds, washed their sores, never turning her face away, even when the odor was well-nigh unbearable."

In this way did the years of her widowhood go by. Her whole life was devoted to the service of God, but she cherished a thought in her inmost heart, namely, to enter a monastery. But how could she accomplish this and leave the little lad uncared for? The thought of being separated from him was also very repugnant, so she gave up all idea of doing so, hoping for better days, and meanwhile preparing to enter a novitiate later in life. An inward voice kept telling her that she would become a nun in the Ursuline Convent, and finally when her son reached his eleventh year, the same voice was heard to say: "Now, now is the time. It is not good for you to remain in the world any longer." The nearer the hour came for her to leave her son, the more the poor mother became disheartened and powerless to act. At last on the twenty-fifth of January, 1631, she decided to put an end to it all. She called her boy to tell him what she intended to do: "My dear child," she said, "I have a secret to confide to you, which I have withheld from you so far, because you were too young to hear it and understand its importance. Now that you are older and that I am about to carry it out, I do not wish to keep it from you any longer. Ever since the day when God took your father from me, he has inspired me with the wish to leave the world and become a nun. From that day to this, this intention has always been strengthened in me and if I have not carried it out before, it was that seeing you so young, I felt it my duty to remain with you and bring you up in the fear of the Lord and teach you to love and serve Him faithfully. But to-day, when I am about to leave you, I would not do so without telling you and I pray you may think it right on my part."

The child consented on condition his mother promised to enter the convent of the Ursulines at Tours, which was close to their home. Notwithstanding this, the child finding the absence of his mother more than he could bear, would run away from home and entering the parlors of the Convent would cry out: "Give me back my mother, give her back to me, or at least let me see her." It was a great trial for the servant of God to witness these pathetic outbursts.

After two years of novitiate, Marie de l'Incarnation was received as a nun and it was shortly after this that she had a vision of Canada in her sleep, not knowing that there was a

country of that name even. A little later, she writes, "While praying before the Blessed Sacrament, I found myself in an ecstasy and the vision of that great country appeared once more to me under the same conditions. Then I heard these words: "My daughter, this is Canada which you have just seen; you must go there, found a home and dedicate it to Jesus and Mary."

It was also about this time that Marie de l'Incarnation, shut up in her cell deep in those sublime meditations from which her soul emerged burning with love and inspiration, heard the words of our Divine Lord: "Ask me through the Heart of Jesus my Beloved Son and I will accede to your prayers." "At that time," says Father Ramière, "when the devotion to the Sacred Heart was still unknown, Marie de l'Incarnation could not have learned of it through any one." This revelation took place in 1635, that is forty years before our Divine Lord confided to the Blessed Margaret Mary the mission of spreading throughout the Catholic universe the devotion to His Sacred Heart.

Four years went by before this noble servant of God could carry out her intention of going to Canada to accomplish the mission which God had so clearly pointed out to her. During all that time she edified the whole community by her words and actions, the nuns seeking to follow her teachings, whose force and fervor were marvellous. It was through her schooling that the nuns of the Convent of Tours became noted for their saintly lives.

At last the day of departure arrived. After remaining some time in Paris to prepare for the trip, Mother de l'Incarnation went to Dieppe and from there took passage on the *Saint-Joseph*, accompanied by Madeleine Chauvigny de la Peltrie, who was to become her coadjutor in the work of founding the Convent of Ursulines in Quebec. As we know, there were several nuns belonging to other orders as well as Ursuline nuns of great merit.

Although the nuns were housed in a kind of barn, they never complained of their lot. "Though we are housed in a hole of a place, where there is very little ventilation," wrote Mother de l'Incarnation, "none of us have been ill, and personally I have never felt better. The air is very pure in this country and we look upon it as terrestrial paradise where the crosses and thorns grow so lovingly that the more we suffer, the more we find peace.

Notwithstanding the scant accommodation of their residence, the nuns began to teach the little Indian girls, studying at the same time the Huron and the Montagnais dialects and caring for the sick who sought shelter under their roof. But the Venerable Handmaid of God sighed more and more for the day to come when she could build a larger Convent where they could do still more good. She put workmen to clearing the piece of ground where to-day stands the Monastery of the Ursulines, and set them to putting up a very modest looking house, and it was only on November 21, 1642, that the nuns left their little hut in the Lower Town to walk in procession to their new Monastery. It was dedicated to Saint Joseph, who was to be also the guardian of the little Indian seminary.

Mother de l'Incarnation continued her work in and about the Convent, endeavoring to perfect the organization of which she was Superior. She practiced in an unusual degree the virtues of prudence, patience and humility.

"Every morning," relates her son, "Mother de l'Incarnation could be seen among the little Indian girls washing their faces, combing their hair and dressing them; and this she did so cheerfully that one would think that such work was her greatest pleasure."

The Venerable Mother also opened an academy for young French girls. At first there were not very many, but if they were few in numbers, they nevertheless belonged to the very best French families. One finds the names of prominent people, children of the brave and upright colonists who were then the pride of New France—such names as Marsolet, Godefroy de Repentigny, Bourdan and others who brought their daughters, some from sixty leagues away, to place them in the care of the Sisters. The results of the education given by the Ursuline nuns were soon to be felt. In one of their *Relations*, the Jesuits said: "When meeting the different families in Canada, it is easy to single out by the Christian bringing-up of the children the mothers who have been in the care of the Ursulines from those who have not had that advantage." The friendly relations which existed in those days between the convent and the first families of the country have never ceased since, and if one glances at the annals of the Monastery, one admires invariably this admirable union of the cloister and society. Both English and French Governors were either the patrons or friends of this institution.

Mother Marie de l'Incarnation lived in perfect union with God, notwithstanding the numerous occupations which took up so much of her time. This love of God which had absorbed her thoughts since her twentieth year went on increasing with time, owing to the purity of the life she led which was one long prayer. Writing to her son one day, about this supernatural union with the Most High, she said that she had noticed "three periods, which following each other lead to a special kind of perfection. Some souls never go beyond the first; others reach the second and again a few happily attain the third." Then she goes on to name these three periods, the state of rest, the state of perfect union and the mystical or spiritual wedlock. When a soul has reached this last state, it can endure all sufferings without the body feeling or giving sign of any pain. She herself had reached the mystical union in which peace and light are to be found. "It seemed," according to the Jesuit Fathers who were her spiritual advisers, "as if Mother de l'Incarnation possessed two souls, one of which was in such perfect union with God that it was lost in contemplating Him, and the other as much taken up with earthly interests as if they alone filled her life."

This venerable servant of God lived until 1672. A little before going to reap the reward of a saintly life of sixty odd years, she wrote to one of her beloved Sisters: "For over thirty years now that I have been in Canada, how often have I labored bodily and suffered mentally to bring things to the condition in which I am about to leave them. I beg of you to pray to God that He may forgive me my sins, and that from now on my thoughts may be all of Him that I may have the grace of a happy death."

Taken suddenly ill on the night of January 16, 1672, it was not until the 30th of April that Mother de l'Incarnation left this earth. "She was canonized immediately, as far as public opinion was concerned," says Father Charlevoix. "It was who should possess a relic of the departed nun." The Indians mourned for her, saying: "Our Beloved Mother is dead." Mgr. Laval officiated at the funeral and Father Lalemant pronounced the funeral oration.

The *Relations* of the Jesuits, which by a strange coincidence also came to an end in 1672, contain an article about Mother de l'Incarnation. Father Dablon wrote: "Bowed down with years she left this earth to enjoy the presence of

God in Heaven. This holy woman was resigned to the will of God, leaving her beloved community in His hands; she was unconscious of the tears and regrets of those whom she was about to leave, thinking only of His Divine Will, which had always been the object of her life, constituting her Paradise here on earth."

PAUL DE CHOMEDEY, SIEUR DE MAISONNEUVE.

No doubt that in the eyes of his contemporaries, Paul Chomedey de Maisonneuve was not the hero such as we delight to consider him. A simple governor of an almost uninhabited island, in a colony in an embryonic state and without any means whatever at his command, he could not attain the renown of a Frontenac or a Vandreuil. Still however modest and unassuming the first Governor of Montreal may have been in his manner and disposition, we find that, as the years have gone by, he is entitled to much honor and glory. His manly virtues, his tact, his wisdom and all the qualities which went to the making of this man have won the admiration of Canadians. His providential mission is a fact so well established that to doubt it would be to fly in the face of facts.

Paul de Chomedey was born in France, near Troyes, in the year 1600. This last scion of one of the best-known families of Champagne, a province in France, entered the army at a very early age.

Thanks to a parental training purely Christian in its teachings, this young man possessed good morals though surrounded by vicious companions from whom he kept aloof as much as possible. He employed his leisure in playing the lute, devoting most of his time however to prayer. Providence already looked upon him as the man eminently fitted to be the herald of the Catholic faith in New France.

Very little is known of the life of Paul de Chomedey until the day he was first heard of in Paris, when he went to see Father Lalemant, but recently arrived from Canada. Chomedey had chanced to read one of the *Relations*, which the Society of Jesus caused to be printed and circulated throughout France every year. The reading of this pamphlet had so impressed him that he thought it well to reveal to the Father the condition of his soul: "Father," said he, "you have here before you a man who has concluded to forego any advantages

the world may have to offer and one who is determined to go beyond the seas to the countries you have been evangelizing and devote his time, his services and give even his life to do good among the Indians.

This communication could not have come at a better time for Father Lalemant was sorely tried to find a new Governor, who was to be appointed immediately. He had just had a long interview with Jerome le Royer, Sieur de la Dauversière, the King's Chamberlain at la Flèche, in Anjou, who had conceived the plan of founding a colony in the Island of Montreal, under the name of Ville-Marie. He had with this end in view associated with him in this enterprise a rich and charitable nobleman in the person of Pierre Chevier, Baron de Fauchamp, and also Abbé Olier, founder of the Order of the Sulpicians. These three men formed the nucleus of an association called since then the Society of Notre Dame of Montreal. God blessed this undertaking, a proof of which was the sending of Paul de Chomedey to them. This valiant soldier, so zealous for the glory of God and so patriotic, could not but have been the choice of the Most High, so that he was immediately elected Governor of Montreal as soon as his name was proposed.

The chronicles of the day relate that the new Governor was the right man for an enterprise under the tutelage of religion, intrusted to the special protection of the Blessed Virgin to whom he always prayed most fervently, showing his devotion to the Mother of God by reciting daily the Office and the Rosary. The dealings of this upright man with the men who constituted the Society of Notre Dame, the presages of Heaven, even the supernatural visions which God lavished on these founders, are sufficient proof of the intervention of Providence in the foundation of Ville-Marie, so that from its birth it was the blessed city of God, under the special protection of the Virgin Mother. During the first few years especially, it was a living image of the Primitive Church. The father of this colony was M. de Maisonneuve. "A gentleman in thought and deed," wrote the author of *Véritables Motifs*; "a man whose soul was as true as steel," said Father Charles Lalemant. Such is the testimony of two of his contemporaries who were both excellent judges in such matters. As for M. de Maisonneuve, he only recognized in himself one thing, and that was his proud love of the Catholic religion and his own desire to spread it and help in the evangelizing of the Indians.

He was unaware, as were all those who worked with him, that Providence had decreed that in its own good time would be formed a group of pious and enlightened women, who would come to New France, ready to make the most sublime sacrifices.

Ville-Marie, until then comparatively unknown, except in the annals of the journeys of Jacques Cartier and Champlain, was soon to become the center of a very interesting population and one of the most important posts of the colony from a strategical point of view. It was at first a struggling village, poor and often the sport of the elements, then the small town growing more and more prosperous, developing unexpected resources for commerce and industry, until it became the metropolis of our day with a brilliant future in store.

The prophetic words of Father Vimont on the day of the foundation of Montreal, May 17, 1642, were to be carried out to the letter: "What you see here," he said when addressing the small group standing at the foot of the altar, "is only a mustard seed, but it is sown by hands so strong and in a spirit so full of faith, that no doubt Heaven intends it to be great since it uses such means, and I am confident that from this small seed will spring a large tree which will extend and spread its branches in all directions."

It is unnecessary to give here in detail the beginnings of Montreal. We all know to what terrible ordeals these brave colonists were subjected, how the incessant attacks of the Indians linked them together in fraternal love, making them as true as steel, as brave as lions. M. de Maisonneuve stopped at nothing to secure the temporal and spiritual aid necessary to his colony, attending to everything, foreseeing all their needs. As Governor it was his duty to maintain order, to see that public morals were observed, that justice was dealt out in the quarrels and arguments arising between his men.

Naturally, few of these were saints, especially among the soldiers. So that now and then he had to be very severe with those who abused intoxicating liquors or games of chance and also those who blasphemed. He has left us a series of military rules which show his firmness of character and the wisdom of his decisions.

"It is astonishing," says Faillon, "that having been a soldier all his life, he was able to unite and combine in his character, the necessary discipline of a military governor, al-

ways ready to proceed to battle, with that of a judge expert in dealing out justice; a man noted for the soundness of his judgments, making it difficult to decide whether he was greater as a military governor or a civil administrator."

Among other qualities conceded to M. de Maisonneuve, we must mention his utter disinterestedness, the simplicity of his attire and his frugal manner of life. Dollier speaks of all three: "This brave and incomparable Governor," he says, "showed an exemplary charity, an exceptional liberality and a heart fearing none but God. He generously rewarded the good actions of his soldiers and many a time to make sure that they had enough to eat, he deprived himself of food, carrying dishes from his own table to theirs. He gave them every opportunity to profit by trading with the Indians."

"I know that one day noticing the gloomy looks of one of his soldiers who had proved particularly brave in battle with the enemy, and on inquiring he learned that the cause of this man's sadness was that he had nothing to exchange with the Indians who were then at the station. Seeing this, M. de Maisonneuve took him to his own room, and as the young soldier was a tailor by trade, he gave him all the cloth he could possibly find about the room, even to the curtains surrounding the bed, telling him, to his unbounded joy, to make them into clothes and sell them to the Indians. He acted in this, not from any thought of gain, but from sheer generosity, for which his men praised and loved him devotedly.

"He never gave money a thought," wrote Sister Morin, a fact which was generally acknowledged by everybody. If he had cared to trade with the Indians he could have amassed unlimited wealth through the bartering of furs, beaver at that time being exceedingly valuable, and he could have secured all he wanted in a perfectly honest and lawful traffic; but his love of simplicity which filled his thoughts most effectually, closed the door of his heart against the desire to possess worldly goods.

M. de Maisonneuve never married, although he was urged to by one of the Jesuits who was then in charge of the Parish. To make sure that he was not wrong in refusing to do so, he consulted his spiritual adviser, the result being that he took the vow of chastity.

"This act goes to show," adds Faillon, "to what a high degree of merit he aspired, even in the military profession, where

it is unusual to find such virtue. In outward appearance a man of the world, he was at heart a true religious by the sensitiveness of his conscience which made him pure in thoughts and acts, by the true and profound humility which caused him to conceal the good acts he performed. When he could not hide the knowledge of them from the men about him, he was sure to explain that in acting thus, he had been guided by circumstances over which he had no control, although these same acts were always inspired by his love of God and the wish to please Him alone. He was a pious man and a practical Christian, thoroughly convinced of the perfection of the sublime teachings of the Gospel; and this belief added to his strength of soul, made him fearless in the face of adversity. Knowing by the light of faith that troubles and earthly disgrace are just so many occasions of merit in the eyes of Heaven, he rejoiced when it pleased God to try him."

The last years that M. de Maisonneuve spent in Montreal as Governor, are so many pages in his life's history where religious heroism stands out side by side with military glory. It was an unbearable existence for the poor colonists who could never get reconciled to being constantly exposed to a most cruel death. The Iroquois harrassed them incessantly, pursuing them even as far as their own doorstep. M. de Maisonneuve did all in his power to protect his people, and with that aim in view, he appealed to their courage and piety by establishing a confraternity under the name of "The Militia of the Holy Family, *Jesus, Mary and Joseph*." The members of this society promised to defend the island with their lives if necessary. Four days after the publication of this ordinance, a hundred men were enrolled under the banner of the Holy Family.

When M. de Tracy arrived in Canada things were in a very unsatisfactory condition. Governor Mesy had just died—there was strife in the Council and the colony seemed in great distress because of internal dissensions and war with the Indians. The new Lieutenant-Governor, wishing to arrange matters according to his ideas, thought it well to remove M. de Maisonneuve from office "as being incapable of the place and rank of governor which he held." This severe measure was hardly justifiable, unless one remembers the advanced age of M. de Maisonneuve. But his experience and the good he had done in Montreal should have been taken into considera-

tion. During the twenty-four years in which he had lived in the colony he never failed either as a clever administrator or a brave soldier.

This act of ingratitude only helped to bring out in the first governor of Montreal the qualities of which he had given such ample proof ever since his birth. He took refuge in Paris and there in loneliness and silence he continued to be interested in Ville-Marie, as if nothing had happened. He lived eleven years longer after leaving Canada, but very little is known of that period of his life. He died in his home in the parish of Saint-Etienne-du-Monts, September 9, 1676. The next day his body was removed to the church of the Christian Brothers where his funeral took place. This noble servant of God received the reward of a life of increasing labor as hard as that of our missionaries, exposed as they were to martyrdom, anxious like them to suffer, such was his strong faith, his sublime devotion, his great charity.

A SIOUX CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

THE ruddy sun dropped down behind the broad expanse of trackless prairie, flooding the landscape with a rich, mellow radiance, and illuminating the distant cross on the church at St. Francis Mission until it fairly glowed against the background of the gathering evening shadows. Stretched in a semicircle about the church, a long line of Indian tents was spread, but at a distance of perhaps a half-mile, as if, in their reverence, the children of the forest were loath to approach nearer the Holy of Holies to which they had grown accustomed to look for help in every trial. Each tent had its family, now busy with the evening meal, or lounging about in lazy reflection of the day's doings, or lazier anticipation of the morrow's developments. Lines of beef strung from tent to tent, or along a wagon tongue supported by a neckyoke, the rude fireplace before the door, the litter of cans, bits of meat, bones and other refuse, bespoke a mode of living which is passing from our midst with the steady exodus of the redmen to the happy hunting grounds.

All day this strange people had been busy with the concluding sessions of the Catholic Indian Congress which convened at St. Francis Mission, near Rosebud Agency, South Dakota,

on June 29, at Pine Ridge Agency. About eight hundred men, women and children attended the Congress, many of them coming three hundred miles across the open country in a covered wagon or on horseback, following the rude trails of the prairie, fording swollen streams, and exposed much of the time to a steady downpour of rain.

The purpose of the Congress was to strengthen the bond of religion, and afford an opportunity for the discussion of various important matters, particularly the appropriation of tribal funds for educational purposes. Bishop Stariha and Vicar General Neissen were present on behalf of the Church, as were also a number of visiting clergy, including Fathers Ambrose and Bede, Benedictines, Fr. Voegel, a secular Indian missionary; Fr. M. E. Cassidy, of O'Neil; Fr. Muisson, of Valentine, and Fr. Mueller, of Cedar Bluffs. Perfect order was maintained, and though two Indian police were present part of the time, they were not called upon to make a single arrest of any Indian concerned in the Congress. Business meetings were held in the morning after Mass, and the afternoons were largely devoted to various sports, including horse racing, base ball, dancing, etc., and the renewal of old friendships. Both clergy and Indians were well pleased with the Congress, particularly with the evident religious fervor which permeated all the proceedings.

The Congress was set, a year ago, for dates which include the Fourth of July, and as the Indians have been accustomed for many generations to celebrate at about this time of the year what is known as "the big Sunday in the middle of the summer," there were a number of rival attractions, many of them purely pagan. Fr. Digmann, Superior at St. Francis, was determined to break away from the abominable practices which attend these pagan celebrations, and hence, at the risk of losing many of the more lukewarm Catholic Indians, he strictly forbade the Congress to indulge in any of the excesses to which the redmen have been accustomed from time immemorial. As a consequence he lost some of the more undesirable portion of his flock, but those who remained steadfast made up in ardor what they lacked in numbers, and now that a proper beginning had been made, Fr. Digmann looks forward to increasing success in subsequent Congresses.

The meetings were in charge of the German Jesuits whose novitiate is in Cleveland, Ohio. Twenty years ago Mother

Drexel built the first of the Mission buildings on a desolate spot ten miles from Rosebud Agency, South Dakota, and eighteen miles from the nearest railroad station, Crookston, Nebraska; the first superior was Fr. Perig, who was succeeded by Fr. Digmann in 1889; after three years Fr. Digmann was removed to Pine Ridge Agency where he remained until 1895, returning to St. Francis, where he has since had charge; Fr. Perig looks after the finances. There are four priests, thirteen lay brothers, one scholastic, and seventeen sisters of the order of Patience and Christian Charity connected with the Mission, the common purpose being the proper education of the Indian children, and the proper spiritual care of the whole Indian community, numbering about two thousand souls, belonging almost entirely to the Sioux nation.

Last year there were 280 pupils in the school, of whom 160 were girls. Only one-half the time is spent in the school room, the remainder being devoted to teaching various trades to the boys, and the mysteries of good housekeeping to the girls. Though the Mission has been allotted 320 acres of Government land for its use, it has not and cannot get title to even a single acre, but despite this fact, buildings worth \$100,000 have been erected, the church alone having cost \$10,000. The writer was invited by Fr. Cassidy, of O'Neil, to accompany him to the Mission, and words fail to describe the emotions which arose at the sight of the heroism displayed by these good men and women who have sought their life-work in this desolate Indian Reservation. Twenty-five years ago last Fourth of July Frs. Digmann and Perig reached Boston, exiles from Germany under Bismarck's edict banishing the Jesuits. They are of the same age (fifty-nine years), both highly educated and refined gentlemen, both typical heroes of missionary life, tall, erect, vigorous, with long beards now tinged with the tell-tale touch of time, and hardship, and care; but they bring to their task among these unappreciative wards of the Government a cheerful perseverance which is extraordinary, and is explicable only in the light of a rich heavenly reward which the eye of faith bids them feel will some day be their proud possession.

How well these devoted men and women have labored these twenty years may be judged from the fact that they have baptized about three thousand Indians, and have buried about a thousand of them with all the consolations of the Church, besides maintaining sodalities and other organizations for foster-

ing the spark of faith in the savage breast. Nor has the gain been wholly spiritual. Even thirty years ago Indian men did very little work, but idled their lives away in their rude native garb, isolated from the white man by language, customs, traditions and all that goes to form distinct peoples. Now the Indian brave is beginning to cultivate the soil, he has replaced his blanket with the white man's dress, and his language and manners and mode of living are fast being supplanted by those of his white brothers about him. He is emerging from the simplicity of savagery to the necessary complication of civilization, and at his side, ever ready to advise and cheer, stands the "blackrobe" with no personal ends to further, no private gain to still his conscience or thwart his judgment, no desire save to do his utmost for the unfortunate redman who must otherwise be ground to dust before the advancing tide of the white man's so-called civilization. Under the tutelage of these priests and sisters the Indians are learning the lessons of patriotism and love of country, and as a people we must look to these good men and women, rather than to hired Government agents, for whatever respect the Indian feels for "the Great Father in Washington." The Congress grounds were littered with evidences of a real American celebration of our chief national holiday, and many a little Indian lad at St. Francis Mission was indulged by his parents in the excitement of booming, sputtering fireworks, with perhaps as little idea as his white brother of what it all meant. But the forces of transition are slowly working, and if the priests and sisters of our Indian missions are allowed by the Government to continue their heroic work, it is not too much to hope that as a nation we shall have repaid in part the debt we owe to these children of the forest for whom we have so often set such a deplorable example.

PAUL L. MARTIN

AN OLD NEWSPAPER

FAR back in the early history of New York, when farms were scattered far and wide and when neither the shrill whistle of the engine nor the dull roar of the train disturbed the peaceful tranquillity of the hills, in a spot of rare beauty in the center of the State lay a broad and fertile farm. It was the home of a Presbyterian clergyman, Mr. William Seymore. His wife was a cheery, bustling woman, of the New England type. Her progenitors as well as those of her husband were of the pure, whole-souled Puritan stock, tenacious of purpose, and unswerving in principle.

They had a large family of sons and daughters, the former took charge of the farm while the latter assisted their mother in the domestic duties.

Since many miles separated them from their nearest neighbor, their diversions were few and far between. Their only guests an occasional lawyer journeying to the next assize, a Methodist minister making his annual circuit, or the pedler. In those days inns and taverns were unheard-of luxuries. But the farmhouses were hospitable enough to grant food and shelter to the traveller; and the guest-chamber, with its spotless linens and just the faintest odor of lavender, was ever ready for occupancy.

Mr. Seymore was a man of rare spirituality and deep sincerity. He was also an earnest student and revered by all. The zealous performance of his duties in the meeting-house made both old and young feel that he was indeed a faithful "laborer in the vineyard of the Lord."

His temper was even and serene, but in the early part of the winter of 1844 his family began to notice an irritability and gloom about him which seemed unnatural. His wife began to fear that his health was giving way and with loving anxiety concocted various drinks to aid digestion or restore circulation.

One winter night, good Mrs. Seymore became convinced that it was too much study that was ruining her husband's health and determined to exert wifely authority. Hastily rising and donning her wrapper she went to the study door and gently pushed it open—to her great surprise she found her husband sitting at the table, his head buried in his Bible, and

asked "what is the matter?" Slowly lifting his head and showing a countenance of deep anguish he replied: "Cynthia, I am grievously tormented, I can bear it no longer—I cannot understand the Bible." "Dear me, is that all," answered the wife, "I wish you had told me long ago, for I am nearly sick worrying about your health. I am sure there is no need of being so troubled about understanding the Bible. It seems to me you can understand anything from it. Grandpa Peabody, who used to argue with Governor Shirley himself, always said one could prove anything from the Bible, and sometimes when I hear you and Parson Whitefield I think grandpa was right."

"You do not understand me, my dear wife," was the sorrowful response; "it almost seems to me our Lord told His disciples what was untrue and that year after year I am preaching untruths! May God forgive me." "Why, William, are you going crazy!" exclaimed his wife. "Of course what our Lord said is true and the right thing to do. Did He not say 'Love your enemies' and teach us to be 'merciful and peace-makers?' But—'I am the Bread of Life' and 'except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood you shall not have life in you'—What does *that* mean?"

"I am sure I do not know any more about it than you do. Grandpa Peabody used to say something about parts of the Bible being spiritually understood and he was a masterhand at arguing as every one knows. What you need, William Seymore, is a little more sleep and less study, so put away those books and come to bed at once, or I plainly see you'll have a spell of sickness."

With tender and anxious care his wife watched over his health for weeks, she felt unable to appreciate his anxieties and was a little afraid of his losing his faith or reason. She remembered queer tales of her girlhood days wherein witches and satanic agencies played an important part. At last she felt that something must be done at once and urged him to go to some city and consult with other clergymen. She said he needed a change and advice. Mr. Seymore replied that he had talked long and earnestly with several and found that they knew nothing more than his books could tell him.

At last it was whispered among his friends that Mr. Seymore was straying away from the truth and even losing his mind. Spring came and then summer and Mr. Seymore, much to the delight of his wife, seemed more quiet. But the quiet, if

quiet it could be called, was not for long. His doubts were only dormant, ready to burst forth into fears at the first ray of truth.

One mid-summer day, when the air was heavy with the threat of an approaching thunder-storm, a horse and rider were seen climbing the neighboring hill. As he neared the farmhouse the rumbling peals of thunder warned him that he must seek shelter at once. He rode up to the stately portico upon which Mr. and Mrs. Seymore were standing, and was recognized as a well-known lawyer. They begged him to dismount and pass the night at the farmhouse. He consented to partake of their hospitality until the storm was over, saying he was pressed for time and was obliged to continue his journey as soon as possible. The hospitable wife hastened to prepare an early supper, while her husband and the lawyer passed the hours in pleasant conversation. By and by the sun began to break through the clouds and soon the lawyer was again on the road, refreshed in body and mind.

After his departure Mrs. Seymore, as was her custom, began to remove from the porch every trace of muddy footprints. In a corner she discovered a newspaper published in a distant city which the lawyer had cast aside. As newspapers were rare in those days, Mrs. Seymore put it carefully away thinking that her husband might like to read it. Just then Mr. Seymore appeared and, handing him the paper, she remarked, "Here, William, this will interest you, even if it is old."

Taking the paper he went to his arm-chair, carefully wiped his spectacles and began to read it, beginning with conscientious care the first article and not stopping until all had been read, even the advertisements! The last one attracted his attention—it was the strange title and under the heading "Religious," "Milner's End to Controversy." At once his doubts awoke and all the old uneasiness came back. For two or three days he tried to repress them, but could not, and ever and anon his mind reverted to the strange advertisement. "I believe that book will settle the question," he said to himself, "and I shall send for it." Accordingly he wrote for the book and in due time it arrived. What was his surprise and dismay when he found it a Roman Catholic publication! He almost felt that he held a viper in his hand. What would Cynthia say! What if one of the children should see it and read it! His first impulse was to burn it, but Cynthia was in the kitchen

and would be sure to ask questions. Where could he hide it until a favorable opportunity came for destroying it? At last he thought of his Sunday boots and slipped the little book into one, intending to destroy it after all were in bed.

The day wore on and at last, alone in his study, Mr. Seymour took out the book. He felt a curiosity to know what it said, indeed he felt it his duty as a minister of the truth. And, whatever his own doubts and fears, he was sure there was no danger in *his* reading it. That little book was an angel of light to his soul. The whole night was spent in studying it. With the dawning of the day came into his soul the clear light of faith. The Holy Ghost had spoken to his soul and doubts were banished and peace restored. He did not understand, oh, no! but he knew that somewhere was to be found a sure guide and that knowledge brought peace. Like the Patriarchs and Prophets of old he looked for a teacher and even before his advent believed all he should teach.

Of the weary time of explanations and withdrawal from ministerial duties we pass over, as well as of the sorrow he endured because of the anguish he caused those dearer to him than his own life. Only those who have passed through such bitterness can appreciate it, and only such know how inadequate are words to tell the soul's struggles.

At last all was over and he was free to seek the truth which he knew to exist—free to seek the teacher whom he knew beyond all doubt was sent from God. Weary in body but strong in hope he journeyed to Albany, two hundred miles from his home, to seek instruction. His Lordship, Bishop McCloskey, received him warmly and at once began to instruct him in Catholic truths. He was baptized and received into the Church before he returned home.

Many were his struggles and hardships—even in his own home circle, but one by one his dear ones accepted the Faith and before he died he had the happiness of being surrounded by a Catholic family. To-day his descendants are devout Catholics. One of his daughters became a nun and died a short time ago, the beloved Superior of a well known convent in New York. A grandson is an earnest and devout priest.

A PILGRIMAGE TO ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY.

ALTHOUGH the pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Island, in Lough Derg, in County Donegal, is an Irish devotion, it should be of interest to Catholics all the world over. Formerly people of all nations came to pray upon this little island, where St. Patrick went before them fifteen hundred years ago. Now the pilgrims are chiefly of Irish birth, though not a few of them are American citizens.

The exercises of penance that this pilgrimage exacts are the sole remaining example of primitive religious observances of the Church in Ireland, and it is a directly connecting link with the early days of fervent Christianity. Now, as then, the pilgrims who perform the station try by their prayers and mortifications to atone for sin in this world, and so escape a part of the punishment of the world to come.

Hence comes the name of the pilgrimage. When praying on this island, St. Patrick is said to have had a vision of Purgatory, and so much awed was he, that he implored his disciples to do penance whilst yet they had time. Many harkened to his words and except for the modifications rendered necessary by time, the course of prayer and penance is the same to-day as they practised there all those centuries ago. Formerly six or nine days were spent on the island. Now only three days are passed in prayer and fasting. No shoes are worn during this time, and only one meal a day, consisting of oat-cake and water, is allowed.

Lough Derg is far removed from the centres of civilization, and it was night when we reached the lake. Rain had fallen in torrents during our five-mile drive from the station at Pettigo, and the black, heather-clad hills were hidden by heavy clouds. A gale of wind was blowing, and as we crossed the mile of water that still separated us from our destination, the waves broke over the boat, drenching us completely.

Formerly the shrine was served by Augustinian monks, and later by Franciscan Friars, but now the Bishop of Clogher appoints seculars every year as they are required. A pilgrimage of 150 people was expected the day we left, but on our arrival there were not more than forty pilgrims, so only two priests were needed. One of these met our boat and showed

us the way to the guesthouse, a very well-planned building, in the style of the hospice at Holywell—but not, unfortunately, looked after by nuns—which can accommodate sixty-five men and as many women.

In addition there are half a dozen cottages where lodging is also provided. The beds in the whitewashed cells were clean and comfortable, and all too soon the cold gray light of dawn came through the uncurtained windows. At half-past four a bell rang loudly, warning us that Mass would begin at five.

Feeling that our time of penance had indeed begun, we crept into our wet clothes, and cold, barefoot and very hungry, we made our way to St. Patrick's Church, a bare cruciform building, with a mud floor and only a few benches. It was half full when we entered; about twenty men and fifteen women were on their knees. Some, like ourselves, were just beginning their devotions, others had spent the night in prayer and all were praying still. Others again had reached the last day of their stay, and these now received Holy Communion and set a seal on their good resolutions. They are very simple, these resolutions that all are asked to take; to go to the Sacraments at least once a month and to say one's morning and evening prayers.

A second Mass was said in the chapel of St. Mary, which in the daytime is set aside for the hearing of confessions; then about half-past six the performance of the "stations" begins. After paying a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, the pilgrim kneels before the crosses that have been erected in honor of St. Patrick and St. Bridget, and at each of them he says three Paters and Aves. Then he walks seven times round the outside of the chapel reciting the rosary. There are six crosses set up at intervals on the rough rising ground between the two churches, and twelve Paters and Aves with four Credos are said whilst walking round and kneeling in front of each of these. This done, the pilgrim kneels on the lake shore and says five Paters and Aves, which are repeated standing in the water, and again at St. Patrick's cross. Re-entering the church the station is concluded by praying for the Pope's intention. These "rounds" take nearly an hour and a half to go through, for though the distance covered is not great—the whole island measures barely an acre—the ground is very uneven for bare feet to traverse, and sharp stones and shingle necessitate a pause to rest occasionally.

The sun had not yet appeared over the bleak hills and gray water, and though it was June time we gladly availed ourselves of the hospitality of a cottager, who allowed us to warm ourselves at her fire, offering us hot water and sugar to fortify us for our next station.

This we went through before twelve o'clock, when an instruction is given in the church, and prayers are said in honor of the Sacred Heart. Soon after one we were free to break our fast in the refectory of the guesthouse, where oat cake, black tea and lake water are provided. The afternoon was taken up visiting Saint's Island, where an old graveyard and other remains are to be seen. At six o'clock public evening prayers are followed by a sermon and benediction, after which the last "round" is made. At nine the stations of the cross are said, with more public prayers. The second night of the pilgrimage is passed in the church, where prayers are said, hymns sung and the way of the cross again made. The long dark hours allow time to meditate on the vigils of the saints, which, when read of, seem to be a trifling mortification, though in practise they assume a very different aspect. But even a night of watching lightens at length to dawn, and to the watchers five o'clock seems none too soon for Mass to begin.

The second day only differs in two things from the first: the morning leisure is spent in preparing and waiting to go to confession, and in the afternoon a rest, after last night's vigil, is acceptable.

On the third morning we, too, received Holy Communion, and then, for the seventh and last time we made the "rounds" before donning our shoes previous to starting on our homeward way.

There is a wonderful quiet on this island of prayer; the murmur of the continual Paters and Aves mingles with the lapping of the waves upon the shore. It is a solemn thing to think of all the prayers that have been offered to God in the lonely, far-away spot; to think how many saints have trod those same rough stones that bruised our own feet yesterday. And without going back to the past it is deeply, touchingly edifying to see the faith and fervor of those who still come here, year after year, to spend these three days away from their worldly cares and pleasures. God is the uppermost thought in their minds. For those three days the world to

them is just this little island, their own soul—and God. And this does not apply only to one or two, not to the white-haired man who for fifty-five summers has never missed his yearly visit, not to the husband and wife who for thirty years have devoted a part of their short holiday to the pilgrimage, or to the old woman to whom bare feet are no novelty and oat cake no unwonted hardship, and who kneels for hours in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament or under God's own sky at the foot of the crosses. It applies to almost all of the thousands who come every year to the shrine, to the two or three thousand who have come each season since 1866, when a correct record was begun, to the tens of thousands, unrecorded save by tradition, who have been coming during the last fifteen centuries.

Some there are whose prayers are distracted, whose mortifications are half-hearted, whose vigil is gone through grudgingly, yet even these gain graces and obtain favors in the terrestrial Purgatory, of which God has visibly approved by granting indulgences through His earthly representative to those who perform the prescribed exercises of piety.

There are people who say that St. Patrick's Purgatory is an exaggerated form of devotion, but they judge it by the material standard of to-day. It cannot so be judged. It is a piece of medievalism, one of the few, if not the only one that has survived, and as such its practises are edifying, admirable and inimitable.

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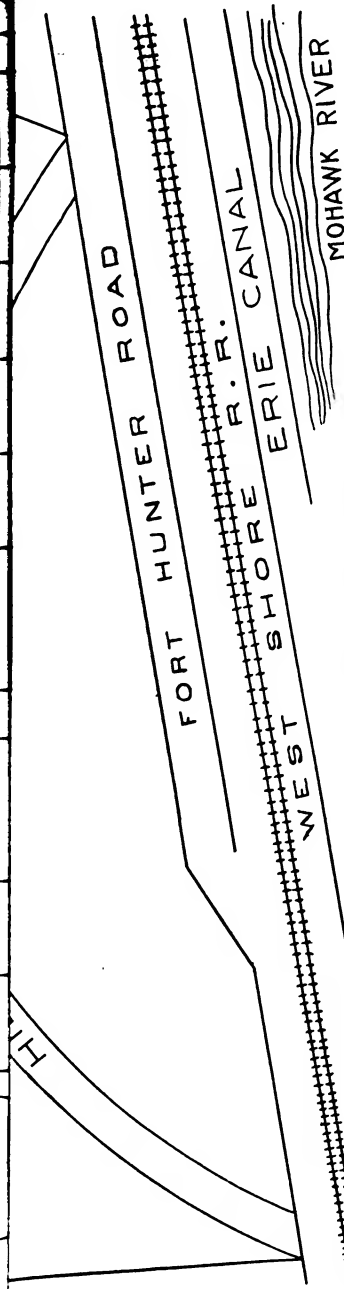
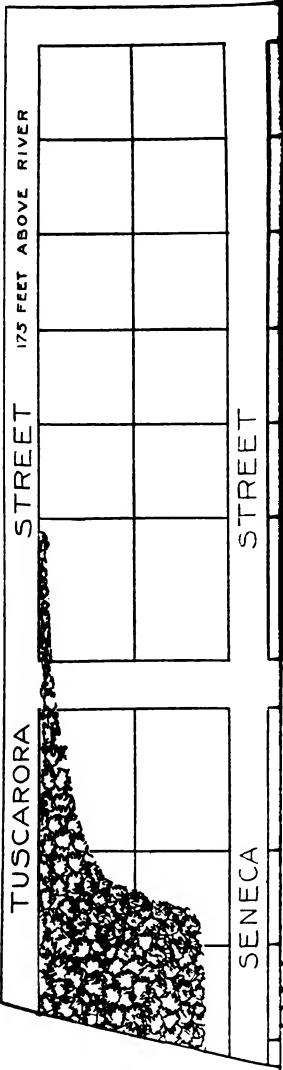
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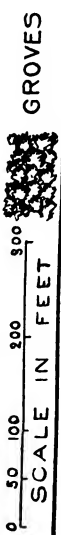
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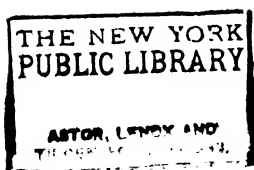


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